

HALE-WRESTON

BY M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.

COMPLETE

[JANUARY, 1889]

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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HALE-WESTON.

CHAPTER I.

AFTERNOON tea, as an institution, was utterly unknown in the simple Virginia neighborhood of fifty years ago where Mrs. Thorpe lived and flourished at Broomhill. Nevertheless, every afternoon Mrs. Thorpe seated herself behind a shining round mahogany table in that corner of the draughty drawing-room nearest the roaring wood fire, with a tea-equipage before her, and Juba, a small and very black little negro, wearing a white apron that extended from his chin to his toes, saw that the bright red coals were heaped under the trivet on the hearth where the kettle boiled. Nor was it often that some of Mrs. Thorpe's neighbors—she was well off in neighbors—did not drop in for a cup of tea and the news; for, like a great many other people who seldom stir from home, she knew everything that happened in the county.

Every country neighborhood has a Mrs. Thorpe,—a widow of good estate and excellent intentions, loquacious, and an inveterate match-maker. Mrs. Thorpe had considerable material around her to manage in this last pastime. First, there were the two Brandon girls at Sparrow Point. Elizabeth was handsome enough and Anne was sprightly enough to attract notice anywhere, although Mrs. Thorpe frequently warned Anne that her nimble wit was rather against her chances of matrimony than in favor of them. Nobody, however, could bring that charge against Elizabeth, for Elizabeth was discreet as beauties need to be. As their father, who was a cynic, expressed it, there was not enough humor to go around in the Brandon family, and so Elizabeth was unavoidably left out.

Even Mr. Brandon could not be considered altogether out of the matrimonial market, although Mrs. Thorpe complained that she never could tell whether Mr. Brandon was laughing at her or not. Then there were the four Wickham girls, as alike as peas in a pod, and Dr.

Peyton, whose land joined Mrs. Thorpe's, and whom she had been half expecting to propose to her for the last twenty years. Mrs. Thorpe was in doubt whether to class the rector, the Rev. Beverley Steptoe, among the marriageables or not. He had a good name,—none better,—but nobody could give any specific information about Mr. Steptoe's great-grandfather, or even his grandfather; and his father had been in the horse-trading line. Yet Mr. Steptoe became a clergyman, and had been for years rector of Petsworth Church, which all the great county families attended. He was a big, bluff man, fond of riding to hounds on week-days,—for the race of fox-hunting parsons lingered in Virginia,—and on Sundays preached vociferous sermons in the pulpit of the old colonial church, swinging his arms about in his great white cassock as if he were a Dutch windmill, and thumping the cushion with his fist while he pounded orthodoxy into his parishioners' souls. Still, the bishop highly endorsed Mr. Steptoe, and winked, sacerdotally, at reports that reached him of the clergyman's being present at cocking-mains, and indeed being generally the owner of the victorious bird. Mrs. Thorpe was a stanch churchwoman, and sighed for a more conventional minister, but, being neither the bishop nor the bishop's lady, she was powerless. There was a report that at some remote period, before Mr. Steptoe's advent from the upper country, as the mountains were called, there had been a Mrs. Steptoe, and Mr. Steptoe himself occasionally hinted darkly at his widowed condition, but Mrs. Thorpe had never quite settled Mr. Steptoe's status on her list,—whether he would marry if he had a chance, or wouldn't if he had all the chances in the world.

And next there were the Westons of Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston, the mother, was all of three months older than Mrs. Thorpe,—so Mrs. Thorpe declared,—and, Mr. Weston—commonly known as Sandy Weston—being yet alive, Mrs. Weston was naturally not among the available; but she had two sons, Henry and Algernon, in whose marriages their lady mother was pretty sure to have a hand.

Mrs. Weston was one of those women whose beauty defies time. Except that she had changed from girlhood to womanhood, nobody could see any alteration in the firm outlines of her face, the creaminess of her colorless olive skin, and the soft splendor of her dark eyes. She might readily have passed for the elder sister of her tall and handsome son, Henry Weston, and almost for the younger sister of her second son, Algy, so wizened and insignificant he was. Algy was cast in his father's mould, who had been nothing more nor less than old Colonel Weston's overseer and by a remarkable series of underhand dealings had bought the place from his bankrupt cousin and employer, Colonel Weston, and had even married his daughter, Angela Weston. It is true that Sandy Weston had ostensibly bought Hale-Weston for one Levi Cohen, who was engaged in the clothing-trade and was not supposed to have any taste for a country life; but, somehow, after he had got possession of the fine old place, Levi never materialized. Why Mrs. Angie had married her husband, remained a mystery, but it was supposed that a love-affair and a disappointment with a gentleman known as the Chevalier Vaughan had something to do with it. As for

the Chevalier, he was the one person in the neighborhood who apparently most needed Mrs. Thorpe's services as a match-maker, but was the only one of whom she really despaired. There was Berry Hill, almost as fine a place as Hale-Weston, absolutely suffering for a mistress for more years than Mrs. Thorpe could remember; although if the exquisite order in which it was kept, and the charming dinners the Chevalier gave to his lady friends, were taken into account, it would hardly seem that a mistress could improve this well-conducted establishment.

The Chevalier Vaughan had a way of slipping off to Europe—then a gigantic undertaking—every few years, which always disarranged Mrs. Thorpe's matrimonial plans for him at a critical time. But some people thought that Mrs. Angela Weston had enough influence over him to keep him from marrying,—just as certain others knew that long years ago she had inflicted a wound on Dr. Peyton's honest heart from which the doctor had never recovered. He went his way, the simple and earnest country doctor, but he never reached a point nearer absolute recovery than the conviction that it would have been a dangerous experiment for both, to have linked Angela Weston's beauty and spirit and ambition to his own humble fate. It is true, Sandy Weston was not exactly a satisfactory sort of man for a woman such as Angie Weston had been, and was still, for he was mean-looking to the last degree, and was a mere money-making machine; but at least he made money, and Mrs. Angie took that celebrated triumphal tour to Paris, and drove a coach-and-four, and was altogether the most dashing woman in the county.

The dull February afternoon was waning so fast that Mrs. Thorpe had almost dropped asleep in her chair, when Juba, with the delight an African feels in announcing a piece of startling intelligence, jumped up and bawled into his mistress's ear,—

"Kerridge comin'!"

Mrs. Thorpe waked up with a start:

"I know you've been dropping stitches. Bring me that knitting this minute, and then go and open the door." Mrs. Thorpe, being a thrifty mistress, required of Juba that in the intervals of filling the tea-kettle he should knit, to keep him from poking the fire in winter and catching flies in summer.

Juba dropped the coarse woollen sock he was knitting into his mistress's lap, and scurried off to the door, where he stood with his white apron enveloping him like a winding-sheet. The kerridge turned out to be nothing but Dr. Peyton's buggy, but at the same moment Elizabeth and Anne Brandon ran up the steps of the porch, and they all three entered at the same time.

Mrs. Thorpe was unaffectedly glad to see them all. A week's rain and restriction to the society of Juba and her housekeeper had pre-disposed her to society.

"Why, how do you do, doctor?—and my dear girls!—how pleasant it is to see you again! A whole week! Take off your things. How well you are looking, Anne!"

"So everybody tells me," answered Anne, unbuttoning her pelisse, while Elizabeth gracefully seated herself on the sofa. "If Elizabeth

had not already taken the place of the family beauty, I should aspire to it myself, ma'am."

"Highty-tighty!" cried the doctor; "how vain we are getting! We must have heard some compliments lately."

Anne looked at him with grave displeasure.

"My beauty is not to be lightly spoken of, sir," she answered. As the case often is, the fact that one sister was a beauty caused the other's pretensions to be rated rather low. Anne's pale, clear skin did not compare with Elizabeth's peachy cheeks, nor her steel-gray eyes with her sister's tawny hazel; but people who saw her were not apt to forget her.

Mrs. Thorpe immediately propounded her usual query:

"What's the news, doctor?"

"None at all, that I know of, unless Nancy Brandon's setting up for a beauty is news," replied the doctor, pinching Anne's cheek.

"Papa says," began Elizabeth, in the sweet, slow, serious voice with which she uttered all the trivialities she knew, "that he never knew the county to be so dull. Mary Wickham has got a new riding-habit."

"If Anne or Elizabeth Brandon had got a new riding-habit, it would be indeed a great sensation," said Anne; for at Sparrow Point money was not plentiful, and if it had not been for Anne's management the two sisters would have had less even than the little they had to dress on.

Elizabeth winced. Nobody would ever have found out from her that new riding-habits were events to the Sparrow Point girls.

"Yes, I do know some news," suddenly cried the doctor. "God bless me, why didn't I think of it at once? Henry Weston is going to Paris next month for two years."

Anne Brandon had taken from the mantel-piece a hand-screen. Either the glow of the fire or an advancing wave of color made her hold it between her and the red light. As for Elizabeth, she was for once startled out of herself:

"You don't say so! The most agreeable young man in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Thorpe took it in the light of a personal injury:

"Henry Weston going away! Ah, girls, he calls it two years, but most likely it will be five, and he'll come home with a foreign wife. Dear! dear! Why can't he marry some nice girl in the neighborhood, and settle down to be Weston of Hale-Weston, like his grandfather?"—for Mrs. Thorpe had never been able to regard the ex-overseer as Weston of Hale-Weston.

"For my part," said Anne, quietly, "I think he is right to travel. It is what I should do in his place. Remember, although we are all vastly agreeable people, and he will never meet our superiors, yet this is, after all, but a quiet, country neighborhood."

"Well," said Mrs. Thorpe, whose intentions were better than her judgment, "I don't know of anybody who will miss him more than you two girls."

"That is true," said Anne, in a low voice.

"Always riding or walking with one of you,—always sure to lead off a ball with one or the other,—always ready to answer your poor dear papa back——?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Anne, recovering her liveliness—"poor dear papa needs answering back, too, so badly. I do the best I can, but——"

"Anne," said Elizabeth, with gentle severity, "I don't think that's the way to speak of papa."

"Anne doesn't mean anything, *I* know," answered Mrs. Thorpe.

"We all know whose favorite Anne is, and——"

"Look, Mrs. Thorpe," said Anne, suddenly, "Juba is dropping stitches as fast as he can."

"I 'clar I ain't!" responded Juba, much aggrieved. "I ain't done knit a stitch sence de cump'ny come."

This was an offence second only to dropping stitches, but it turned the current of Mrs. Thorpe's talk away from who was and who was not Mr. Brandon's favorite daughter. But Mrs. Thorpe could not bear to have the direction of Henry Weston's matrimonial projects taken out of her hands, as it were, by the impending grand tour. After bewailing it for ten minutes, she concluded it couldn't possibly be so,—that Mrs. Weston would certainly have told her, and that the fact that Mrs. Weston had not told her was a grievous slight put upon her. Anyway, she wouldn't believe it until she had heard it from Henry Weston himself.

That was the very source of his information, remarked Dr. Peyton.

Then, Mrs. Thorpe declared, he must have misunderstood Henry Weston; and just as this point was under discussion, another alarm from Juba of "Kerridge comin'!" showed the Hale-Weston carriage drawn up in front of the door, and Henry Weston in the act of helping his mother to descend. As Mrs. Weston entered the room, Dr. Peyton's middle-aged heart gave a kind of jump that he had felt on seeing her any time for twenty-five years.

Mrs. Weston's rich dress of velvet and fur set off her mature yet delicate beauty. It was one of her crimes against her own sex that she dressed surpassingly well, and wore silks and velvets in common, which in those days few could do.

Mrs. Thorpe was delighted to see her. Elizabeth fixed her eyes on the cut of the velvet pelisse, and Anne received a cordial kiss on the cheek.

Immediately after her came Henry Weston. He was his mother's son in every feature, quite tall enough to look over the doctor's head.

"Oh, my dear Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Thorpe, as soon as they were seated, "such dreadful news about you Dr. Peyton has been giving us! Going away for several years! I declare, these poor girls are quite broken-hearted over it.—Mrs. Weston, do let me give you a cup of tea. It's regular Souchong, and I've got a whole box of it. Isn't it distressing?"

Henry Weston murmured something about being flattered. Anne did not relish his being told that his goings and comings broke either her heart or Elizabeth's.

"Mrs. Thorpe hasn't half stated the case," she said, gravely. "Our

spirits are broken too. I shan't go to any more balls, I don't care what Elizabeth does. Do you hear that?"

Henry Weston smiled good-humoredly:

"I declare, I don't know anything more alarming than to find your eyes fixed on me at a ball. I am certain to hear something to my disadvantage next day. I understand that in your family discussions Mr. Brandon is actually obliged to take up for me."

Anne's bantering had never made much headway against Henry Weston. He took it in good part, and retaliated in kind,—and liked her better than any girl in the county.

"Anne," said Mrs. Weston, "if you won't sympathize with anybody else in Henry's going away, do so at least with me. Algy is so taken up with farming, and Toinette with her governess,"—Toinette was Mrs. Weston's only daughter,—"that I should suffer for company at home but for Henry. But it isn't to be for three months yet."

"That's a relief," cried Anne. "If we can support it, I suppose we shall go to the Chevalier Vaughan's party with the best spirits we can muster up."

"Next week it comes off," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Of course you are invited, Mrs. Weston?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Weston, loftily. Imagine a party at Berry Hill to which *she* would not be invited! Only Mrs. Thorpe could have asked that question.

"And, Henry," continued Mrs. Thorpe, "I shall give a party, too, to celebrate your departure—no, I don't quite mean celebrate——"

"And another to celebrate my coming home, I hope."

"If you ever *do* come home; but the dangers of those who go down to the sea in ships——"

Mrs. Weston clapped both hands to her ears and grew a little pale:

"Don't! don't, Mrs. Thorpe! I am trying not to think of that part of it."

"Think of weeks and weeks of wind and rain at sea like that we have had for the last five or six days."

"But, Mrs. Thorpe," remarked Dr. Peyton, "didn't you hear Mr. Steptoe pray for rain last Sunday?"

"Well, I'm sure he got it. That's the way with Mr. Steptoe: he always overdoes things," replied Mrs. Thorpe.

"How very irreverent you are, ma'am!" cried Anne. "I shall tell papa. He said it was not worth while for Mr. Steptoe to pray for rain until the moon changed. Mind, I don't defend papa."

And then they all drank tea, and gossiped as neighbors do. Henry Weston almost fell out with Anne, she rallied him so unmercifully. It was a time for sentiment, he thought, when he was going away for two years.

In country neighborhoods it takes but a little fire to start a great smoke; and the news that had been told at Mrs. Thorpe's tea-table travelled quickly, and made a whirlwind of talk. The Wickham girls and Elizabeth Brandon felt that life would be a very different thing with Henry Weston, the most accomplished young man in the neighborhood, in that inaccessible region called Paris.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed to Mrs. Angela Weston sometimes that the world had a cruelly long memory respecting her. Other women had had disappointments in love, and it had not been remembered when they had sons of a marriageable age. But the fact is, the county had been used for so many years to find something to talk about in those two important and good-looking persons, Mrs. Weston and the Chevalier Vaughan, that it could not bear to give them up. Then, Mrs. Weston had done some things herself to keep talk alive. When the day had come that old Colonel Weston's ruin was known, and the Chevalier Vaughan, although he knew it in Paris within a month, had not come instantly home to fulfil that half-engagement between Angela and himself, she had fallen into a fury of wrath that made her feel capable of killing him; and in that first anguish she had turned around and married Sandy Weston, whom she did not hate because she felt he was not worth hating. In six months the Chevalier had returned, to find her mistress of Hale-Weston, richer, freer, than she could have been as his wife. Naturally, the first time they saw each other alone, there was a scene. He upbraided her that almost along with the news of Colonel Weston's wreck had come that of her marriage to Sandy Weston; and Angela had poured out her passion of pain, the fierceness of disappointment that had flung her into Sandy Weston's arms. The Chevalier had left her with a pale face and some kind of a promise implied that henceforth no other woman should have his allegiance. Men are wont to regard these promises made to soothe a woman who feels or fancies herself ill used, as quite perfunctory. But either the Chevalier was a little quixotic, or the very love of his easy, pleasant bachelorhood that had made him slow in coming to Angela's side at a critical moment was eventually in her favor. Certain it was, Mrs. Weston had such remarkable tact that she never made him try to break through the intangible fetters with which she bound him. She was neither *exigeant*, nor jealous, nor anything but gently winning. What Mrs. Weston really felt for him was a source of conjecture not only to him, but to herself sometimes. She was not unhappy. She was mistress of the finest place in the county; she had a husband who seldom troubled and never opposed her; she had the tender, concealed regard of the most accomplished man of her acquaintance long after the age when most women are compelled to resign the particular admiration of men; and she had one child, out of her three, who was a source of unmixed joy and gratification to her. Whatever doubt she had felt of herself regarding other people, Mrs. Weston was very well assured that her love for her eldest son was genuine and overmastering. Perhaps because Algy, her other son, was sandy-haired and like his father, he was not very dear to her; and Toinette was a solemn, shy little thing, without either beauty or sprightliness. Mrs. Weston, who loved grace and sense and beauty, sometimes felt that in Henry Weston she had at last got even with fate.

The pride and pleasure Mrs. Weston took in her eldest boy were

supplemented by the pride and pleasure she took in Hale-Weston, which she meant to be his heritage, if the wit of woman could compass it. Algy, she briefly and comfortably decided, must be provided for someway, and Toinette must not be portionless; but Henry Weston was to be Weston of Hale-Weston.

For in those days the old English idea of the importance of a landed proprietor was incalculably strong. To be master of Hale-Weston and its negroes, however, was indeed to be a landed autocrat. In the home tract there were two thousand acres, to say nothing of the Highlands estate added to the original purchase, on which there was a fine large house, which was not occupied, and ample barracks for the negro hands who migrated there during the spring and returned to Hale-Weston in the autumn. The Hale-Weston land was rich and black, and laughed if it was tickled with a hoe. The house itself was a great brick building with wings, vast but low. The entrance was through a broad granite portico, and rambling bay-windows and side-entrances led out upon a terrace with a stone balustrade. The grounds were planted with silver beeches and horse-chestnuts and great magnolia-trees. Far down the outer lane, a double row of magnolias, tall and straight, like soldiers on parade, stood in stately ranks. In the spring-time, when the royal white blossoms showed amid the polished leaves, and the horse-chestnut buds pushed through their pale pink sheaths,—when the lilac hedges and the great clumps of syringas and Guelder roses were in bloom,—Hale-Weston was in its glory. And then there was an ancient garden, surrounded by a tall brick wall, made in gigantic scallops, where there were long arbors of clinging roses, and thickets of rose-bushes, and beds of gorgeous tulips and hyacinths.

"Good God, madam," Mr. Steptoe would shout, when in the early spring the best field-hands were told off to work the garden and trim up the vines and keep the grass in order, "with the force you've got here pottering about these flowers and things you could raise a thousand bushels of corn!"

Mrs. Weston would smile a little disdainfully. "But flowers are as necessary to a complete existence as corn," she would say,—or something like it. Her sense of beauty was keen,—almost rapacious. Henry and Algy were strictly forbidden to kill the thrushes and larks and mocking-birds that sought this fair domain; and when Henry, with boyish arrogance, fancying everything at Hale-Weston subject to his imperial will, went bird's-nesting in the lilac hedge against his mother's express orders, he was made to rue it. Keziah, his mammy, laid a birch switch vigorously on the future master of Hale-Weston, under Mrs. Weston's own supervision, albeit Mrs. Weston was usually chary of punishing her eldest boy.

But, although the boy admired his mother and was passionately fond of her, she could not dominate him. And he had clear eyes, which made her sometimes uncomfortable. Once, she could not remember without a burning blush, she stood in the long greenhouse at Hale-Weston and allowed the Chevalier Vaughan to press a kiss upon her hand. Presently she heard a book fall, and, turning, saw a boyish figure rush past the towering plants and out of

the door. It was a pretty little scene, and harmless enough, but it came suddenly to an end. The Chevalier got on his black horse and rode away, and Mrs. Weston went forward to the other end of the greenhouse, where, sure enough, a book lay on the floor. She stooped and picked it up. Yes, it was Henry's. Nobody in that house but Henry Weston and herself ever read books. She dropped her hand into the fountain that plashed lazily among the ferns and stunted palms, and, when she wiped it on her handkerchief, could not but wish that she could wipe off the Chevalier's kiss, although so faint and light she had hardly felt it.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier, riding down the long avenue of magnolia-trees that were the glory of Hale-Weston, saw a solitary little boy sitting under the hedge, with a dog across his knees. The Chevalier dropped his riding-whip, and, getting down to find it, pretended to notice Henry Weston for the first time.

"Why, my fine fellow," he said, in his jovial, rich voice, "what are you doing here alone?"

"Nothing," replied the boy, sulkily.

"Don't you want to come over to Berry Hill some day, and to let me show you the guns and swords I brought all the way from Turkey?"

"No," answered Henry, in the same tone.

"Then I'll take Algy."

"You may take Algy. Algy is a low-lived fellow. I had a fight with him this morning."

"So you are a fighting fellow—aha?"

The boy got up and looked the Chevalier straight in the eye in a way that showed there was a drop of tiger's blood in him.

"Yes, I am a fighting fellow. If I were a man I would fight you if you ever kissed my mother's hand."

The Chevalier felt the same kind of shame, as he looked into the lad's innocent boyish eyes, that Mrs. Weston had felt. He was not more than half-way up to the Chevalier's stalwart shoulders, and yet the rage sparkling in his young face—so like, ah, so like his mother's!—made the Chevalier feel an unconscious respect for him, and a disapproval not unmingled with a certain affection.

"You are a foolish child,—very spoiled and unmannerly."

He mounted his horse and galloped off, while Henry began to walk dismally towards the house. On the way he encountered Algy digging hard in the little patch of garden that the two boys cultivated, Henry for fun and Algy for the sake of the silver dollars his father paid him for his turnips and potatoes.

"Algy," said the older boy, contemptuously, after a pause, "I don't believe you care about anything, so long as you can sell your potatoes and things."

"Naw," said Algy, whose speech, like his father's, smacked of the soil, while Henry had the clear tones and soft enunciation of his mother.

Henry gazed a moment, and passed on, with his heart still fuller of bitterness.

Standing on the stone steps that led down from the greenhouse

to the lawn was his mother. She called him, and he came sullenly enough.

"My boy," she said, gently, putting her arm around his neck, "why did you quarrel with your brother this morning?"

"I didn't quarrel with him," said Henry, coolly. "I just licked him without saying two words. When I am a man, I mean to whip the Chevalier Vaughan."

It seemed grotesque that the wrath of this half-grown stripling should make anybody afraid; but Mrs. Weston feared her young game-chick before his spurs were grown.

"You are a bad, naughty boy," she said, with sudden anger. "I will have *you* whipped for speaking so."

But she did not have him whipped.

Something else happened to Angela Weston that day which caused her to remember it. The boy had not been the only witness of that little scene in the greenhouse. Mrs. Weston did not often condescend to quarrel with her husband, but that day they quarrelled furiously,—quarrelled to the point of Sandy Weston's threatening that, after all, Hale-Weston might not belong to that cherished eldest son,—which brought Mrs. Weston nearer to capitulation than she had ever expected to be brought. Peace, however, was patched up, Mrs. Weston stooping, as she bitterly considered it, to some of the winning and captivating ways she had never used on her lout of a husband before, to ward off that dreadful danger from her best-beloved.

The Weston boys and the Brandon girls had grown up together, and in their childhood enjoyed the kind of intimacy that comes from an interchange of measles and whooping-cough, a fall down the haystack on Henry Weston's part, and a tumble in the creek for Algy, each precipitated by Anne. As for Elizabeth, she was never anything but demure and well-behaved, and had an inveterate propensity for fancy-work, which she did with great industry and neatness, from her earliest years. Their father spent his time in his library, turning Latin verses, and devising means to raise money on the already encumbered acres of Sparrow Point. These pursuits engaged him so much that he left the charge of his motherless girls entirely to Miss Pryor, "who did her best, poor thing, although perfectly incapable," as Mrs. Thorpe declared. However, natural talents, in Anne, and the tireless energy which dull people sometimes display, in Elizabeth, did much to make up for Miss Pryor's deficiencies. Mr. Brandon and Mrs. Weston had seen each other not less than once a week during their joint lives, yet they were still trying to find each other out, when their children were men and women. Mrs. Weston found the same fault with Mr. Brandon that Mrs. Thorpe did,—she never knew when he was laughing at her,—and Mr. Brandon secretly felt some uneasiness lest Mrs. Weston were not throwing dust in his eyes when she was apparently taking him most in her confidence. Anyhow, he knew that Mrs. Weston gave the best dinners in the county; and Mrs. Weston was clear that she was very fond of the Brandon girls and would not mind having one of them for a daughter-in-law. It is true they had no money,—for Sparrow Point was the property of half a dozen people,—but Mrs. Weston proudly

said to herself, "My son, Henry Weston, can afford to marry whom he likes." Although not by any means a walking matrimonial agency like Mrs. Thorpe, it cannot be supposed that Mrs. Weston took no thought of the daughter-in-law who was to succeed her. Algy, she reasoned, would marry money, and for that account she took no precautions to keep him and Miss Fisher, Toinette's pretty governess, apart. Henry, on the contrary, who was secretly much bored by Miss Fisher, she watched with a hawk's eye.

One day Mrs. Weston happened to think it would be a good thing to find out, before Henry Weston went away for two years or more, if he had any especial fancy for either of the Brandon girls. She put it in practice that very night, as she sat in the fine old hall at Hale-Weston, with Henry reading under the lamp.

They sat in an alcove under the broad and shallow staircase, up which a coach-and-four could be driven. The alcove was as big as a good-sized room, but it looked like a mere niche in the vast hall outside. A large folding screen warded off the draughts from the huge old doors and windows, which not even the warmth of the burning logs in the deep fireplace could keep at bay. Within the alcove a smaller fireplace, running into the great middle chimney, glowed redly. Algy was buried in his newspaper on the other side of the table. Miss Fisher, in a whisper, helped Toinette with her French verbs. Mrs. Weston, wearing a pale-tinted silk gown, according to her habit at home,—which habit had caused more adverse criticism than anything in her career,—sat in a large arm-chair and toasted her little slippered feet comfortably.

"My son,"—Henry Weston was distinctively "my son,"—"don't you think Elizabeth Brandon looked very handsome at the Wickhams' last night?"

"Very," answered Henry, laying down his book politely.

"She is the handsomest woman I know," continued Mrs. Weston, reflectively.

"She is not as handsome as you," responded Henry, resuming his book.

This was flattering, but did not advance matters.

"Anne looks very well on horseback."

Mrs. Weston fancied she detected a little more animation in her son's tone as he replied,—

"Anne is very graceful both in walking and riding."

"It is easy to locate Elizabeth's beauty; but Anne's,—I think it must be her eyes. Generally they are gray, sometimes they are blue, occasionally they are black. Then they are very soft,—when they are not very bright."

"Anne can persuade people, when she chooses, that she is handsomer than she really is."

This would have been altogether unfavorable if Henry Weston had not continued,—

"Yet that power of persuasion is the essence of beauty and fascination."

A pause. Mrs. Weston determines on a *coup*, while Henry pursues his book:

"It would seem quite natural that you should marry Anne or Elizabeth."

"Which one, ma'am?" inquires Henry, calmly, turning his eyes one moment from the page he is reading. "It is a pity there are no legal methods to compel whichever one you finally select for me to take me. You know young ladies are capricious. Anne Brandon, I think, is downright perverse."

Mrs. Weston smiled proudly. The idea of any girl in her senses refusing that tall fellow opposite her, with all his sense and manliness, and Hale-Weston into the bargain!

CHAPTER III.

IN the provincial life of that day, anything was seized upon as an excuse for a round of parties. So Henry Weston's approaching departure was the cause of a tremendous amount of dancing, and the consumption of vast bowls of apple toddy and hot punch; and Josh, the black fiddler, with his assistants, Left-hand Tom and Bob Flute, almost sawed their arms off and blew their lungs out, fiddling and fluting for the balls that were given in his honor. Of course Anne and Elizabeth Brandon were present at these festivities, and Anne was, if anything, a more determined party-goer than Elizabeth. Mr. Brandon complained that his daughters were both possessed with dancing devils; and when Anne dragged him from his comfortable, shabby old library chair to accompany them on a ten-mile drive over country roads to a ball, where they danced until the dawn crept into the sky, Mr. Brandon pished and pehawed and wished that Henry Weston would go and let him rest in peace.

Nobody was gayer or danced more at the parties than Anne Brandon; and, besides, she began to get prettier. Her eyes grew brighter,—sometimes they were quite painfully bright,—and her smiles and laughter were more frequent. It is true that Mrs. Thorpe had informed her, in a burst of confidence, that the county was very much exercised to know whether Henry Weston would go away engaged to her or not,—which threw Anne into a cold fury with Mrs. Thorpe, much to that lady's surprise. As, however, sensible people who live in the country take care not to quarrel with their neighbors, so Anne, after the first angry outburst, agreed to an armistice between Mrs. Thorpe and herself. Mrs. Thorpe was truly attached to Anne, and was as innocent as usual in telling her this, which was calculated to rouse any girl of spirit. Mrs. Thorpe could no more keep what she heard than a sieve could hold water; and this was the reason that Anne could forgive her.

But the county had nothing to do with either Henry Weston or herself, and she would take good care that it should know how little Henry Weston was to her. This Anne resolved fiercely while dressing for the final event of all before he went away,—a grand ball at Hale-Weston,—a ball which Mrs. Weston declared should be eclipsed only by the one she meant to give when Henry returned. As Anne sur-

veyed herself in her looking-glass by the light of two tall candles, before she descended to the rickety old carriage, she felt something like satisfaction with her own looks, in her tamboured muslin, and her mother's string of pearls around her white throat. A few white hyacinths completed her simple toilette,—but which Anne, who had a keen eye for form and color, knew was thoroughly effective.

Mr. Brandon, who wore his evening-coat philosophically, and regularly gave directions where to find his will in case he should be found in a roadside ditch with his neck broken after one of these expeditions, opened his eyes expressively as Anne came down the broad old-fashioned stairs. Elizabeth had preceded her, and sat with her gown tucked carefully around her, perched uncomfortably on a chair.

"Why, Anne!" said her father, "you are almost pretty! If I did not know that one single compliment would turn the head of an otherwise sensible woman, I should unhesitatingly say that you are far from bad-looking."

"Thank you, sir," retaliated Anne, with much spirit. "Your compliment was remarkably well turned, as you have contrived to praise both my mind and my person."

It was one of Anne's pretty times, and she knew it.

Afar off, as they drove down the long avenue of magnolia-trees, which were now bursting into flower, they saw the lights of Hale-Weston. The grounds were lighted with colored lanterns, and old Hector, the gray-headed factotum, who had been old Colonel Weston's body-servant, stood on the steps of the great front porch to greet the guests and to direct the coachmen where to take their horses. Hector considered it his duty to make up for the insignificance of the master of the house by an extra flourish on his own part.

"Howdy, Mr. Brandon? Sarvint, my young mistisses," said he, throwing wide the carriage door and letting down the steps. "Glad to see you out dis heah ebenin', Mr. Brandon."

"And I am glad to find so much youthful folly in myself that I can come. Just give me your arm down this step. I should hate to break my leg at my time of life going to a dancing-party."

"An' my young mistisses,—bloomin' like de honeysuckles."

Anne smiled her thanks for her share of the compliment, and jumped lightly out. Elizabeth descended with more dignity and circumspection.

Mrs. Weston received her guests at the door of the big drawing-room, with Henry Weston on one side of her, and Mr. Weston, almost lost in the voluminous folds of her pale-yellow satin train, on the other. Certainly the master of Hale-Weston had never lost the look and bearing of an overseer. Henry Weston, although he had his mother's eyes and her clear profile, had his grandfather's tall and stalwart figure. Old people who remembered the last owner of Hale-Weston remarked on the strange likeness between him and the old colonel, who slept peacefully under the yews of the Hale-Weston burying-ground.

The rooms were quite full, and in the vast hall the dancers were tripping through country-dances and quadrilles to the excited fiddling of Josh and his supers. Josh, magnificently arrayed in a blue coat and

brass buttons, beat time, rolled his eyes until the whites gleamed, and roared out the figures, while he sawed the bow :

"Balance all, ladies an' gent'mun ! You Bob Flute, I doan' hear nuttin' comin' outen dat ar flute. Blow, you wuffless black nigger, blow dat flute. Lead up de middle, fust couple. Han's all around. Dat's de figger, and dat's de way ter do it. Wuk dat arm o' yourn, Lef'-han' Torm. Dese heah white folks is quality, and dey wants quality music."

Henry Weston had not danced yet, but when Anne appeared he asked her for the first quadrille. When they stood up at the head of the hall, Josh bawled out, as he flourished his bow,—

"Do yo' bes' wid dat ar flute an' fiddle, boys. Doan' yer see de young marse a-stannin' up wid de puttiest young lady in de room ? an' if dey ain't de han'somest couple I ever see, I o'yarn play de fiddle, dat's all."

A roar of laughter saluted this. Anne turned crimson, which made her not less pretty, and Henry Weston colored too as he laughed and answered Josh,—

"Mind your business, sirrah, and give us the best music you can."

If spirit, and the exquisite perception of time which a negro musician invariably possesses, constitute good music, then Josh's performance was of a high order of merit. So at least thought Anne Brandon, whose little feet tripped nimbly through the dance. It is something to feel that one is at one's best, and singled out for the attentions of the most distinguished man in the room.

As for Henry Weston, he was certainly very much in love with Anne that night,—only, he was intent on that exploration of the glories of those far-off foreign places which he remembered dimly as he saw them in his childhood. He did not think it would be quite the chivalrous thing to leave her almost the instant she had promised to be his, and yet to go away without a word was difficult ; and suppose that word was spoken,—two years and new scenes and adventures were dangerous to constancy on his part, and to affection on hers,—for so he ignorantly reasoned, knowing nothing of the kind of heart Anne Brandon had ; and then the bewildering doubt whether Anne would take him at all,—it was altogether difficult and confusing. Henry Weston, you see, stood where men often stand, at the meeting of the ways, and knew not which to take, because he knew not himself.

But Anne, with a woman's finer intelligence, knew. She dared not ask herself what she felt for Henry Weston, nor even what it would be for her to be mistress one day of that great house and all the fertile acres of Hale-Weston,—which was something to her, as it would have been to any woman. But she would not keep him, if she could,—which she much doubted ; nor should he take away with him her heart in his keeping. All this was very sensible, if she could but have measured the pain that his absence would mean and the chances that she was throwing away her happiness. But, being one of those women who delight in wreaking vengeance on their own rebellious hearts, and whose pride is always armed, sleepless and watchful, she did just what might have been expected. She was in strange good spirits, and laughed at

Henry Weston's attempts to give the conversation a sentimental turn; and when he would have taken her to a quiet, moonlit corner of the greenhouse, a little away from the lights and the dancers, she went off on the Chevalier Vaughan's arm, looking up in his face with a glance so bright and interested that the Chevalier forgot his iron-gray hair, and wondered why he had not seen those unknown depths in Anne's gray-black eyes before.

And Henry Weston, watching them with displeasure, angry, chafed, and full of sullen wrath, wondered if the Chevalier Vaughan was always to be in his way; for he had no more forgotten that day when he sat under the hedge and promised the Chevalier to fight him than the Chevalier or his mother had,—because the boyish threat had made a strange impression on both.

As for Anne, she had had a triumph. She had received more attention than any other girl at the ball. Mrs. Thorpe, the Wickhams, and half the county had seen Henry Weston attempt to detain her as she went off with the Chevalier,—had seen that he danced with none but her, while she had danced every time,—had seen that she was gay and light-hearted and full of spirits. Henry Weston himself put her in the carriage and made one last effort. He pressed her hand tenderly, and murmured something which even as he spoke was lost in a laughing challenge she called out to the Chevalier Vaughan, standing on the stone steps of the portico. Henry Weston banged the carriage door to angrily in his innamorata's face.

They had only a mile to drive, yet Elizabeth settled herself back in the corner and went immediately to sleep.

"Did you enjoy yourself, papa?" asked Anne, who was strangely overflowing with spirits that seemed unflagging.

"Immensely. I am so fond of the gay world. But, Anne, did you enjoy yourself?"

Anne opened her eyes, wide and bright:

"Didn't you see, sir? Wasn't I dancing all the time? It was much the prettiest and gayest ball I was ever at."

"Yes; but, my dear, when you are gay, beware that you are not too gay, and when you are clever, look out that you are not too clever. Extreme ingenuity and excessive success in your designs may yet make you wretched."

After the gayest ball in her life, Anne looked at herself again in her glass by the ghostly light of the earliest dawn, and saw only a pale, unhappy girl, and, after dancing all night, wept herself bitterly to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

WILL it be believed that Paris, fifty or sixty years ago, was a much gayer town than it is now?—gayer even than under the Second Empire, when a vast number of bayonets were concerned in forcing the people to laugh, dance, and enjoy themselves? It was before 1848, and, somehow, Europe has never been quite so full of fun since then. The commands to be gay have not been so well obeyed by the people. Will it

not at least be believed that the gayety was much noisier, more striking, bizarre?—that it was a time of secret societies, of revolution?—that the police were anxious for the people to be amused, to laugh, to do anything except trouble the Chamber of Deputies?—that gambling, which is now practised decorously and on the sly, went on with a brazen openness that would shock the æsthetic play of to-day?—that at Frascati's, the greatest gambling-house in Paris, play went on in every hour of the twenty-four, and suicides were commoner there than at Monaco?—that duelling was considered legitimate sport?—that young men who led the revolt against the classicists went to the theatre in green trousers, purple coats, and red waistcoats?—that the young sprigs of fashion did not come to the Grand Opera to hear Persiani and Catalani sing, but to see Fanny and Thérèse Elssler and Taglioni dance?—that the foyer of the opera-house was so crowded with the wits and beaux and *littérateurs* of Paris that the dancers could scarcely make their way to the stage? Yes, Paris was very gay. The foreign colonies of rich Americans, English, Russians, were then unknown: only a few of each nation gathered together and formed a heterogeneous circle. Poor people did not come to Paris to save money then. Only the rich came. Paris was the place to spend, not to save.

There were no Haussmanized avenues. The Arc de l'Étoile was then a great unfinished mass, where workmen hammered all day long; a tangle of squalid streets debouched into the Place de la Carrousel; the Bois de Boulogne was a ragged, stunted wood. The gutters ran down the middle of the streets, and at night the darkness was pierced by oil lamps that were swung across the streets by ropes. But Paris was more Paris—more French—than the cosmopolitan Paris of to-day is. It was but a little more than half the size it is now; Passy and Meudon were some distance in the country. No English was spoken there; and an American might walk from one end of it to the other without meeting a countryman. He did not find a whole section of the United States put down in the midst of the Rue de Rivoli or the Faubourg St.-Honoré. If he knew anybody, he must know French people. If he went to balls, he must go to French balls. If he had letters of introduction to the American minister, he might be one of a flock of black-coated young fellows introduced solemnly by the minister to His Majesty at the state balls given at the Hôtel de Ville or the Élysée. Yet, withal, there was more noise, more gayety, in one year of that Paris than in ten of the modern Paris. Then it was that Paris got the name of wickedness. Now it is as decorous as any town on earth.

So to this gay, fascinating, unique Paris came Henry Weston, to learn to be wise, to go back readily and delightedly to the tame, easy life of a Virginia squire. After all, he did much better than the majority of rich young men going to Paris with a big balance at his banker's,—for Madam had seen to it that her favorite son was well provided for by his somewhat hard and saving father. He had a comfortable apartment in the Rue Lafitte, where he had some good wines and some admirable cigars, and there he sat himself down to enjoy life. Of course he went to one or other of the theatres every night; naturally he went

to a gambling-place occasionally and left some of his money behind him ; but there were other things besides the giddy whirl of the theatres and the streets that attracted Henry Weston. He wandered through the picture-galleries with a dim, groping, but abiding love for the art he saw ; he devoured the books that came in his way ; he sought out the spots he remembered when he had been in Paris long years before ; he exercised his awkward French with college professors : on the whole, it was about as wholesome a mode of life as a spirited young man could be expected to lead. He had few acquaintances ; he might have had many, for in those days a rich young Virginia planter was of as much consequence as a billionaire New York soap-manufacturer or hardware-merchant now is, who is pretty sure of being welcomed by his compatriots in Paris, and who finds numbers of people familiar with the fact that he has a gigantic income.

But there was so much to absorb Henry Weston that he thought little of the balls and parties of Paris. Much of his time, it must be admitted, was spent at the theatres. He thought he could never get enough theatre-going. He went to see Elssler and Taglioni night after night, and cheered himself hoarse when those goddesses of the dance passed through the shouting crowd of their admirers on their way from the stage entrance to their carriages. Nor did he confine himself to the glories of the Comédie Française, the Académie, Les Italiens, and other high-class and expensive resorts. He often wandered into odd little theatres out by the barriers, away from the heart of the town, towards the Pont Neuf, and saw odd little plays acted by odd little companies, —everything very small, almost provincial, separated by an impassable barrier of custom from the great gilded palaces near the Champs-Élysées.

It was at one of these stray, wedged-in, shabby little play-houses that Henry Weston's fine resolves all came to naught, and from being a gay and light-hearted young fellow he became a very morose and unhappy man.

Of course it all happened through a trifle. He dined at a restaurant one evening quite out towards the barriers. He meant to go that night and see the lovely Elsslers caper. As he came out, he lighted his cigar, but the match would not burn. He lighted another. It went out. He finally coaxed a third to light his cigar, but then the cigar grew cranky. Walking along slowly, shielding his cigar with both hands, his eyes fell idly on the open door of a place of amusement. It was small and rather shabby. Two oil lamps flickered dimly over the little vestibule. A shabby man in his shirt-sleeves sat at the little window of the ticket-office, taking the tickets of the stream of plainly-dressed people who straggled in. He heard the weak scraping of an orchestra inside. It was not inviting, but it was pretty sure to be something distinctive, peculiar, very French. Weston felt in his pockets as his cigar went out, and walked up to the little window.

"Two francs, m'sieur, for the best seats," remarked the shabby man.

Weston laid down his two francs, and threw his unlighted cigar out on the street. The shabby man scrambled quickly down, rushed into the street, and seized the cigar.

Weston entered. It was just such a place as he expected. A row of candles sputtered along the stage for foot-lights. Half a dozen musicians made doleful music out of as many violins, violas, a 'cello, and a drum. The house was pretty full, and presently the curtain went up. The play was a melodrama,—very impossible, very touching. The heroine, a tall, stout Jewess, was immensely applauded as she delivered her high-sounding lines with tragic emphasis. There were brigands in gorgeous if slightly-faded red jackets, and the whole thing hinged on the production of the chief brigand's daughter; and it was all very tiresome to Henry Weston, although the audience applauded tremendously and evidently thought the stout Jewess a queen of the drama. He was considering, after half an hour's experience, if he had not had enough of it, when the brigand's daughter appeared on the stage, and he concluded to stay and see it out.

She glided on almost unnoticed. She was slender and most graceful, and had soft lustrous black eyes,—Weston thought very like his mother's: indeed, her type was somewhat like that of the elder beauty whom Weston in his heart of hearts admired. She had not much to say, but she said it in a sweet contralto very unlike the hard French voices of the other people on the stage.

If Henry Weston had been asked what drew him to her insensibly, what made him stay in the little close theatre against his will, he could not have told to save his life. It is true Mademoiselle Varien, as the play-bill called her, was very pretty, graceful, *ingénue*; but that is not uncommon on the stage. But the invisible bond was formed, and was strong enough to hold him. He stayed in until the very last. He could scarcely make up his mind to leave then, although nearly the whole audience had tramped out and it was almost midnight. The idea flashed on him that he might see her at the stage entrance. He rushed out, nearly upsetting the old woman who was pottering around putting out the lights. Yes, there she was, coming swiftly out of the little blind alley by which the people went in and out of the back part of the theatre. She was wrapped up in a black cloak, and carried a bundle with one hand, while with the other she clutched an old crone who waddled along at her side.

As she passed Henry Weston, involuntarily he raised his hat. She glanced at him in surprise for a moment, and, without noticing him further, went on and melted away in the darkness. Weston went home with a curious sensation. It was the first time he had been magnetized. He rather liked the feeling. He had heard of men falling in love with actresses. There was not much danger for him, he thought, as he stretched his legs before a blazing fire of fagots in his apartment. Fancy how his lady mother would take it if she should know that he had nearly broken his neck racing to see a pretty actress pass by! Imagine his father's disgust, Algy's amused surprise— Well, she was devilish pretty, and he meant to go to see the bandit drama again. What a bewitching voice she had!—how much more captivating was her graceful prettiness to him than Elizabeth Brandon's stately beauty! As for Anne, she had no heart: this girl looked tender and sympathetic; and he kicked the blazing logs absent-mindedly with his boot,

and went off into a delicious reverie about nothing at all,—and did not get to bed till towards morning.

Of course he went the next evening, and of course he continued to go,—so often that the man in his shirt-sleeves at the ticket-window came to know him well,—so often that he knew every word of the bandit play by heart and instinctively shuddered at certain points in the dialogue when he knew the stout Jewess would be applauded,—so often that it is exceedingly likely that Mademoiselle Varien got to know exactly where to look for him. Are not all such cases precisely alike?

So far it was mere stage infatuation; but it began to trouble Henry Weston. The weakness of the strong is altogether different from the weakness of the weak. The principle of honor which in him was as strong as life itself might lead him to another sort of infamy, of discredit, of misery, from which the very want of honor might save another man. He was not given to trifling with his own feelings. He respected them greatly,—too much, perhaps. It was not easy to draw him against his will; and so it vexed him to be everlastingly drawn to the shabby little theatre.

He paltered with his judgment by making a merit of never seeking the acquaintance of the young creature who attracted him: he shut his eyes to the true reason,—the fear that he would be disillusioned. He might find her ten years older than he expected; she would commit a thousand solecisms that would shock him,—he was indomitably fastidious about women,—and so he rather shrank from knowing her at close quarters. But he went to the little theatre every night.

One evening, after dinner, when he had kept this up for about six weeks and was getting moody and angry with himself about it, he was loitering on towards the theatre, when suddenly he stopped as if he were shot. Right in the middle of the street before him stood the Chevalier Vaughan,—as handsome, as erect, as ever, his hair a little grayer, but not looking within fifteen years of his actual fifty years. The first sensation Weston always had on meeting the Chevalier was one of unpleasant surprise; but so far from home, and so suddenly, Weston for the first time in his life actually felt glad to meet him.

The Chevalier shook him warmly by the hand.

"How well you are looking, my fine young friend!" said he, cordially. "I meant to hunt you up; but, faith! here you are."

Weston's face had flushed a little: he felt pleased, but only half pleased.

"When did you leave Virginia, sir? and when did you see—" he could not say "my mother," as he desired: he finished his sentence by saying, "my people at Hale-Weston?"

"Only four weeks ago. I am just arrived in Paris. They gave me your address, and I would have found you out shortly. You are looking amazingly well. Paris is a pretty jolly kind of a place: deuced if I can keep away from it."

"And was everybody well at Hale-Weston?—my mother?" asked Weston, eagerly.

"Perfectly,—perfectly well. Toinette is grown immensely during

the last year,—almost up to her mother's shoulder; but she never can be as pretty as her mother. Your father about the same; your mother getting handsomer every day of her life; Algy a little gone on the pretty governess."

Weston laughed outright. The idea of Algy doing anything romantic and unpractical tickled him.

"I'll write and warn him against her," he laughed. "That will spur him up. She's uncommonly good-looking, and if Algy wants to marry her I'm sure nobody can say anything against it. He will have enough to take care of her on."

"Yes, he will. I don't know of any two young fellows more independent than you and Algy. But, tell me, what have you been doing with your time here? When I am in Paris the days gallop away so fast that I can't keep track of them. Gather ye roses, you know."

"Well," said Weston, "I suppose it's an idle kind of life to lead, but I came over here to enjoy myself. When I go home I mean to study law or go into politics,—try to be somebody; but I have been —improving in the language. I thought it best to polish up my accent some before—continuing my travels—"

"And going to the theatre, I'll wager," said the Chevalier, playfully tapping Weston on the arm with the head of his little cane. "It was a chance shot, but it hit the bull's-eye."

"Yes," replied Weston, laughing. "In fact, I am on my way there now."

In an instant he regretted the admission. The Chevalier knew Paris like a book. He knew there were not many theatres in that part of the town calculated to attract a young man to whom better resorts were open. The Chevalier looked surprised, and said, "Ah?" lifting his eyebrows slightly.

Weston was a little nettled at his manner. He thought perhaps the Chevalier might suppose he wanted to conceal where he was going. So, with an elaborate affectation of ease which did not for a moment deceive the Chevalier, he said,—

"Won't you go along with me? It's a two-franc entertainment: so I won't beguile you into the belief that you are going to see anything particularly worth seeing."

"Certainly," said the Chevalier, with alacrity; and he rapidly revolved the last speech of Weston's in his mind. Cheap,—not very good,—evidently familiar with the place; but one thing could take him, and that was a pretty girl. Well, there was no harm in that. The Chevalier was no ascetic, so he turned and walked along the narrow street with him. It was the first indication of any friendliness towards him on the part of Angela Weston's handsome son. There had been a kind of still, guarded, unspoken enmity between them,—at least on Henry Weston's part. For the Chevalier himself was of an open and generous nature, and took no notice of the young man's haughty indifference. He thought he knew what rankled in Henry Weston's mind. But he was glad to be friendly with him. In his heart he thought him a manly fellow, with more brains than all the Westons he had ever known put together, not even excepting his bright-witted

mother, and something—some remembrance of Angela Weston's girlish days—drew him towards her boy. He had her eyes, although his skin was tawny, and instead of her soft Greek mouth he had one broad and wide and full of strong white teeth; and even in his full barytone the Chevalier caught a note of Angela's delicate treble. So they walked on, and Weston felt his heart soften towards the Chevalier, he was so agreeable and full of life and vivacity without any of the flippancy of an old young man. Weston looked at him askance as they sauntered along,—at his well-knit figure and clear-cut face; he could very well understand any woman falling in love with him. Then his heart gave a thump: the Chevalier's love-making was always a sore subject with him. That kiss on his mother's hand—

The man in his shirt-sleeves looked surprised at seeing another man with his regular patron. Weston paid his four francs and walked in, followed by the Chevalier Vaughan, and presently the fiddles tuned up, and the absurd little overture was done, and the big Jewess came on.

The Chevalier looked keenly about him. It would not have surprised him at all if Weston had been infatuated with the stout Rebecca or Sara. As like as not, he might think her the finest woman in the world. The Chevalier had the contempt of a man over forty for a young man's taste. But half a glance at Weston's expressive face while the big Jewess raved and stalked convinced the Chevalier that he was not yet on the right track. At last Mademoiselle Varien appeared. She wore a white frock, and had a bunch of lilies on her breast; and the Chevalier with assumed surprise exclaimed to his companion, in English,—

"What an uncommonly pretty girl!"

A blush of pleasure came into Weston's dark face. He had thought her beautiful, but for a man of the world like the Chevalier Vaughan to be astonished at her loveliness showed it was something remarkable.

"I think she has a pretty voice," said Weston, with a pretence of indifference that revealed the whole thing to his companion.

"Charming,—charming," he replied, listening; "but it is scarcely a French voice: it is certainly not Parisian. Probably from Marseilles: the people there have soft voices like Italians."

Meanwhile, the play was going on. Mademoiselle Varien had only to move and speak occasionally.

"Not much dramatic ability," thought the Chevalier, but he did not say that to Henry Weston.

"What an inane play!" said the latter, after a while. "What is there for a man or woman of talent in this rubbish?"

"It is remarkably well suited to the audience, though," answered the Chevalier; and after that they patiently waited out the play and went home together, and for the first time in his life Henry Weston of his own free will remained with the Chevalier. He insisted on returning to his own comfortable quarters,—the Chevalier was as yet at a hotel,—and they almost emptied the little lockers by the side of the fireplace where the wood was kept,—Weston's landlady thought him the most recklessly extravagant young person in the matter of fuel she had ever known,—and had some genuine good whiskey,—no red wine

for them,—and some of the strong black cigars they both loved were smoked before the blazing fire; and before the Chevalier made his final move to go home, long past midnight, they had come to understand each other better than in all the years of their intercourse in the low-land county of Virginia.

After that they saw each other often; and the Chevalier said, one day, "Now, really, Weston, you must go out a little into society. You ought to be presented to His Majesty: a terrible old bore His Majesty is, too, but it makes one a better republican to see these royalties occasionally."

Henry Weston, being young and eager to see and to know, agreed. So one evening he found himself in company with the Chevalier Vaughan in full dress driving towards the great palace of the Elysée, which was lighted up from ground to roof, and a vast crowd of notabilities swarming from their carriages and struggling in the genteel crush, and a long line of soldiers, and ushers in bright uniforms, and a glare of light and a blare of music above everything,—all very fine and very confusing to the young Virginia gentleman. Presently they were mounting the grand staircase. Henry Weston had taken a liberal dose of Dr. Franklin's writings before trusting himself into this dazzling scene; but he needed it all for the first few moments. He presently came to the great Salle du Trône, where, on a dais at the farther end, surrounded by officers in brilliant uniforms and gentlemen in court dress blazing with stars and orders, stood His Majesty Charles the Tenth, and his Savoyard queen, and the proud Duchesse de Berri, dressed in mourning, and half a dozen other royalties. Then His Majesty, short and looking like an *avocat* before the court of cassation, walked around the circle and said something to each person present; and when he came to the Chevalier Vaughan he stopped half a minute and asked him how affairs had gone in the United States since he last saw him. Henry Weston too came in for seven or eight words from the Lord's anointed, and then the presentations were over and the grand ball began.

The Chevalier seemed to know everybody, and everybody seemed to know the Chevalier. Henry Weston could not but admire his self-possessed and noble manner,—just what should be that of an American gentleman at a foreign court,—respectful of the customs around him, but distinctively American and republican. Nor did Henry Weston, with his frank and manly grace, his easy figure and handsome face, fail of attention; and he was led up and introduced to numerous demure young ladies who took a turn with him in the waltzing that went on in the great picture-gallery. It must be confessed that Henry Weston was more on the alert for female beauty than for His Majesty and His Majesty's royal brood. He wished to see if there were any women there as lovely as his mother or as Elizabeth Brandon. Anne he dismissed from his mind as far as he could. She had wounded both his heart and his self-love. Wounds of the latter kind are always hard to cure. So Anne Brandon was in disgrace with my lord, as those are apt to be who do not respond to the advances of the great. But no. There were some pretty rose-buds of girls; the elder beauties were

stately and full of the subtle suggestion of beauty; but with a kind of triumph Henry Weston felt that not one had the liquid eyes, the fine, clear features, of the women he had left at home. To be sure, these last were undeniably beauties in their own circle; but he felt a glow of pride that they should be beauties any- and everywhere.

Then there was supper in a gorgeous, crowded saloon, and champagne in plenty. The Chevalier Vaughan was button-holed at every turn, and received half a dozen invitations to dinner within Henry Weston's hearing. His bearing and standing in that great-little world were not without their effect on his young companion. From a lifelong distrust of him Henry Weston began to feel a very sincere admiration of him; and he was exceedingly kind to his young friend,—introducing him right and left as a Virginia gentleman on his travels, and by some occult method letting people know that he was a man of caste and standing in his own world. Rich and attractive young men are popular everywhere, and Henry Weston had smiles from French, English, and American girls, and altogether it was a very gay and brilliant evening for him. When at last it was time to leave, and they found their carriage, the Chevalier sprang in, but Henry Weston, bowing, said he would walk back to his lodgings, and, in spite of the Chevalier's protest, went sauntering down the street, smoking. And what did he think of in that moonlit walk through the quiet side-streets to the Rue Lafitte? Was it of those dainty French girls with their soft manners, those bejewelled women who are so dazzling to young men? No. It was of the little actress and the stuffy little theatre away across the bridges. Had she learned to look for him? Did she miss him that night? Ah, my young friend, depend upon it, you are in a bad way.

CHAPTER V.

THERE is a fraternity in this world—of which Mr. Brandon was a distinguished member—whose mission it is to give disagreeable warnings of unpleasant events to come. Therefore, when late one afternoon he rode over on his stylish cob to Hale-Weston and saw Algy Weston and Miss Fisher, little Toinette's governess, walking through a glade in the park with their heads very close together, while little Toinette lagged twenty yards behind, Mr. Brandon pricked up his ears. Here was something to amuse Madam Weston. Mr. Brandon was going over to Hale-Weston to dinner by invitation, for, in spite of the guerilla warfare between the mistress of Hale-Weston and the master of Sparrow Point, they exchanged certain neighborly and conventional hospitalities. Mr. Brandon had never been able to fathom the exact state of affairs between his favorite daughter and Henry Weston. That something of a tender nature had occurred he was tolerably sure; but he dismissed it from his mind with the reflection that Anne was always headstrong. He was quite sure that if his beautiful Elizabeth had been offered the hand of Henry Weston she would never have been so indiscreet as to refuse it; but Anne—well, Anne was rash as well as headstrong. He found out, by some preternatural instinct, that there was an impression

among the county people that Henry Weston had rather played fast and loose with Anne Brandon; for although Henry Weston was a popular young man, he had a bold and outspoken way with him, and he was too decided in his characteristics to escape enmities. He also was rather a conspicuous object of envy; and if Henry Weston could have heard some of the comments made on him in regard to Anne Brandon, there would have been a few broken bones in that vicinity, he being a hot-tempered young man and ugly in his moods. Only, he did not know. As for Anne, she was inscrutable. Mr. Brandon turned these puzzling questions over in his mind as he jogged along, and also the surprising fact that the beautiful Elizabeth had as yet made no matrimonial settlement. Then came the little incident about the pretty governess, and the prospect of creating a small hurricane raised Mr. Brandon's spirits. He rode up to Hale-Weston through the well-kept grounds to the big mahogany door, and rapped smartly with the shining brass knocker. Hector, as usual, received him, and he was ushered into the familiar drawing-room, where Madam Angela, in a beautiful satin robe, was waiting to greet him.

"How d'ye do, madam?" said Mr. Brandon, bending low over Mrs. Weston's white hand, and, suddenly seeing his particular aversion, the Rev. Mr. Steptoe, in a corner, he straightened himself up, and, holding out two fingers, said, crossly,—

"How do?"

Mr. Steptoe came forward, and, giving Mr. Brandon's fingers a negligent flip, replied,—

"How do?"

Mrs. Weston smiled. She knew the two gentlemen hated each other, and she felt she had rather stolen a march on her neighbor by having the parson to meet him. The parson had been known to put Mr. Brandon to flight, horse, foot, and dragoons.

"And how do I find you to-day, my dear Madam Angela?—only the other day a little Angela not bigger than Toinette. Come here, my dear,"—to Toinette, who was a little, plain-looking thing. All this would have been very well, except that the Rev. Mr. Steptoe laughed,—a kind of guffaw that always set Mr. Brandon's sensitive nerves on edge:

"Upon my word, Brandon, you are getting more complimentary every year of your life. When I was a little boy and you were the most dashing young fellow in the county you didn't pay half so many compliments;—had more paid you, perhaps."

It irritated Mr. Brandon excessively to be called "Brandon," and especially by that great, hulking, card-playing, fox-hunting parson. So he replied, in his clear, sharp voice,—

"Pray pardon me, Steptoe, but when I was a young man I don't think I had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Oh, yes, you did," replied the burly clergyman. "Don't you remember once going to the races at the Foxtown course, and your entering for the hurdle-race for gentlemen riders, and getting thrown in front of the grand stand, and—ha! ha!—my picking you up—you never weighed more than a feather—and carrying you off the track?"

"Can't say I do," snarled Mr. Brandon; "but if there was any running at the Foxtown track you were pretty certain to be there."

"Yes," cheerfully returned the reverend gentleman, taking his coat-tails under his arm, and standing with his back to the fire, "I like a good horse-race,—I always did,—and a good game of whist, and a decanter of good wine, and the light from woman's eyes to guide us through this vale of tears."

"For my part," replied Mr. Brandon, with freezing dignity, "neither horse-races nor cards nor wine have the charm they once had. Only," with a gallant bow to Mrs. Weston, who proposed to let them have it out while she enjoyed it, "the light from woman's eyes is as bright, as beautiful, to me as ever."

As Mr. Brandon was one of those men who had remained steadily impervious to the light of woman's eyes during a considerable bachelorhood and a longer widowerhood, Mrs. Weston felt convinced he was making game of the light of woman's eyes: so she thought it well to change the subject.

"Toinette," she said, with alacrity, "where is Miss Fisher?"

"I don't know," answered Toinette, diffidently. "I got tired walking in the park, and she told me I might come home."

Mr. Brandon cackled at the dear child's innocence:

"Ah, little Toinette, Miss Fisher was very agreeably engaged when she allowed you to come home alone. A remarkably handsome young woman Miss Fisher."

"With whom was Miss Fisher engaged?" asked Mrs. Weston, sharply.

"With Mr. Algernon Weston, madam," answered Mr. Brandon, blandly. He thought he owed her something for letting the Rev. Mr. Steptoe browbeat him.

"Ah?" said Mrs. Weston, unconcernedly.

She had such sublime confidence in Algy's commercial instinct that she felt no fear of Miss Fisher. If it had been Henry, now, she might have feared.

Just then the door opened, and Algy walked in. He was distinctively the son of Sandy Weston, a little toned down, perhaps, and considerably polished up, but bone of Sandy Weston's bone, and flesh of Sandy Weston's flesh. His sallow complexion was a little flushed; he was rather a well-made young fellow, and had been drilled in etiquette by his mother. Therefore he appeared well when he entered the room and saluted his mother's guests.

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Brandon, shaking his finger waggishly at Algy, "it's the second time I have seen you this afternoon. The first time you were very much engaged,—with a young lady."

Algy blushed up to the roots of his carefully-brushed hair:

"Well—er,—the fact was, I met Toinette and her governess—"

Mr. Steptoe broke out into a jovial laugh:

"No harm done, my fine young fellow. What better should you be doing than cultivating a pretty girl? By George, if any pretty girl notices me she don't find fault with my not returning it—ha! ha!"

Algy beamed gratefully at him: he had always thought Mr. Bran-

don an old curmudgeon, and now he knew it. "To go and tell on him like that!

Like a great many other people with no inconsiderable amount of brains, Mrs. Weston was liable to form an hypothesis and make the facts fit it. She had assumed that her son Henry was particularly susceptible to Miss Fisher's charms, and that had been one reason why she was eager to get him off to Europe. Henry Weston had never looked at the governess twice, or thought of her at all except that she impressed him as rather obsequious and having a pair of very sharp and hungry eyes under her pretty eyebrows. The Madam had also rashly assumed that Algy was on a still hunt for money; and a great deal had gone on under her very eyes between Master Algy and Miss Fisher, who was four or five years older than he. But she suddenly took alarm.

"Algy is forced to put up with substitutes, Mr. Brandon, when he can't have Elizabeth's society," she said, with a faint smile.

"I don't think," said Mr. Brandon, taking a pinch of snuff with much deliberation, "that Algy cares a fig about Elizabeth's society." This was true; but Algy had not had the nerve to come out and say so even privately to his mother. On the contrary, he was rather pleased at this subterfuge.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Brandon," said he,—and suddenly stopped, for Miss Fisher had walked noiselessly into the room, and might have heard the little discussion. Her eyes were blazing and her cheeks flushed. Mrs. Weston, not displeased to find fault, gave a start:

"How you frighten one, Miss Fisher! creeping in like that!"

Miss Fisher responded very humbly, "I will try to announce my arrival in future, Mrs. Weston." Then the gentlemen rose and shook hands with her.

Both of them observed that Algy Weston looked a little sheepish. Mr. Steptoe despised him for his want of spirit in not speaking up for the woman he was accused of admiring, and Mr. Brandon despised him for not having wit enough to get out of it. As for Mrs. Weston, the scales fell from her eyes: she saw Algy's constraint, and she called herself a fool.

"It shall not go any further, at least," she thought to herself. "I will dismiss her at midsummer." She was too practical a woman to organize a persecution against Miss Fisher.

Then Mr. Weston shambled in, and dinner was announced, and Mr. Steptoe gallantly offered his arm to Toinette, allowing Mr. Brandon the privilege of carrying Mrs. Weston in; and, Miss Fisher throwing a look half of entreaty and half of command at Algy, that young gentleman offered her his arm shyly, and Mr. Weston got along without anybody. Nobody in that house took any particular notice of Mr. Weston, except his son Henry when he was at home, who treated him with scrupulous respect. At the dinner-table the admirable *menu*—Mrs. Weston was a famous housekeeper—and some of the dead-and-gone Colonel Weston's glorious old port put both Mr. Brandon and Mr. Steptoe in high good humor. They forgot their ancient enmity, and the parson, doing as he would be done by, looked another way when Mr. Brandon filled his glass,—which was not seldom. Even

Algy Weston's sallow face flushed a little, and he essayed some small attentions to Miss Fisher, inspired with Dutch courage; for in those days gentlemen were allowed to be jovial at table. Sandy Weston ate his dinner and drank his wine in silence: he was anxious to be through and get back to his everlasting account-books. Both Mrs. Weston and Miss Fisher had a glass or two of rich old port, and certainly the color deepened in Mrs. Weston's fair face, and she renewed her determination to get rid of Miss Fisher at the end of the quarter.

After dinner they all returned to the drawing-room, and the card-table was brought out. Mr. Weston had disappeared.

"Who will play? Who will play?" cried the parson, bustling round and rubbing his hands. He always looked forward to whist at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston was a superb player, and so was Mr. Brandon.

"You and I, Mrs. Weston," he shouted,—"no cutting for partners, —and Brandon—Mr. Brandon, I mean, dash it, and——"

"Miss Fisher," suggested Mrs. Weston, in a tone very discouraging to Miss Fisher. That young lady, who seemed trained never to assert herself, promptly disclaimed any desire to play: "Oh, I couldn't, really. With such splendid players! I should be frightened to death!" And, continuing to refuse with some eagerness, Mrs. Weston coldly remarked,—

"We will excuse you."

Miss Fisher then seized Toinette and carried her off to French verbs. After this, of course, Algy had to take the fourth place. The cards were shuffled and dealt. Mr. Steptoe lay back the picture of genuine content. He had had a good dinner and a royal decanter of wine, and he was set down to cards, which he adored, with a pretty woman who was likewise an admirable whist-player,—and this last was much. Mr. Steptoe was by no means insensible to the charm of winning those little piles of gold dollars which in those days lay on every whist-table, by the side of every player, whether man or woman. And then Hector had just brought in a big bowl, supplemented by an earthen pitcher full of apple toddy, which he put on the hearth, close up to the polished brass andirons, and tenderly nursed to keep it warm.

Mr. Brandon was not so happy. He had doubts of Algy's whist-playing, and would much rather have been in his own library at Sparrow Point just then, with his intimate friend and closest companion Horatius Flaccus. The playing began. Mrs. Weston led off in her usual fine style, and soon cornered Algy, who lost his nerve, played wildly, and finally threw away the rubber by forcing out all the trumps for nothing and letting Mr. Steptoe make seven small diamonds running. Mr. Brandon laid down his cards in a cold rage.

"Young man," said he, severely, "do you call this whist-playing? I insist upon knowing."

"I d—do, sir," stammered Algy, who had a little impediment in his speech which always came out when he was frightened. And the courage that came from the port wine was all gone, while the apple toddy hadn't come on.

"Algernon is a most dreadful player," remarked Mrs. Weston, calmly. "He has no judgment."

"Not a bit," fervently added Mr. Brandon.

Poor Algy by this time was almost in tears.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Steptoe, "here's a pretty quarrel in my parish. Brandon, give it to him. Algy, be a man. Don't be cowed, boy. Why, God bless my soul, there is the apple toddy boiling over! Hector! Hector!"

Hector had dropped off into the cat-nap which the African is ever prone to take, but at this stentorian call he jumped two feet in the air, and, before he opened his eyes, bawled, "Yessir!" Then, running as fast as his dignity as major-domo would permit, he seized the earthen pitcher and poured the decoction into the great India china bowl. A delicious steam arose which filled the room with its fragrance. Mr. Steptoe sniffed vigorously. Mr. Brandon, though, was too cross, driven thereto by Algy's whist-playing, even to look at the punch-bowl, although he submitted to accepting a punch-can full from Hector's urgent solicitation, and then had it filled five times successively. Mr. Steptoe, in his favorite attitude with his back to the fire, kept Hector busy with the ladle. Algy went and sat by Mr. Brandon, sipping his toddy cautiously. Mr. Brandon complained of a stricture of the throat which kept him from enjoying his apple toddy, yet managed to consume as much as anybody.

"I'll tell you what it is," remarked Mr. Steptoe, with a wink. "What's the matter with your throat, Brandon, is, your palate's down."

"Pish!" answered Mr. Brandon. "Palate's down! I did not think there was any man in Virginia, or anywhere else for that matter, who would believe in that old superstition. My tonsils are enlarged. How can a man's palate be down when his palate is never up?"

"Just let me take a look," urged Mr. Steptoe.

"No," answered Mr. Brandon, curtly.

"Some people," remarked Mrs. Weston, smiling a little wickedly, "are nervous about small ailments."

"Sirrah," said Mr. Brandon to Hector, "bring a candle here. Now, Steptoe,"—Mr. Brandon was careful never to put a prefix to Mr. Steptoe's name,—*"come and look your fill. See where my palate's gone to, and, damme, sir, bring it up, if it hasn't dropped out of sight."*

Mr. Brandon stretched his mouth wide, and Mr. Steptoe, his forehead all puckered up, examined carefully the chasm, while Hector, holding the candle, peered anxiously over his shoulder.

"I see what it is," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Steptoe. "Sneer if you choose, your palate's *down*,—enlarged, and down farther than it ought to be."

"Marse George," said Hector earnestly to Mr. Brandon, "*ef yo' palate's down, 'tain't nuttin' gwi' do you no good, 'seusin' 'tis h'istin' it up by de palate-lock of yo' h'yar, on top o' yo' hade. Las' week I done drawed up de palates ob nine o' de cullud chillen on dis heah Hale-Weston plantation. De sutny is suppin' in de ar roun' about heah dat makes folks' palates fall. Sometimes I c'yarn pull hard enough on de palate-lock, an' I has ter git a leetle stick, an' wrop de h'yar roun' it, an' twis' an' twis'. Dat brings hit up, sho'.*"

Mr. Brandon put down his punch-can and critically surveyed Hector.

"By all means," he remarked, sardonically, "try that enlightened method on me. Get the leetle stick, if you choose, and, as soon as you locate the lock, twist it until the palate comes up or my head comes off."

"Marse George, I kin see de very lock stannin' up on yo' hade."

"That simplifies things still more," calmly observed Mr. Brandon. "Go ahead."

That anybody should for a moment take him seriously never dawned upon Mr. Brandon; but Hector, being of a literal turn, and moreover anxious to show his skill before white folks, unexpectedly reached over and seized a lock of hair on the crown of Mr. Brandon's head, and apparently, with the first pull, he found the top of Mr. Brandon's head in his hand. The master of Sparrow Point wore a "scratch," which matched exactly the rest of his hair and the silvery whiteness of his moustache. It was an ornament whose existence was unsuspected by his nearest friends, so well had art supplanted nature. Mrs. Weston gave a little scream; Mr. Steptoe roared with laughter; but Hector, turning the ghastly ash color which terror produces in the blackest negro, glanced at the appalling object in his hand, shrieking, "Good Gord A'mighty! I done tore he hade off!" and dashed madly out of the nearest door. "I gwi' fur de doctor!" he panted as he ran. "I gwi' fotch Doc' Peyton!"

"You infernal scoundrel," thundered Mr. Brandon after him, "I'll pay you for this!"

Meanwhile, he had jumped up and was lunging wildly around after his wig. Mrs. Weston had caught it as it fell.

"Here it is," she said, soothingly.

Mr. Brandon snatched it, clapped it awry on his head, and, glaring at the reverend gentleman, who ha-ha'd as if he would explode, and at Algy, who feebly echoed the clergyman's deep-chested laugh, turned to Mrs. Weston. For once his temper got the better of him:

"When next you invite me to Hale-Weston, madam, inform me if that clerical jackanapes is to be present, and I'll decline, madam. I wish you a very good evening." And he made a bee-line for the door.

"Algy, Algy, run and apologize; have his horse got for him," cried Mrs. Weston, wiping her eyes. And Algy hurried after him.

Mr. Steptoe redoubled his guffaw.

"Mr. Steptoe," said Mrs. Weston, laughing, but trying to look grave, "you shouldn't have laughed."

"I didn't laugh, ma'am, any more than you did. It was Hector's excess of zeal."

"Quite true. I can lay it all on Hector."

Mr. Steptoe, still chuckling, rose and made a final assault on the punch-bowl, and then, buttoning up his coat, bade Mrs. Weston good-by, assuring her of his delightful evening, and desiring to be remembered to Mr. Weston,—a ceremony he never omitted.

When he had gone, Mrs. Weston remained seated before the fire, thinking not of Mr. Brandon nor of Mr. Steptoe, but of her son Algy—

non. Something must be done, and done at once. Of course it would be useless to say anything to Miss Fisher. "An artful minx, she would like nothing better than for me to turn her out of doors," thought Mrs. Angie, snapping her small white teeth. With Algy something might be done: a threat to leave him out of his father's will would be pretty sure to bring him round, and Algy knew well enough that Mr. Weston's testamentary intentions would be strictly supervised by Mrs. Weston. Yes, she would wait for Algy and talk to him.

After half an hour Algy sauntered back. He had been lulled into fancied safety. He thought his mother had not noticed anything. So, when he opened the door and saw her yellow drapery floating over the sofa, he had an unpleasant turn.

"Algy," said Mrs. Weston, "come here. I want to speak with you."

Had it been that cherished elder son, she would have said, sweetly, "My son, come to your mother: she desires to speak with you for your own good and happiness;" but Algy was plain Algy, and soft speech was wasted on him.

"It seems to me," said his mother, turning towards him as he seated himself awkwardly astride of a chair, "that you have been somewhat attentive to Miss Fisher."

Algy cleared his throat.

"Well, mother," he said, after a pause, "I have."

"And do you think it the proper thing for a young man in your position to pay attentions to a girl you can never marry?—a hired employee of your mother's house?"

Mrs. Weston sat bolt upright now. She had chosen to put it on that ground, because she was very careful not to put him on the defensive as regarded Miss Fisher; for Algy, although not a first-class specimen, was yet a man.

"But, mother," said Algy, looking around, "I *can* marry her if I want to."

"You forget, Algy, her position."

"No, I don't," answered Algy, stoutly. "She is a lady as much as—as much as anybody."

"But if the match were not agreeable to me and your father it would make an entire difference in the disposition of the property between Henry and yourself."

This seemed to strike Algy. He meditated for a moment or two.

"But Henry may not marry to suit you either," he said, at last.

"Impossible!" said his mother, proudly. "I doubt not there is an understanding between Henry and Anne Brandon. She is not rich, but she herself is unexceptionable; and I had hoped, Algernon, that you might fancy Elizabeth."

For the first time Algy showed some spirit:

"Good God, mother! I wouldn't marry Elizabeth Brandon if she had a mint of money."

"And why not, pray, my young cockatoo? She is beautiful,—twice as good-looking as Miss Fisher."

"That's so," said Algy, doggedly, "but I can't stand Elizabeth."

She talks too much, and works fancy-work all the time, and, what with studying her own good looks and laying traps to get married, she has no time for anything else. And besides," he continued, shuffling his feet awkwardly, and blustering a little, "I b-b-believe she wants to marry me; and that," said simple Algy, quite solemnly, "is what I can't abide!"

At that unpropitious moment Miss Fisher suddenly stood before Mrs. Weston. She had entered in the silent way peculiar to her.

"I hope," she said, in a low voice, "that I am mistaken in supposing that I am the subject of dispute between you."

"You *are* mistaken," said Mrs. Weston, coolly. "We were having no dispute,—only an amicable discussion, in which your name, I must confess, occurred incidentally. I was advising my son to pay his addresses to Elizabeth Brandon."

"But he can't," said Miss Fisher, holding up her head very proudly.

"And pray why not?" asked Mrs. Weston, with corresponding haughtiness.

"Tell her, Algy," demanded Miss Fisher.

Algy got up and sat down again. He looked very miserable. "Now, don't, Maria," he said, imploringly. "You don't know my mother. It wouldn't do to tell her all at once." Poor Algy was so scared he did not know what he was saying.

"It is not necessary," said Mrs. Weston, coldly. "Your own tone tells all. I think I may mention to you, as I did to my son, that the marriage not being agreeable to either myself or Mr. Weston, it will make a very great difference in the division of the property."

"I can't help that," said Algy, coming into the conversation. "I've promised Miss Fisher to marry her, and I'm going to do it."

Miss Fisher's face brightened.

"You are over age," replied Mrs. Weston, looking straight at him. "You know all the disadvantages. There is some years' difference between you, I think. Miss Fisher is probably seven years your senior."

"Only two," said Miss Fisher, turning very red.

"Very well," responded Mrs. Weston. "In making your arrangements, however, remember that a continued residence at Hale-Weston is out of the question."

"I know," said Miss Fisher, "that you may have had other plans for Algernon. I don't know a word that you have uttered, but I suspect that you have mentioned to him that it was unbecoming to pay me secret attentions and to have a secret understanding between us."

"You could not have guessed better had you overheard every word," replied Mrs. Weston, with sarcastic emphasis, taking up her fan and fanning herself.

"Yet," said Miss Fisher, in a very humble manner, "you were not only secretly engaged, but almost married before your parents knew of it."

Could this be Miss Fisher? Mrs. Weston examined her critically. The transformation was calculated to stagger her.

"Algernon," said Mrs. Weston, "I wish to resume our interrupted conversation in my dressing-room."

"And," continued Miss Fisher, ignoring Mrs. Weston's ignoring of *her*, "you probably brought it up that in marrying me he would be marrying beneath his position."

"I should not have alluded to that fact to you," said Mrs. Weston, with chill politeness, "but, since you yourself have surmised it, I did make that observation to my son."

"That is inconsistent of you, Mrs. Weston," said Miss Fisher, letting an accent of something like triumph into her tone. "Your own marriage was——" Here she stopped. Even Miss Fisher could go no farther.

Mrs. Weston rose majestically. "Algernon," she said, "I must request you to open the door for me. I do not care to remain longer the target for insolence in my own house. When you are as old as Miss Fisher you will probably condemn it as much as I do now."

Algy rose and obediently opened the door. Mrs. Weston sailed out, her yellow silk train rustling after her, her beautiful proud head a little higher than usual. Surely Miss Fisher did not look exactly of the same clay as her lover's mother.

Algy closed the door carefully, and, coming back to his affianced, said, in a tone half frightened and half amused,—

"You've done it this time, sure."

"I have," responded Miss Fisher, suddenly dropping her humble tone for one rather arrogant,—everybody bullied poor Algy,—“and I don't think she'll ever raise any of those same objections to me again.”

CHAPTER VI.

AND how fared it with Anne Brandon in those days?

Happily for her, she had a stubborn pride that kept the world from knowing how very deep a wound she had received when Henry Weston went away. Mrs. Thorpe declared she had always known that Anne did not care a pin about Henry Weston, and thought she detected symptoms of a mutual falling in love between Anne and Algy. The kind old doctor, who saw farther through his big gold spectacles than anybody in the neighborhood, had suspected that Anne suffered a good deal at the very time that she treated Henry Weston most cavalierly; but when he had been gone six months the doctor concluded, much to his own satisfaction, that it was all a mistake: Anne's steady cheerfulness was against his first supposition.

She had more trouble in keeping her secret from her father than from anybody else. If Mr. Brandon loved anything on earth, it was his youngest daughter. With all his faults of temper, and his reckless tongue, he was more companionable to her than Elizabeth, with her rapid gravity, and dear old Miss Pryor, who had long ago given Anne up as a problem too deep for her. Why Anne was not satisfied to do fancy-work, and would insist upon superintending the making of the negroes' clothes, when there was Joanna, the head seamstress, to do it, Miss Pryor couldn't imagine. But Anne, by tact and wariness, concealed even from her father what Henry Weston was to her.

"I had hoped once to see you play the fool, my dear," he said, "just to round out my theory that human nature always does play the fool whenever it has a chance. But you didn't."

"You need by no means despair," replied Anne. "I dare say I shall live to play the fool many times yet, as I have done in the past." And she laughed with such a wholesome appreciation of the wish that Mr. Brandon set it down as certain that Henry Weston was considerably the more scorched of the two.

But to Anne no such belief was possible. Whatever she might have wished, or tried to think, the pain she endured when Henry Weston was really gone, the blackness of the days that followed, made known to her her own heart. But despair has no real hold on a healthy young person of twenty-one: Anne hated herself one moment that she could not forget him, and then felt prouder of loving him than of anything in the world. Women are naturally learned in the secrets of the heart. She knew that she could easily have drawn Henry Weston into an offer before he left; and she knew, without reasoning, that it would not have made her happy.

"No," she said to herself, "if he could refrain, it is better that he has refrained; and some time—some day—he will perhaps realize the feeling that made me let him go rather than lift a hand to hold him back."

And then came the sudden news of Algy and Miss Fisher, and the commotion it raised can better be imagined than described.

One snowy afternoon, soon after the announcement had been made, and when the whole county was as yet in a turmoil to know what Mrs. Weston meant to do about it, Mrs. Weston took horse—for she still rode as often and as tirelessly as any girl in the county—and put out to Sparrow Point. It was now early in December. Henry Weston had been gone nearly seven months, and the Chevalier Vaughan four or five. The latter was expected back every day.

In those seven months these two women, who both loved and admired Henry Weston more than any human being in the world, had got closer to each other than either would have imagined. Between them there had been always a liking, an admiration, and a certain similarity of taste. Mrs. Weston, although the pleasures and the splendors and the amusements of life had a stronger hold on her than anything else, yet had naturally a good understanding, and had improved it. Anne Brandon was the only woman of her near acquaintance to whom she was not superior in sense and education. But Mrs. Weston, being a liberal woman, in spite of a good many shortcomings, so far from liking her less for that, rather liked her better. Anne, too, felt that Mrs. Weston was about the only one of her female friends who did not take away more than was rendered in return. The turns and twists in Mrs. Weston's character very often aroused surprise and disapproval on the part of the clear and straightforward Anne; but Mrs. Weston was not without fascination for women as well as for men. Anne could not but feel flattered that this woman, who had seen so much and possessed so much, and who made no secret of her contempt for a mean understanding, should court her, as it were. Then, she was Henry

Weston's mother; and, whatever might be said of her tergiversations, her devotion to him could not but redeem her. So Anne and Mrs. Weston were drawn together by many things, the strongest bond being the invisible one.

Anne ran out on the snow-covered porch and met Mrs. Weston as she jumped lightly off her horse:

"What a real mercy this is! Papa and Elizabeth have gone to the Wickhams', Miss Pryor can hardly speak, she is so hoarse, and here I am, tired of my own company and longing for somebody else's."

Mrs. Weston smiled, and suffered herself to be led into the drawing-room.

Sparrow Point was by no means the noble manor that Hale-Weston was. The house was low and rather shabby; the furniture was neither modern nor abundant, but Anne had a knack of arranging the spindling chairs, and draping the faded curtains, and keeping good fires, that gave an air of comfort to the whole.

Mrs. Weston sighed deeply, settled herself in the corner of the sofa nearest the blaze, and began:

"Anne, isn't this dreadful?—about Algy, I mean."

Anne's face was a study: a smile *would* come into the corners of her mouth, which, together with one that could not be kept out of Mrs. Weston's eyes, quite destroyed her gravity. It was impossible to regard Algy and Miss Fisher seriously. She could not help laughing, nor Mrs. Weston help joining her.

"Dear Mrs. Weston, I know it's a disappointment to you; but parents are so seldom pleased with their children's choice."

It was very commonplace, but she could not think of anything else to say. There was nothing against Miss Fisher, really, except her want of fortune; and Anne would scarcely treasure that up against her. And, besides, thought Anne, Algy was a very ordinary fellow.

Mrs. Weston's laugh soon died away. It had not much merriment in it.

"It's exasperating: you'll allow that."

"Very," said Annie, heartily. "I know of nothing more exasperating than two persons falling in love with each other without a shadow of right, except where two persons who ought to fall in love with each other positively refuse to. And such iniquity is, unfortunately, too common."

"Luckily," remarked Mrs. Weston, "I did not come over here to be soothed and comforted. I wanted the common-sense view of the thing to help to reconcile me to it. Mrs. Thorpe has quoted Scripture to me and consoled with me until I came very near ordering her out of the house; and those foolish Wickham girls made me a special visit to show me a dozen disadvantages in the match I had never thought of before. The idiots!"

"Algy might easily have fallen in love with one of the Wickhams, —and then you would have had the three sisters at Hale-Weston all the time, and Mary would have played on the piano, and Emma and Janet would have examined every article in the Hale-Weston house a dozen times a day."

"Quite true. Even Miss Fisher—I call her Maria now,—just think of it, Anne!—at least has no sisters."

"What are they to do after they are married?"

"Live at Hale-Weston. Upon reflection I agreed to it temporarily. When I found Algy was really determined, I concluded not to throw away all influence over him and leave him wholly to Maria,—the little sly thing: so I told them they might stay anyway until my son Henry comes home; and they were delighted. Algy hated to move, and Maria longs to go visiting with me in the coach-and-four. But I am determined she shan't have it to return her wedding visits in, as she certainly expects. She shall go in the chaise."

Anne smiled: "If I countenanced the match I wouldn't stop at the coach. I would let her have it."

"No, she shall have nothing but the chaise. You don't know Maria."

"Bad as it is," continued Mrs. Weston, after a little pause, "it might be so much worse. It might have been Henry. Think what that would have been to me! You know, I formed no great expectations for Algy; but what mother with a son like my son Henry would not be ambitious for him? And, Anne, I know him so well that I don't fear for him. Is not that comfortable? Henry has such extraordinary good sense I rather fear that his high ideal of marriage and his exacting taste will cause him to remain single much longer than I could wish."

A faint color stole in Anne's cheeks. "If Henry does anything unbecoming, I should be much surprised," she answered, quite naturally.

Mrs. Weston cast a keen look on Anne. Was it possible that this girl had treated Henry Weston's advances lightly? No, it could not be. And how well satisfied Mrs. Weston would be if, some day, Anne should be the next daughter-in-law! Maria should feel the difference then, and would have to pack, and the coach-and-four should be for returning the wedding visits.

Mrs. Weston had lately received a letter from her son. He was not quite ready to begin his tour on the Continent. The French girls were very pretty, but not so handsome as his mother. He wanted to know how the Sparrow Point people were, and was Anne as gay as ever? He thought Algy's marriage a very good thing if it suited Algy, and his father and mother must make the best of it. It wouldn't do to be hard on poor Miss Fisher. People in the county would think it was because she had no money; and that would be mortifying, as well as unjust. He sent his new sister-in-law a present by the Chevalier Vaughan. He had carried his mother's orders to a *modiste*, and the chest would go under the Chevalier's charge. She would find in it a miniature of himself, painted by Isabey. It was much better-looking than he was, as Nancy Brandon would certainly say. There was also a fan apiece for the Brandons. Anne's he had selected himself. He was not certain whether he would stay two years that time. Sometimes he thought he would return to Virginia in the spring and spend the summer, going back to Europe in the fall. French politics were very interesting:

the king had never got over the Duke de Berri's death; the ministry was unpopular, etc., etc. Mrs. Weston had never received a more satisfactory letter. If he did come home in the spring, instead of staying another year, it did not matter. The expense was of no moment. And when could Henry Weston's home-coming be anything else than joy to her?

It was almost dusk when she left. She told Anne the visit had cheered her up. After all, Algy might have annoyed her a great deal more. The visit, too, had brightened Anne. When she returned to the drawing-room she felt so gay she went to the piano-forte and sang. She had a clear soprano, and sang ballads very well. Miss Pryor, who came in the room, was quite pleased to see her so full of spirits. Anne ran and got her footstool and settled her comfortably, and made her laugh by a description of Mrs. Weston's visit. That night when she looked in the glass she smiled at the reflection. Her cheeks were actually getting round and rosy, and she had had a very pleasant evening, although Miss Pryor had hardly said two words, and she had been reduced to the cat for company.

CHAPTER VII.

OF course Henry Weston tried flight. He went to London and remained—nine days, trying to forget Mademoiselle Varien. Of course, also, the first night he came back to Paris he went to the little theatre, and, in his joy at getting back, threw a louis-d'or to the ticket-seller instead of two francs, and gave the old woman who showed him his place a five-franc piece.

All this time he had not once seen, or tried to see, his inamorata, except as she left the theatre. The fact was, he was afraid. But fate seemed determined to do Mademoiselle Varien a good turn, and led Henry Weston's steps to her. One morning he found himself almost by accident in the neighborhood of the theatre. A little glove-shop with a flowering acacia showing through the polished glass door attracted him. He wanted some gloves: so he turned the knob and went in. A little bell tinkled as he opened the door. A young woman arose from a seat at the end of the tidy little place. Her back was to the light. Scarcely had the young man realized that she had a neat figure dressed in a plain brown gown, when she got near enough for him to see she was Mademoiselle Duval,—or rather Mademoiselle Varien, for he did not then even know her name.

"What will Monsieur have?" she asked, in a pleasant voice.

A shock of pleased surprise thrilled through Henry Weston. She worked in the daytime as well as at night. She must then be good; and she was certainly young and very, very pretty. He was so confused for a moment with the unexpected meeting that he lost his self-possession: he could only murmur, "Gloves."

Mademoiselle Varien took down a box from the counter and in a business-like way opened it. Something in her quiet, entirely-at-home manner suggested to Henry Weston's mind that he might

be mistaken: surely this conventional Parisian woman of business was not Mademoiselle Varien of the Théâtre Bourbon. He was not naturally a coward, and when his courage returned it came back in force.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he asked, after he had selected and paid for two pairs of gloves: "may I ask if you are not Mademoiselle Varien of the Théâtre Bourbon?"

Mademoiselle Varien showed very nice teeth in a smile:

"Yes, monsieur. I play the part of Angélique in 'The Bandit's Adventures.'"

"Pardon again, mademoiselle: you must be very industrious to work all day as well as half the night."

"One must live, monsieur; and the salaries at the Théâtre Bourbon are so small! But I do not work here regularly. I lodge over the shop, and two days in the week Madame goes out, and gets me to stay until she returns. I am always glad to stay. It is more cheerful here than in my apartment."

The typical Frenchwoman is explicit in answering questions.

"I have seen you very often at the Théâtre Bourbon, mademoiselle, and admired your performance much."

Mademoiselle smiled again with pleasure. Henry Weston had come to the end of his resources for continuing the conversation. He thought it would be impertinent for him to stay longer: so, taking his gloves, and making a very low bow, he retired, taking care to remain uncovered until the little shop door clanged behind him.

He walked home in an ecstasy. He had found out that she was beautiful, and he had also found out—conclusively, so he thought—that she was good. Perhaps she had an old mother to support, or a young sister to educate, that she worked so hard for. Beautiful charity! Before Henry Weston got to his lodgings he had found indications of every virtue in Mademoiselle Varien.

He continued to go to the Théâtre Bourbon, and every night he feasted his eyes on Mademoiselle Varien. One night, as he watched her coming out of the blind alley on her way home after the performance, he saw she was alone. The old crone was not with her. He was taken by surprise, and not until she passed did he curse himself for an idiot in not offering to take her home,—which to his honest mind appeared perfectly legitimate and proper. He lay awake half the night swearing at himself for letting that friendless beautiful young thing walk unprotected through the streets of Paris at night. It never occurred to him that Mademoiselle Varien was quite able to take care of herself.

The next night he was promptly on hand at the theatre entrance, and when she came out alone he went up, and, taking off his hat, asked in his very best French if, as she was alone, he might have the pleasure of protecting Mademoiselle as far as her own door.

Mademoiselle stopped, stared, hesitated, and finally consented. He offered her his arm, which Mademoiselle declined. This, Henry Weston thought a charming piece of delicacy. Then he had to find conversation.

"Mademoiselle, we ought to be good friends. I am an American. The French and Americans were always good friends."

"Yes," said Mademoiselle, not understanding in the least his international allusion.

"What a beautiful city Paris is!" was the next brilliant remark Henry Weston hazarded.

"Charming," replied Mademoiselle. "How long have you been in Paris?"

"Eight months, mademoiselle. I saw you first at the Théâtre Bourbon more than six months ago."

"Yes," again responded Mademoiselle.

Henry Weston soon found enough to talk about, but his companion was very quiet. She really did not understand him at all. Something in his eye and manner conveyed to her the deep respect in which he held her. She knew she was doing something which the average French girl would consider inadmissible, and the average French actress a mere trifle, in allowing him to walk home with her. But Mademoiselle Jeanne Duval was neither like the average French girl nor yet the average French actress. She hated her profession. She had not much ambition of any kind. She looked forward to marrying a prosperous tradesman and sitting at the desk elegantly dressed and keeping the books; and she also meant to marry the first respectable man who asked her. She was pleased by Henry Weston's admiration, and her hesitation at accepting his escort came from a rapid calculation in her mind as to the possibility of her being recognized through her thick veil. Perhaps he might be some rich English milord. America she had certainly heard of, although she could not locate it: she had a cousin who had a shop in New York. That was in America? And so they walked on, and kept up rather a straggling conversation until they came to Mademoiselle's door, when Henry Weston bade her ceremoniously good-night.

After that he escorted her home every night for two weeks, and got deeper and deeper in love with his somewhat reticent but thoroughly well-behaved inamorata. Then one night he went to the theatre, and another girl—a strange, awkward creature, apparently first-cousin to the big Jewess—was in Mademoiselle Varien's part. Henry Weston went home surprised, grieved, annoyed, but he thought perhaps Jeanne was slightly ill; he was a strong, well-balanced young fellow, not prone to nervous apprehension, and, before concluding that anything serious was the matter, he waited to see if Mademoiselle would not come back in a night or two.

The day after he had an appointment with the Chevalier Vaughan, of whom he still saw much, to join a hunting-party near Fontainebleau. They went, and were caught in the rain, and the Chevalier took a violent cold. He asked Henry Weston to stay with him, and, inwardly chafing and raging, the young man yet felt himself bound to stay. Thus a whole week passed away before he saw Paris again; and the very first evening he got there he went straight to the Théâtre Bourbon. The first-cousin of the Jewess still had Mademoiselle Varien's place.

Henry Weston instinctively disliked asking the theatre-people for

any news of her; so next morning he rose early and drove out in a fiacre to the little shop. It was closed, and on the door was a sign: it was to let.

He inquired of a perfumer who lived near by if he knew what had become of the keeper of the glove-shop. The perfumer shook his head. All inquiries in the neighborhood were vain. The shop had been closed and the people moved out some days; business was dull there: the perfumer thought of moving himself.

Then, as a last resort, he concluded to go to the theatre and ask for news of her. He went early in the evening, as soon as the man in his shirt-sleeves opened the ticket-window.

"Can you tell me," he asked, diffidently and blushing furiously, "what has become of Mademoiselle Varien?"

"No," said the man, leisurely; then, after a pause, "Perhaps the manager can. This way."

It was worth while to oblige regular patrons who always took the best seats.

Henry Weston opened the door leading into the ticket-man's box, and the man got down off his stool and opened another door leading into a larger office; and there sat a handsome middle-aged woman at a desk, counting tickets and money.

Henry Weston had been considerably puzzled by that phase of French life in which women conduct three-fourths of the business done, but he concluded that the lady-like creature before him was the manager. She fixed a pair of clear, cold eyes on him.

"Can you tell me," stammered he, now thoroughly overcome with bashfulness, "anything of Mademoiselle Varien who played here up to a week ago?"

"Mademoiselle Varien," said Madame, promptly, "was dismissed last week for scandalous conduct."

Henry Weston's heart leaped into his mouth. He waited a moment or two to steady himself, and Madame, who seemed to take pleasure in imparting the news, and perhaps suspected the identity of the person before her, continued:

"Monsieur my husband, who is manager, is very particular about the proprieties. As long as the ladies of the theatre are anywhere about the building, they must conduct themselves with strict propriety. Thus we maintain the character of the house and secure an excellent patronage. Mademoiselle Varien was reported to have a friend who audaciously presented himself at the theatre every evening to take her home. Monsieur told her, after satisfying himself that it was true, that such shameless behavior could not be tolerated. Besides, there was another young woman, of irreproachable conduct, who could take Mademoiselle Varien's part at a less price far better than Mademoiselle Varien: so Monsieur dismissed her. I know nothing of her present whereabouts."

"And had she but one friend?" asked Henry Weston, his heart on fire. "And was this you tell me, all?"

"ALL! Monsieur," responded Madame, haughtily, "could there be any more? Excuse me, I am much engaged. Good-evening."

He rushed out into the cool night-air. By his inexplicable folly and the infernal narrowness of French customs he had perhaps driven an innocent creature to destruction. Perhaps she was starving,—she!—and her old mother or her little sister; but he remembered she had told him she had neither. He walked rapidly down to the river. He dreaded and feared that she might be there,—might have been there already. How fatally convenient were those black waves, those dark arches! How many bodies a week were drawn from its depths and laid on those horrible slabs in the Morgue! He wandered half the night up and down the river across the bridges. Of course he found no sign of her.

Next morning a bright idea occurred to him. He went to the police: the police of Paris were thought something almost superhuman in those days. They readily undertook for a good round sum to find her; but after a week's search they had not come upon a trace of her.

Naturally his passion increased through all this excitement and uncertainty. Naturally he said to himself that if he could find her he would let nothing stand in the way of making her his wife,—that is, if she would marry him; for this handsome, rich young Virginian more doubted his own powers of pleasing and his own advantages than anybody else did. And he suffered agonies of remorse: it was he who had lost her her respectable employment; if she killed herself, or worse, he would be to blame.

One evening, when he had got very miserable and had begun to lose faith in the police, he sat in his apartment gloomily staring at the fire. He did not know what to do further. The police, those sleuth-hounds, had been unable to help him. It was true he meant to walk the streets of Paris by night and day forever, he thought; but he realized with a heavy heart the remote chances that he, a foreigner, should find her when trained detectives could not. It was quite dusk,—just the time the quays and bridges had their most terrible fascination for him,—the time when suicides are most secure from interruption when they embark for the unknown shore by way of the Seine. He heard a knock at his door.

Something made him jump from his chair: it was a timid knock, like a woman's, and he knew no woman in Paris to come to him or to send to him, but one.

He opened the door.

Yes, it was she. She looked ill and weary and very poor. Henry Weston seized her hands and looked with a keen agony into her face, as if he meant to read what was there written. A look of confidence came into his own face. Jeanne looked like one who has seen pain, hunger, and privation since he saw her last.

"Monsieur, I know I ought not to come to you," said she, looking down.

"Why not? Why not?" demanded he. "Was it not through me that you lost your place? In my country, no gentleman would let a young woman whom he knew and respected go through the streets alone at night."

"What a very strange country!" said Jeanne, a look of surprise lighting up her melancholy features.

"It is a very good country, Jeanne. I live on a great big plantation, with a fine house, and we have plenty of carriages and horses and servants. You would be happy there. But tell me about yourself since you left the Théâtre Bourbon."

"I have had a very sad time," said Jeanne, dolefully. "I was turned off for nothing, just to make room for one of the manager's friends. Well, just at that time Madame Lefèvre, who kept the shop, you remember, gave up the lease; and I had saved up four hundred francs, and hid them in a cleft in the chimney in my apartment; and when I went to look for them they were gone,—stolen!"

At this Jeanne began to cry,—not stage tears, but real, genuine tears. To lose her small savings was a very grievous and ever-present thing to her.

"I tried first to get a place at the theatres. But I could not get anything to do. They all had as many people as they needed. I had pawned some of my clothes to get money to pay for a decent lodging and food; and I walked all over the town. I tried to get work in the shops. It was the same thing: they did not know whether I was honest or not. And then this afternoon it began to rain, and I had no money and no friends, and I determined to come to you and ask you to lend me some or give me some until I can get work at a theatre in the autumn."

Then the poor wasted weary lamb had returned to him. She had honestly tried for work; she had not asked for charity yet, and when she had to ask it she came to one who, she knew, would not barter with her, but who would treat her as a sister, a cherished sister. So he reasoned.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there is one way I can assist you, and that will save you from work and drudgery forever. You can marry me. I can give you more than you perhaps have dreamed of; and if you can love me truly, you will be happy. I love you honestly."

Jeanne opened her eyes wide at this astonishing proposal.

"And will you live in Paris?" she asked.

"Ah, no," he said, shaking his head. "We may stay here awhile longer, we may return sometimes, but my home is in Virginia,—in America."

Jeanne had the uneducated Frenchwoman's horror of distance, but she had a vein of practicality. He was clearly above her; he was rich. Jeanne knew that money could buy everything: it was a great stroke for a girl like her; anything was better than working night and day for a pittance; and if she should marry him she could no doubt persuade him to stay in Paris. Why should people with money ever want to leave Paris? All this went through her small mind like lightning.

"Yes, monsieur, I suppose—it will be best."

Henry Weston took her hand and kissed it respectfully. He would not touch her lips nor hold her to his heart while she was trespassing on his hospitality. It at once occurred to him that she must be got out at once, before anybody saw her.

"Jeanne," said he, after thinking a moment, "you are mine now: so I must be careful of you. I must not go down with you, for we might meet some people, and the *concierge* might notice us together. Neither must I accompany you to your lodgings. Do you not know of some respectable lodging-house where you can remain to-night, and from whence you can meet me to-morrow?"

"There are respectable lodging-houses in plenty," said Jeanne. "I know one not far from here, kept by the widow of a book-keeper. I will go there. I lodged there once."

Henry Weston went quickly across the room, unlocked his *escritoire*, and took out some gold and notes. Jeanne's eyes glistened as she saw them. She had never seen so much money at any one time before, except when the manager counted up his box-receipts.

He selected ten gold pieces.

"If you were seen with too much money it might excite remark," he said, blushing as he spoke,—Jeanne did not blush at all,—"so in giving you this, remember it is only until to-morrow. Do not go to the pawn-shops after your clothes. You could not wear them—I could not let you—after being in such a place. And send me a note as soon as you decide upon your lodging—"

"Well, my dear fellow," exclaimed the Chevalier Vaughan's clear, jovial voice, as the door flew open and revealed him standing on the threshold, "when I have knocked three times and got no answer I think I am justifiable in trying the door."

The Chevalier stopped and turned crimson. He hated himself for his awkwardness, for his unfortunate entrance. Henry Weston turned very pale. Jeanne was the only one who was unmoved.

"Pardon!" exclaimed the Chevalier, almost choking with mortification, and awkwardly bowing out of the door.

"Wait! wait!" cried Henry Weston. "This is—this is my wife."

He was inexpert as a liar, and very, very rash.

The Chevalier knew instinctively that the pretty, self-possessed young woman was *not* Mrs. Weston; but he could not say he disbelieved it, and he was perfectly certain at that moment that she would eventually be: so he came back and bowed ceremoniously as Weston, whose turn it was now to color furiously, introduced him in French. As for Jeanne, she had not understood what either of them had said in English, but she knew something had happened, and she was not displeased at being introduced in that way. So, after a few formal and embarrassed words, the Chevalier withdrew.

"I had to do it for your sake," explained Henry Weston, distractedly.

"Yes, yes," said Jeanne, walking towards the door. "Don't come with me. I will send you a messenger at once, as soon as I get to my lodging. Adieu." And she disappeared rapidly down the stairway.

He made no move to follow her. It was then irrevocable; and, just as he might have known, the thought of its irrevocability came over him with something like horror. His judgment, which had slept, now waked and turned upon him. Had it been a genuine passion, the incongruities of the situation he would have put out of sight; but it

was rather an infatuation of the imagination than of the heart. He loved her for what he fancied, not for what he knew, about her. At all events, his honor was doubly engaged,—so did this high-strung young man argue with himself. He tried to remember with grim comfort that it was a common experience with all men to feel some uneasiness at the moment of entering upon that perpetual contract. But under ordinary circumstances he could count on his own courage. Suppose it were Anne Brandon he was to marry.

He had been walking up and down the room; but when this thought struck him he stopped short as if he had been shot. He clinched his hands and stood looking down.

Anne's image had not been much with him in those later days, and the first time it rose before him, overwhelming him, was within an hour of the time he had promised himself to another woman. For the first time he thought of Anne as definitely beyond his reach. He did not know—men being ignorant of these things—that the stab the memory of her gave him meant that his heart belonged to her, not to the little fourth-rate *bourgeoise* actress. He thought he loved Jeanne, and that he only regretted it was not she who was the American girl, born and brought up within sight of the tall chimneys of Hale-Weston. But Anne, having once come into his mind, would not go away. How would she meet him? Would she be contemptuous, or indifferent, or unkind? He tried to drive her out of his mind; he forced himself to be loyal to that unknown creature he had lured to marry him. And there were arrangements to be made for that to-morrow.

Here were new distractions. He knew something of French marriages: he had often seen those gay processions to the *mairie*, followed by that visit to the church; he knew he would be required to prove his age, his parents' consent, the certificate of his baptism: in those days the French marriage-laws were even more difficult for a foreigner to comply with than now. He knew not whom to consult with. The Chevalier, the man to whose worldly wisdom he would first have applied, he could not. He bethought him of an English chaplain whom he had met on that hunting-expedition to Fontainebleau. He remembered having found a card from him one day that week. Yes, there it was,—the Rev. Charles Weybridge, 39, Rue de St. Georges. He put on his hat, called a fiacre, and drove there hurriedly. It was now night.

The Rev. Mr. Weybridge was at home. Henry Weston was ushered into a cosy den full of smoke, and found his clerical friend deep in one of Beaumarchais' novels. He was a pleasant, well-bred man, but something in him put Henry Weston instinctively on his guard. He had meant to make a clean breast of it, but when he got into the presence of his father confessor he concluded to tell him only what was necessary.

Mr. Weybridge was delighted to see him, and Henry Weston plunged at once into his business.

"You see before you a man who wants your assistance in tying himself up for life," he said, with a grim pretence of a smile.

"Ah?" said Mr. Weybridge, returning the smile without any pretence at all.

"And I want to state to you certain difficulties. As a clergyman and having lived in France, I suppose you are familiar with phases of French marriages. Now, the lady is a Frenchwoman,—Mademoiselle Jeanne Duval."

Mr. Weybridge, without uttering a word, gave the impression to his guest that he did not think his *fiancée* had a very aristocratic name.

"I cannot, for my part, produce any certificate of my birth, my parents' consent, or any of the thousand-and-one things necessary for a French marriage."

"Could you not, my friend, get them from America?"

Henry Weston felt perfectly certain that Mr. Weybridge knew when he made the suggestion that there were reasons which put the many months necessary to transmit these things out of the question.

"It would take four or five months, perhaps," he said, coldly: "meanwhile, Mademoiselle Duval is an orphan, she is poor, and I feel it my duty to save her from work, poverty, and possibly aspersions, by marrying her,—to-morrow, if possible. The French are a queer set,—evil-minded and suspicious. I walked to her house in the evening with her a few times, and it made scandal."

In an instant he regretted his admission. Of course no French girl brought up in any respectable class of society would permit such a thing. He added, with a heightened color,—

"Mademoiselle Duval is an actress at the Théâtre Bourbon."

Mr. Weybridge thought he understood it all. Henry Weston continued, kicking the little fire of fagots savagely,—

"I have thought it over. I have concluded that the best thing would be to be married by an English clergyman. I believe it is possible to get the record of the marriage inscribed at the *mairie*,—to have each of us a certificate and the clergyman one,—in short, to complete the proof of the marriage as far as possible. That makes it a legal marriage in the United States. I don't know how it would be in France; but we shall not live in France."

"Would it not be well," asked Mr. Weybridge, glancing askance at his visitor, "to have a marriage ceremony performed after you get to the United States?"

"I think not," responded Weston, deep in thought. "It would be an admission that the first marriage was invalid; it might make trouble if anything hinging upon the validity of the marriage should occur between the two ceremonies. No, I think it best to have a marriage performed as it often is here among the English and Americans, merely according to their customs. Its irregularity here would be no irregularity in my country."

"Of what religion is Mademoiselle Duval?" asked Mr. Weybridge.

Henry Weston could scarcely raise his eyes from the floor. "I don't know," he said, in a low voice.

Mr. Weybridge was not deficient in tact. He immediately said,—

"At what hour shall you then require my services?"

"To-morrow at eleven," replied Henry Weston, promptly, "in this room. And will you oblige me by not speaking of this to any one,—

not even the Chevalier Vaughan? There are family reasons: my people, as you may know, would scarcely be likely to relish a French-woman for my wife."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Weybridge.

Henry Weston went home. Another thing beset him. Would the Chevalier write to Virginia about the marriage? It was his plan to remain in Europe yet six months longer: he wanted to become acquainted with his new wife; he did not wish to tear her suddenly away from all familiar things; he wanted her to learn at least to understand English; and he wished to prepare her somewhat, for her own sake, for the strange new life before her. He could not bear to ask the Chevalier's secrecy,—he recoiled from the very idea,—yet how much better it would be if the marriage could be kept from his people until he returned bringing his bride with him! He began to fancy his mother's anxiety, his father's disappointment. Yes, it would be much better that he should tell them than that they should hear it. Then they would see Jeanne, with her grace, her softness. Then they would not consider him a hot-headed young fool.

Next morning the bridal party stood in the Rev. Mr. Weybridge's little drawing-room. It consisted, besides the bride and bridegroom and clergyman, of Mr. Weybridge's valet and the *concierge* for witnesses. Jeanne looked very pretty in a neat dark dress and hat, well gloved, and carrying a bouquet of roses. Henry Weston was pale, but self-possessed. The clergyman was the only member of the party who showed any agitation. He stumbled over parts of the marriage service,—Jeanne had professed herself a Protestant,—trembled, and seemed almost overcome with nervousness. In a little while it was over; the clergyman congratulated them, Henry Weston slipped a gold piece in the hands of each of the witnesses, and left a little pile of louis-d'or on the mantel for the Rev. Mr. Weybridge, which made that gentleman's face expand into a smile, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weston, going down-stairs, in the court-yard entered a smart carriage and were driven away at a spanking gait towards Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF that honeymoon it made Henry Weston sick at heart to think in after-years. It was not that Jeanne turned out to be any worse than she appeared to be. True, she was a slattern in the morning, as French-women are only too apt to be; but when she was dressed for a walk in the forest of Fontainebleau she looked extremely pretty and—quite the lady, so she fancied. Not so Henry Weston. She never looked to him like a lady from the day she became his wife. She was remarkably quiet, and reasoned about things in a way much more practical than did her lord and master. For it is not to be supposed that the future was all rosy to her any more than it was to Henry Weston. Although she had married a rich man and a gentleman, he was quite unlike the Pierres and Adolphes she had known in the paternal hair-dressing

establishment at Marseilles. Jeanne found her husband an inscrutably mysterious person, and unpleasant in many ways. He looked as black as a thunder-cloud when she appeared at breakfast in her *peignoir*, which Jeanne knew—or thought she knew—was the only correct wear; he liked to read in the evenings, instead of going to the theatres regularly; he sometimes walked when he might have ridden; and he insisted that she should learn the English language.

Then there was that dreadful voyage to that melancholy country-place, where she might have to stay two or three years. For, although Henry Weston tried to impress upon her the absolute necessity that they should live in Virginia, Jeanne simply did not believe him. He would be rich, and of course he would return to Paris. Why should rich people live anywhere else than at Paris? She was confident of her persuasive powers. Had not the late Monsieur Duval submitted invariably in the end to her excellent mother, the late Madame Duval? But, as it was, nothing could be more sad. When Henry Weston told her of the grand avenue of magnolia-trees, and explained to her that it was not a promenade with seats along the walk, she almost wept. The ocean voyage terrified her. Her mother's cousins, the Leroux family, who had a large hair-dressing establishment in New York, had often written them it was a dull place,—no opera, no circus, no promenade worth speaking of. Besides finding her husband very poor company, Jeanne sometimes wondered if it would not have been wiser for her to have struggled a little longer against poverty which was not, after all, quite so desperate as she had represented it to be.

And in the midst of it all came a letter from Mrs. Weston, saying Henry Weston must return at once. His father was thought to be failing fast, and Mrs. Weston begged him, by the love she bore him, not to delay. The fact was, Mrs. Weston did not want Henry Weston to be out of the way while Mr. Weston might be making his final arrangements about property.

The letter staggered Henry Weston. His wife saw it, and, seeing also a little chink of escape from that horrible country-house which she called "Hile-Veston," she eagerly asked if it would not be better for her to remain, certainly for a time, in New York with those Leroux relations of whose existence she had informed her husband, dwelling at the time with pride upon the reported size and dimensions of the shop.

Henry Weston went through the inevitable experience of those who enter upon secret paths. A little concealment breeds a greater one. His shame and grief made him agree to what his judgment and honor condemned,—that Jeanne should stay in New York while he went to Virginia. And then Jeanne, who never meant to go to Virginia if she could help it, proposed that he should not say anything for the present about his marriage. Monsieur Veston might be very angry and leave Monsieur Algee everything. And then in her secret heart she thought if New York should prove unendurable she might get back to Paris more easily if the police and the *juge de paix* in Virginia did not know that Henry Weston was married.

This he had at first roughly and violently refused; but Jeanne knew he would yield. The best she could do, now that she was to be torn

away from Paris, was to stay in New York, where at least she could get back at a pinch.

Oh, the horrors of that voyage to those two unfortunates! They took passage on a sailing-vessel at Havre, and for six long weeks they were thrown upon each other's society without relief. There were no other passengers. This had been one reason why Henry Weston had taken passage in the ship.

Miserable as was Henry Weston, what he suffered was not worse than that endured by the poor little Parisienne cooped up in her narrow cabin, weeping and lamenting and terrified half out of her life. Anything that a gentle and chivalrous man could do for a woman Henry Weston would have done for her. But Jeanne wanted nothing but Paris. She wept, she moaned, she raved. As the ship rolled in the long billows of the sea, she shuddered, thinking that it would upset and they would all be drowned. Nothing on earth would ever induce her to make such a voyage again, except to return to her beloved Paris.

It was a beautiful hot bright day in May when they landed at New York. Scarcely were they at their hotel before Jeanne insisted upon going to see her cousins, the Leroux. Henry Weston at once ordered a carriage. They were driven to a fashionable hair-dressing establishment with sixteen "heads" in a superb show-window, where Jeanne jumped out, rushed in, and was rapturously received by a white-aproned personage with a comb sticking behind his ear. That was Uncle Leroux. Then there were Anastasie and Emilie Leroux, young ladies with very elaborately dressed heads, and Adolphe, a copy in miniature of Uncle Leroux, with a small waxed moustache, and evidently the gentleman of the family. Uncle Leroux shook his head and sadly explained that Adolphe had no taste for "the profession."

As for Jeanne, she was completely happy. Emilie and Anastasie admired her bonnet, her paletot, her parasol. Cousin Adolphe complimented her on her eyes, her nose, her air. She explained the circumstances of their marriage, and then dwelt on the glories of "Hile-Veston" until Henry Weston could almost have died of shame. Would they take her as a member of the family while Henri went to that dull Virginia where there was no opera? Money, of course, was no object to her dear Henri, who would one day be Monsieur Hile-Veston. Uncle Leroux pricked up his ears at that. The arrangement was soon made. All were in haste to have it completed,—Henry Weston to get through with it, Jeanne to see him on his way to Virginia, and Uncle Leroux lest they should change their minds on account of the price. The illness of Mr. Weston was the convenient excuse that seemed made for all of them.

When Henry Weston walked back to the hotel, through the hot and blazing streets,—for he was to take the stage that afternoon for Philadelphia,—he felt himself the most wretched and humiliated man on God's earth. The sights and sounds of city life sickened and confused him. He was country-bred. In times past, when misery seized upon him, he could go into the heart of the woods; he could sit under the hedge-row, as he had done that day so long ago when the Chevalier Vaughan had found him; he could mount his horse and ride furiously

away from sights and sounds of men, away into the shadow and the coolness and the comforting solitude. How wretched—oh, how wretched was he not! Who would at that moment change places with the young man whom Mrs. Weston called proudly “Weston of Hale-Weston”?

CHAPTER IX.

ALTHOUGH the weather had been hot and bright in New York, it was cold and stormy for more than a week at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston, who loved warmth and light, had an excuse for having a little cheery fire lighted in her own little sitting-room, up-stairs, in the corner of the wing. Algy and Miss Fisher were then married and temporarily domiciled at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Angela had never, in all the months before, so wearied of Maria as in that one week of rain and clouds. She could not even get over to Mrs. Thorpe at Broomhill in the afternoons to hear what was going on in the county. Dr. Peyton had spent one evening with them; he came often now, to see Mr. Weston, who was strangely ailing of late, though not so ill as Henry Weston imagined.

On the fifth afternoon of wind and rain, Mrs. Weston began to suffer for company. She sent over to Sparrow Point for Anne Brandon to come and stay with her.

Anne arrived about five o'clock. Maria, who was delighted to play hostess, met her at the door:

“So glad to see you! Mother,”—for so she called Mrs. Weston, to that lady’s wrath, who could not, however, forbid her son’s wife to do what custom required of daughters-in-law in those days,—“mother is not well. She is up-stairs. I will show you up. You turn to the left——”

“Don’t trouble yourself,” said Anne, coolly, who was kind to Maria on the whole, but who objected to being patronized by her. “I have known the way perfectly well ever since I could remember.”

Mrs. Weston, too, was delighted to see Anne. She kissed her, and put her down in a great chair near the fire, and told her how near she came to sending the coach after her just to plague Maria.

“But if *you* are ever my daughter-in-law, Nancy Brandon, you shall have the coach to return your wedding visits in, and I’ll pay the visits with you. That’s a promise.”

At this, Anne’s cheeks turned so beautifully red that Mrs. Weston concluded she need not trouble herself any more about Anne’s perverseness. Girls do not blush that way for nothing.

“You will never have another daughter-in-law as obedient as Maria. She is deathly afraid of you.”

“I know she is,” replied Mrs. Weston, nodding her head, “and I mean to keep her so. Now, if—I don’t say it’s certain, by any means; I am only speaking of possibilities—you and Henry should make a match, you would be the most independent daughter-in-law in the world, and Henry would make the most uncompromising son-in-law.

Mr. Brandon would not be able to frighten him any more than I could frighten you."

Mrs. Weston was in great good humor. The idea of the way Henry would rout Mr. Brandon tickled her immensely.

"Dear Mrs. Weston," said Anne, quite out of patience, "you make me dreadfully uncomfortable. If you want to make Henry and me hate each other, just go on in that way for a little while."

Mrs. Weston would not desist immediately:

"Maria is already jealous of you. I don't do anything to relieve her mind, you may depend upon it."

But Anne, resolutely turning the conversation, got Mrs. Weston off a topic that was very pleasing to her, but very embarrassing to Anne. Presently Mrs. Weston got back to Henry. It was generally understood that Henry Weston would come home for the summer at all events. He might come any week,—any day, almost. Mrs. Weston had heard through the Chevalier Vaughan that Henry was well, and staying at Fontainebleau. The letter hastening Henry's departure had evidently not reached France at that time. Mrs. Weston had not heard from Henry for seven weeks, and so imagined he had started for America immediately on receiving her letter. He had probably written on the chance of the letter getting to her first, but the same winds that kept him back would keep the letter back too. Mrs. Weston was not uneasy. She was one of those well-balanced, strong-nerved women who reason naturally about things and do not borrow trouble.

Presently they went down-stairs and had tea in the vast old dining-room, Mr. Weston looking pale and ill as they sat at table. An extra place was put, which Mrs. Weston, seeing Anne glancing at, as if expecting another guest, explained with a happy smile was Hector's doing. Ever since Henry had been written for, and long before it was possible he could reach New York, that place had been set for him at every meal. Hector, whose wool had grown a little grayer, grinned with delight at the prospect of Henry's home-coming.

"When little Marse come,—I o'yarn call him nuttin' but dat fer ter save me,—he gwi' fin' he place all sot; an' he mammy"—this was Keziah, Hector's wife—"she keep he bed sheeted, an' he bureau full o' dem nice white shuts o' his'n, an' she say she so intrusted wid dem conjurements in dat room, she ain' got time fer ter men' my close."

This was confided in a respectful whisper to Anne, who blushed again at finding herself the object of all information bearing upon Henry. Still, to be courted, and invited into the family, and made love to as it were by everybody, from Mrs. Weston down to Hector and Keziah, was certainly flattering.

After tea they went into the hall alcove, where a fire was lighted, and Mr. Weston drew up shivering to the blaze, while Mrs. Weston seated herself comfortably on one side of the table, with Algy and Maria on the other. Maria rivalled Elizabeth Brandon in her neatness and persistency in fancy-work. Toinette, a shy slip of fourteen, came up to Anne, of whom she was fond in her quiet, undemonstrative way:

"Anne, won't you play battledoor in the hall with me? Miss

Fisher—I mean sister Maria—used to do it before she married brother Algy; but now she says it makes her arm ache and tumbles her hair.”

“Certainly I’ll play,” cried Anne. “It doesn’t make my arm ache, and I don’t care if it does tumble my hair.”

While waiting for Jake, an attaché of Hector’s who described himself loftily as “Marse Henry’s body-servant, sah,” to fetch the battle-doors and shuttlecock, Toinette contributed her mite of information about Henry in Anne’s ear:

“I’ll be so glad when brother Henry comes home. Algy is very good to me, but brother Henry is the most delightful brother. Anne, you don’t know how easy it is to learn French verbs from brother Henry. And he takes me riding, and doesn’t scold because I don’t sit straight.”

“What a disreputable-looking old shuttlecock, Toinette!” cried Anne, in reply to this, giving it a toss that sent it up to the ceiling. “I’ll make you a better one to-morrow.”

The great folding screen was put across the space dividing the main hall from the alcove. Behind it and over it the warm red light of fire and lamp could be seen, but the hall itself was only lighted by candles on the tall silver branches over the fireplace, which gaped black and vast and fireless. The game was very merry. Toinette, who seldom spoke or laughed much, was in a perfect gale. Anne ran hither and thither, hitting the shuttlecock every time, beating poor little Toinette’s score unmercifully, but so gayly and good-humoredly that Toinette was quite reconciled. Mrs. Weston could hear their shouts of laughter as the two girls scrambled over chairs in the dim light, and with little screams dashed hither and thither over the polished and slippery floor after the flying shuttlecock. She liked youth and laughter and merriment. Toinette was so preternaturally quiet and Maria since her marriage so excessively dignified that it was as bad as having no young people in the house at all. Even Mr. Weston smiled feebly. “It sounds cheerful,” he said to Mrs. Angela, who heartily agreed.

But the shuttlecock, already very dilapidated, got a final whack that burst it open, and Toinette ran off to Mammy Keziah to get it tied up, so that the game might be finished. Anne, balancing her battledoor on her fingers, went and looked out of the side-lights to the outer hall door, that opened upon the great square stone porch. The hall was not so light that she could not see out into the night.

The wind still howled, and the rain came down in sudden misty gusts. The trees were full of foliage, that soughed the louder as the blast rushed through them. A few clouds scudded over the dark sky, and far, far down the dark avenue, where the magnolias rustled their polished leaves, a travelling-carriage was moving rapidly. Of course it was Henry Weston. Something told her of his approach, and an invisible force held her to her place from which she could watch his arrival. The wind and the rain drowned the sound of the wheels and the horses’ hoofs. The carriage rolled nearer and nearer, silently. Soon it had turned in the wide sweep of the gravelled drive up to the door. Henry Weston was leaning out of the window: she knew it was he, although the large hat he wore concealed his features. When the carriage drew

up at the door, the dogs did not give the alarm. The carriage door was open, and he was on the ground and up the broad stone steps at three bounds. He did not raise the big brass knocker, but, turning the knob at once, strode into the hall, and face to face with him stood Anne Brandon. He seized her suddenly, almost violently.

"My dearest!" he said, and strained her to his heart.

By this time the noise of the opening door and the rushing in of the chilling breeze had aroused Mrs. Weston and the others in the screened-off alcove. Mrs. Weston ran forward with a delighted cry: "My son! My son!"

In an instant they were all around him. Not anything, not even that French girl at the hair-dresser's in New York, who ought then to have been with him, could utterly mar for Henry Weston the joy of that meeting. There was Anne, who stood silent, trembling, flushing, and yet happy; his mother, who hung upon him fondly, and tried to unfasten his great Spanish travelling-cloak, and could not do it for tears and laughter; and Mr. Weston, who for once touched them all. He could only hold Henry Weston's hand in his, and say over and over again, "How glad I am that you have come! I was afraid you would not come. I did not wish to alarm you."

"I came, sir, the very moment I heard of your illness. Nothing should have kept me."

Two tears trickled down the ex-overseer's homely and somewhat foxy face. "It's such a comfort to see you," he cried.

Algy, too, and Maria, were smiling. Algy relished his brother's hearty congratulations, after the lukewarm ones he had received, and when Maria found herself saluted with a fraternal kiss she felt for the first time that she was one of the Westons.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," said Henry, clasping Algy's hand. "I saw you were winged before I went away. You always were a deuced lucky fellow."

Algy blushed with pleasure. His brother's backing was of great moment to him.

Little Toinette had slipped her hand in Henry's, and was whispering in his ear, "I can ride the bay pony now you have come home."

How sweet, how pleasant it was to him, after the hair-dresser's family and the shop with sixteen heads in the window!

Then Hector had given the alarm, and the house-servants came flocking in, headed by Hector and Keziah. Keziah held him in her arms, and kissed his hand with delight:

"Gord bless my young marse! Missis, ain't he de han'somest thing you ever seed? Jes' look at he h'yar, de way hit curls!"

"Hush, you old flatterer! I've got something in my trunk for you."

"Has you, honey? And you thought 'bout yo' po' ole mammy 'way off in dem furgitious places? I got a clean shut fer you, honey, ter put on in de mornin'."

"Keziah, fur de Lord's sake let somebody else git d'yar an' shake he han'. Come up heah, you niggers, an' shake yo' young marse's han'."

Presently, when the house-servants had all shaken hands and blessed and exclaimed and yah-yahed, and Hector had made a big bowl of punch to celebrate the occasion and had handed it around, and Jake had bustled about, putting wood on the fire, and Keziah had gone off to get little Marse's room ready, they gathered in the little alcove. Anne was no interruption to the family party. So intimate had they always been that there were no reserves between them. She sat on one side of Mrs. Weston, still toying with the battledoor. Mrs. Weston thought she had never seen her look so pretty, or so happy. Quite naturally she and Henry got back to the old intimate, half-bantering way between them, although to each the other occupied a new attitude. Their positions were reversed. Henry Weston, crushing down his despair, felt that the worst that had yet befallen him was to give up Anne Brandon. But, like other wretched wrong-doers, he put his wretchedness and his wrong-doing out of sight for a little while. It was almost happiness, then, to see her once more.

"I suppose I ought to take the first opportunity of thanking you for the charming fan you sent me," she said.

"Of course you ought. You might have done it half an hour ago. Elizabeth would have been more prompt. I shall remember Elizabeth in the distribution of my gifts from Paris."

"Do. I could always get anything I pleased out of Elizabeth."

"Anne," cried Mrs. Weston, "if I were you I would flatter him until you see what he has brought home with him. You will have the whole summer to quarrel with him."

"Thank you, ma'am, for your advice. I shall begin right away. His hair *does* curl beautifully. His nose, too, is straighter than when he went away."

"Disparage me as you like, you will never make me admit that you are not the prettiest girl in the county," answered Henry Weston, boldly, with a glance of open admiration in his dark eyes.

Mrs. Weston laughed. Things were certainly going finely. There was Henry making open love to Anne the minute he saw her, and Anne confused and vexed, but anything but displeased at it, if Mrs. Weston could read the signs,—and she thought she could.

It was midnight before they knew it. "To bed! to bed!" cried Mrs. Weston, waving her hand up the staircase, as Jake appeared with the candlesticks.

Henry Weston gave his arm to his father, who walked more actively than for months up the stairs. Mrs. Weston ran up like a girl of twenty, and showed Anne her room.

"Good-night," said Anne, bowing to the group in the upper hall, as Jake, flourishing a tall silver candlestick, prepared to escort her to the door of her room.

"Here, you, sir, give your master your arm," said Henry Weston; and, taking the candle from Jake's willing hand, he himself lighted Anne to her door, and pressed her hand as he said good-night. Do not be too hard on him. He was so unhappy.

Even Mr. Weston smiled when he rejoined them, and his mother drew him in her dressing-room and shut the door. How handsome,

how tall he was! What an indescribable air of elegance he had acquired! No Miss Fishers for him. Perhaps that misadventure of Algy's made Mrs. Weston a little more eager about the scheme she was fomenting between Anne and himself. She never could feel altogether sure now until he was safely married. She had been taken in once, and it behooved her now to be prudent. Anne Brandon had everything necessary to make the match an equal one, except money; and money was the one thing Henry Weston could do without. But when, standing over him as he lay back in her favorite arm-chair, she spoke openly of this cherished plan of hers, sharpened by her experience of one daughter-in-law, a look she could not understand, and which gave her strange forebodings, came over Henry Weston's face, and suddenly, putting his arms around her, he leaned his head on his mother's breast and uttered a groan so deep, so full of despair, that it could only come from the depths of misery.

Mrs. Weston was a strong woman, but her steady nerves were shaken. She had never seen anything like that.

And presently, still holding to his mother, he told the whole wretched story.

It would be hard to describe the horror of disappointment which Mrs. Weston endured. At first she did not quite take it in. With that strange characteristic of all women in their judgment of men, she could have forgiven him wickedness much more easily than weakness. When he convinced her that it was no mere escapade, but that he had behaved like an honorable man, she was overwhelmed with despair. She wept torrents of tears, and wrung her hands as she walked the floor. She reproached him violently, not for his entanglement with Jeanne, but for making her his wife. "I could forgive you all, anything, but that!" she gasped, livid and trembling with grief and excitement. "To have married her,—that was the real crime!"

Henry Weston looked at his mother with a singular expression upon his dark face:

"What was I to do, mother? Would you have had me play the rascal? At least I am a gentleman still. I can look an honest man and an honest woman in the face."

"Can you? Then it is more than I can. What have I ever done in my life, that I should have to suffer thus? And I was the proudest mother! Oh, could you have but thought of me, you would never have married that woman."

Something brought to Henry Weston's mind that little scene with the Chevalier Vaughan, so many years ago. Did she think of him then?

"It is done now," he said, sullenly.

"But it must not be known. Oh, heavens! Could I but see the Chevalier! Promise me—promise me that you will keep it a secret, at least for a little while. Spare me—spare your father for a little while!"

In the extremity of her grief and despair, Mrs. Weston did not know why she asked this, except that second only to the misery of her knowing this dreadful thing about Henry Weston was the shame of

having it known in the county, and she held on desperately to the idea that there was some way out of it. And if Mr. Weston should know it—— Mrs. Weston grew faint and her heart almost stopped still at this awful apprehension. Perhaps the Chevalier Vaughan, with all his brains and tact and worldly wisdom, might be of help. It was only a straw, but she grasped at it and clung to it.

And, just as Henry Weston had done when his wife made the same suggestion, he refused, and then suffered himself to be persuaded.

"Only until I see the Chevalier Vaughan,—until I can consult with him," she urged, anxiously.

"What good can consulting with him do?" replied he, still sullen. "Will consulting break a legal marriage? for I tell you it is as hard and fast as I could make it. And did I say that I wished it broken? I did it with my eyes open."

"But for your father's sake—consider, he is not well. Sometimes I think he is much more ill than he appears. Dr. Peyton is here so often. Think what the blow would be to him."

It was all weak, inadequate, if not worse, yet at last he agreed:

"But I will make no promise. It may come out any day. I may choose to reveal it; *she* may."

Mrs. Weston was thankful even for a little respite.

"And I had plans for you?" she cried, weeping,—for she had again melted into tears, and sat on the sofa opposite him, and wept and wept. "I thought Anne Brandon would be a fitting wife for you——"

"Say no more," replied Henry Weston, rising, with a look that checked his mother's tears as well as words. "There are some things about which even you must be silent." And he went out, closing the door after him.

Mrs. Weston did not know how long she sat there. It was getting cold. With the dull curiosity which makes one wonder at such times how long one has suffered, she glanced at her watch. It had run down. She opened the door to look at the big brazen-face clock that ticked loudly in the upper hall. Under Anne Brandon's door, on the other side of the hall, she saw a thin thread of light. It was nearly three o'clock.

Mrs. Weston crossed the hall and tapped lightly at the door.

"Anne," she said, in a low voice, "are you ill?"

Anne opened the door. She was still fully dressed. The candle flickered faintly, and the broad bars of moonlight on the floor—for the night had cleared off—were plainly visible. Mrs. Weston's pale face showed that something was the matter. Anne drew her into the room.

"Why do you look like that?" she asked. "You frighten me."

"I've had a blow, Anne; I've had a blow," was all Mrs. Weston could say, as she sat down on the bed and clasped Anne's hands nervously.

Anne grew a little pale: "Is it—is it about——"

"Yes."

These two women each knew the person in the other's mind.

"He has had an—entanglement." Mrs. Weston thought it kind to

tell her this much. But she could not bring herself to tell the rest. If only he had not married her!

A wave of anger, shame, and all that one could feel of pain swept over Anne. He had held her in his arms, and had called her "Dearest;"—and there was another woman! Something in her face impelled Mrs. Weston to tell her more than she had intended:

"He fancied his honor involved; he has done what can never be undone."

"I think I understand," said Anne, in a strained voice. "At least he has behaved honorably. That should be a genuine comfort."

"Do you call that *comfort*?" cried Mrs. Weston, seizing her almost fiercely. "Do you call it comforting that he has sacrificed himself and you and me to a shadow,—an idea?"

"Yes," said Anne, in the same voice. "It is very hard, but it is right, I suppose. Anyhow, one must try to love what is right. But it would have been better for me had he behaved wickedly and shamefully, because, although one cannot stop loving all at once,—nor can one love but once,—yet if he were not worthy—I don't know how one can stop loving just because the man one loves has had one weak moment. That is why it is so hard."

Mrs. Weston listened attentively to this speech.

"Anne," said she, presently, "I don't understand you: we are very unlike. I hate folly much worse than wickedness; but I know that if I had my way I would rather Henry should marry you, with nothing but the clothes you stood in, than any other woman in the world."

"But he is married already," answered Anne, with the ghost of a smile.

"I did not say so," cried Mrs. Weston. She certainly had not meant to say so.

"Mrs. Weston," answered Anne, "concealments are useless between us. I know enough; and you know of me what I thought I would have died rather than tell you."

"But it must be kept very secret," said Mrs. Weston, and halted here, and did not know what reason to give, except that the dreadful moment might be postponed as long as possible, "for my sake and his father's. It would kill his father, I believe. And, Anne, I charge you now with a message for the Chevalier Vaughan, if you should see him first,—a message which you must give him at the very first opportunity, just as soon as you hear of his arrival in the county,—because something might prevent me. Tell him, for my sake,—for *my* sake, do you hear?—that he is to say nothing about what Henry did in Paris."

"I will," replied Anne.

Mrs. Weston kissed her good-night. Her eyes were quite dry and bright, although tears rained down Mrs. Weston's cheeks. As soon as she was gone, Anne undressed quickly and went to bed. Of course it was best, altogether best, that he should do right,—poor Anne felt a thrill of pride in Henry Weston at that very moment,—but then one must suffer a great deal.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. WESTON, who had never had a day's illness in her life before, was very ailing after that. At least, she said she was, and spent many days lying on the sofa in her dressing-room, with her face turned to the wall, mute and hardly noticing anything.

The uproarious welcome that would have awaited Henry Weston's return to the county was somewhat damped by the state of health of both his father and his mother. Nevertheless, there was a round of visits paid him, which he returned scrupulously. Everybody remarked upon the very distinguished and self-possessed air he had gained in his travels, and a great many people said that after Algy's little affair Mr. and Mrs. Weston were very lucky to have one son who must always be a source of pride and gratification to them. Elizabeth Brandon displayed to Mrs. Thorpe a superb lace handkerchief Henry Weston had brought her from Paris. Mrs. Thorpe, in return, showed a handsome lace cap from the same source. Even the four Wickham girls had *bonbon*-boxes.

"How easy it is to be generous when one has a plenty of money!" sighed Elizabeth.

"But what did he bring Anne?" inquired Mrs. Thorpe, consumed with curiosity.

"I can't tell, to save my life, whether he brought her anything or not," answered Elizabeth, plaintively. "Anne won't say a word."

"Depend upon it, my dear," cried Mrs. Thorpe, triumphantly, "it is you who are to be Mrs. Weston of Hale-Weston. I always knew it."

Elizabeth protested that for her part she had always liked Algy best,—at which Mrs. Thorpe laughed, as well she might.

Henry Weston had, however, brought Anne something. It was a little heart set in rubies,—not showy, but rather costly.

"I saw it one day in a window, and I thought how well it would look around your neck," he said.

Anne accepted it, but she did not wear it around her neck.

In those days Anne was much at Hale-Weston. If she did not go over every day or two, Mrs. Weston would send for her and reproach her gently with forgetfulness. In former days, much of their talk had been of Henry Weston. Now his name was never so much as mentioned between them, except when it could not be avoided. Mrs. Weston continually told Anne what a comfort she was to her. "Not that there is any real comfort for me now," she exclaimed, despondently, "but because you would comfort me if you could." And Mrs. Weston saw that in ministering to her, Anne's sore heart was a little soothing. So these two unhappy women, after the manner of their kind, drew near to each other without profaning with speech that common grief that made them kin. When Mrs. Weston lay on her sofa, weeping silently, Anne would sit by her, holding her hand, and not speaking; but her eyes were eloquent. But for her, Mrs. Weston would have betrayed to them all that something fearful was preying on her, but Anne managed to keep them all out of the room when Mrs. Weston was in these fits of depression which passed for illness. At these times

Henry Weston never came near his mother. Yet he expressed by look, and occasionally by word, his gratitude to Anne Brandon, who knew that not one pang his mother suffered was lost on him. Anne in no wise avoided him. After all, she thought, it was as well to get accustomed to seeing Henry Weston intimately; and, then, his society still gave her a strange delight, that was not all pleasure nor yet pain, but was something of both.

Nobody to see Henry Weston would have imagined him a culprit. He carried his head as high as ever, and was far from laying aside any part of his natural dignity. It is true he did not admire Anne so openly as he had done that first night; he gave no occasion to anybody to smile at his marked gallantry towards her. But he did not avoid her; nor did he fail to exert himself to please her when they met, as they did often and inevitably. "It is not my fault," he would say to himself, doggedly. "I cannot run away from her, nor can I help trying to please her."

Meanwhile, occasional letters, ill spelled and written in very bad French, came to him from time to time. But of this nobody was any the wiser. Henry Weston was not a man to be questioned about letters that he either received or wrote.

The Chevalier Vaughan had returned within a month of Henry Weston. A day or two after he got back he called at Sparrow Point, and, hearing that Elizabeth and Anne were gone to Broomhill for a walk, followed them there.

The opportunity for which Anne watched closely came within an hour of their meeting, and while Mrs. Thorpe was showing them around her beautiful old-fashioned garden, rich with lilac and syringa and honeysuckle in the first glory of their blossoming. Anne and the Chevalier were standing under a tall lilac-bush, while Mrs. Thorpe was showing Elizabeth a new stitch in crocheting as they walked up and down the long garden-walk in the soft air. It was now the first of June.

"Chevalier," said Anne, drawing down a blooming branch of the lilac, lest her face should reveal something, "have you been to Hale-Weston yet?"

"I went yesterday,—the very day after I got home; but Mrs. Weston was not well, and sent me word she would not be able to see me for a day or two. I shall go again to-morrow."

"She desires," said Anne, speaking very slowly, and with a vain effort to hide the color that surged into her cheeks, "that you will not mention—anything—anything of importance that occurred to Henry Weston in Paris."

"Say to her," responded the Chevalier, after a slight pause, "she need not have warned me. I shall maintain, as I have maintained, the strictest silence."

"Thank you," cried Anne, warmly, and then blushing still deeper. The Chevalier looked at her keenly. He knew something about women, and he guessed how the land lay there.

The wood-violets were late in blooming that year. It looked as if there would be none at all. Anne was fond of them, and often she

and Henry Weston as boy and girl had tramped through the meadows and over the still woods in the spring hunting for them. This year she had scarcely seen any. One day, walking along the path that led through the alder copse between Hale-Weston and Sparrow Point, she suddenly found a bunch of wood-violets at her feet. She picked them up. Yes, they were tied with wire-grass around a stout alder twig, just as she had shown Henry Weston how to tie them years ago. She walked back quickly to Sparrow Point, pale and agitated. In her own little white room she kissed them and wept over them, and then, lighting the few sticks of wood that lay always in the fireplace in case of a chilly day, she dropped them in and watched them shrivel and smoulder away.

It was some days after this that one afternoon Jake came over with a message from Mrs. Weston. Mistis felt kinder po'ly. Wouldn't Miss Anne come over an' spen' de night?

If anybody had told Mrs. Weston, some years before, that she would have yearned for any other woman,—that she would have felt the want of her own sex and longed for womanly sympathy and companionship,—she would have laughed it to scorn. Yet that was just what had come to pass, as it does eventually in the life of all Eve's daughters, and she suddenly found herself, in a county in which her whole life had been spent, without one friend to whom she could lay partially bare her soul, except this girl who had grown up with her children. The summons was frequent, but Anne never disregarded it.

The magnolia-trees in the avenue were then in their splendor. The scent of their gorgeous white blossoms was all over the land. Anne, walking slowly along the shaded path by the side of the avenue, suddenly found herself standing within two feet of Henry Weston.

They had been alone together many times since his return; but not so completely alone as this. Before, there had been Mrs. Weston lying on the sofa in her dressing-room, or else pacing restlessly up and down the porch where they sat. Toinette followed Henry Weston like a dog, and Maria was apt to be hovering about. But here they were half a mile from any human being. The low, overhanging branches of the forest growth on one side of the raised path shut them off completely on that way, while on the other, a high, green myrtle hedge had sprung up between the tall trunks of the magnolia-trees. The air was soft and balmy. It was about six o'clock, and a hush brooded over everything.

Anne felt herself blushing and quivering as Henry Weston took her hand. She almost resented his coolness and self-possession.

"I am on my way to Hale-Weston," she said.

"So I knew; and I came that I might intercept you," he answered, calmly.

Anne could hardly believe her senses. Why should he want to intercept her?

"I see," he said, with a half smile, answering her unasked question, "you want to know why I should waylay you like this. Don't you know"—after a pause—"that I have suffered hell itself since I came back? A man cannot always be cool and reasonable when he feels as I do; and when I heard my mother's message I fancied you would be

coming along here about this time, and I knew just how you would look in that broad hat, and the expression in your eyes when you saw me. In short, I am here because sometimes you draw me so strongly I cannot keep away."

The color had suddenly dropped out of Anne's cheeks. She looked at him with anger and resentment in her speaking face.

"Henry Weston, I know all, more—much more—than you suspect."

"And I knew you knew all," he replied. "Don't you think I can read faces—*your* face, Anne—a little?"

"Then you are unpardonable."

"Wait a little," he said, laying his hand upon her arm. "You women have no feeling for a man. You think he must not only bear unbearable things, but bear them silently and in patience as you do. Well, it is impossible. I know that I have lost you forever. I would if I could make amends to—to—that other woman whom I wronged in marrying. I mean to do right, but I cannot see you day after day and remain always master of myself."

"But when you must resign—we must resign each other, it is but a little more to be silent about it," said Anne, in a low voice.

"Yes, so you say, like a woman. Now, I say, like a man, although I must resign you, yet why should I not— Good God! do you think a man ever loved a woman as I love you without telling her so?"

"You must not speak so," cried Anne, breathlessly.

"How like a woman you talk!" answered he, smiling a grim smile that had no mirth in it. "Always prudent,—always thinking first of what is right. Sometimes you talk a little wildly, you women; but that is all."

Her heart could not but soften. What people did, and not what they said, was her rule of judgment. And he loved her, and was so unhappy.

"That is true," she said. "Women can but bear it all."

"Anne," he said, presently, "sometimes I have reproached you. Had you been a little kinder—a little tenderer—to me before I left?"

"Let us not speak of that now."

"You might in turn reproach me. But when I looked for a sign you gave none."

Anne could only make a gesture of silence to him as great tears fell from her eyes upon the ground.

"It seems so long ago," she said, after a while. "Last year we were like boy and girl,—perverse, capricious, trifling with our happiness, thinking that no change could ever come. And now look at us! How old we are in knowledge!—how quickly and easily the gulf—" She stopped, choking.

"And yet," he said, taking her hand in his, "is not this triumph? Could any other man have won those words from you? Ah, Anne, do not deny any more that you love me. Believe me, darling, it does not make us any more wretched to know that we love each other."

"Don't you see," she said, stamping her foot, "that we must not speak of it? Words are——"

"Nothing," said Henry Weston, coolly. "What does it signify whether I tell you with my eyes or my lips that I love you? Anne, there is a gulf between us, but we can at least call to each other across it for pity."

They had been walking slowly along the path towards Hale-Weston. Anne stopped all at once.

"I cannot go on. You must make some excuse for me to Mrs. Weston," she said, hurriedly.

"I will remain away for to-night, if that is what you desire."

"No! no!—that would never do," cried Anne. "I must return. I want to be alone."

They turned and walked along the path to Sparrow Point. It ended abruptly in a clump of evergreens on the border of the lawn.

"Say anything; make any excuse. I will come to-morrow," said she. Then the two poor souls stood for a minute gazing into each other's hopeless eyes, and went slowly their different ways in the darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL June and July, things were in an unsettled and tentative state at Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston rallied bravely from her depression. Like Henry Weston, she knew something of the requirements of a French marriage. She sent for the Chevalier Vaughan. She canvassed the whole thing. When he told her that Henry Weston had taken the very most secure way to make his marriage legal and binding, she had almost shrieked with despair; but yet it was not in her to yield to this despair. She hoped against hope. Something might arise. All was not lost as long as she could keep it secret. And she really feared somewhat Mr. Weston's displeasure for Henry Weston if it should become known to him. So she lived with a sword over her. At what moment might not all become known? She did not half understand why the Frenchwoman should not demand recognition. She was a little nervous in those days whenever she heard wheels grinding upon the gravelled path. It might be Jeanne! As for that young person, she was as happy as she could be anywhere out of sight of the bridges over the Seine. True, New York, even with an uncle who had a superb shop, was not equal to Paris; but then she had more money than she had ever handled in her life before, and enjoyed the delights of idleness. She could, if she chose, spend the whole day at her toilette,—which she very often did. In August, Henry Weston had come to New York for a visit, prepared, if she so required, to take her back to Virginia with him and face the world. Indeed, as in duty bound, he made the direct proposition to her. Jeanne, who read Henry Weston easily, saw that he was not anxious for the moment of revelation; and, as she could stay with the Leroux in New York as long as the marriage was not known, she used the old arguments: it would be best to wait awhile before making it known,—although what they were waiting for neither could have told. But concealment was the bribe Henry Weston would accept in lieu of taking her to Virginia with him, and a plenty of

money and Uncle Leroux' charming household was the bribe Jeanne took as the price of keeping in the background.

Henry Weston's visit was meant to last some weeks,—possibly months,—but again he was summoned by Mr. Weston's illness. Dr. Peyton thought a trip to the mountains would benefit Mr. Weston, and Henry Weston was needed to accompany him. Dr. Peyton's practice did not admit of his going, and Mrs. Weston did not feel well enough to undertake the fatiguing journey. As for Algy, Maria was the obstacle in the way. Mr. Weston did not care about taking her along, and Mrs. Weston did not desire her to be left behind. So Henry Weston was to take his father to the mountains, and later Mrs. Weston would probably join them.

Henry Weston, therefore, after a fortnight passed in New York, was summoned home, and of course was obliged to go. When he saw the chimneys of Hale-Weston, and remembered that seven hundred miles separated him from the Leroux family and their guest, he felt something like a thrill of happiness.

Mr. Weston, however, put off from day to day his departure. He told Dr. Peyton that he had some arrangements to make before going. Dr. Peyton understood them to be testamentary arrangements, and, thinking that the interests involved in so large a property ought to be attended to, gave him a few days' grace.

One morning he called to see Mr. Weston, and found him sitting in a big arm-chair before his iron safe in the library.

"I'm looking for a paper," said Sandy Weston, as Dr. Peyton had always called him behind his back. "There's a paper I want to destroy before leaving on this journey," he continued, feebly. "It ought to have been destroyed years ago, but I actually forgot its existence. To-day I remembered it; but I can't find it,—I can't find it," he said, almost piteously. "It may be in here." He tried to turn a key which he produced in the lock of an inner compartment, but he had not the strength. Dr. Peyton's strong fingers soon accomplished it.

Mr. Weston examined eagerly several bundles of papers, but did not find what he was looking for. His face grew gray, and his hands trembled with the disappointment.

"I must find that paper and destroy it," he cried, nervously. "It would be the cause of great injustice if it were not destroyed."

Dr. Peyton was a kind man and a skilful doctor, but he made a mistake on the spot.

"Wait until to-morrow," he said, soothingly. "You are already fatigued and excited. Try not to think about it until to-morrow; then get Henry or Algy to help you."

Mr. Weston submitted to have the safe locked and the key put in his pocket. To-morrow Henry Weston should find it for him.

But on the morrow, as he sat on the great stone porch waiting for Henry Weston to return from his ride, that they might together look for the paper, he was so still that Mrs. Weston glanced at him uneasily as she paced up and down the hall with a book. His motionless attitude and his drawn face told it all. At that very moment the Chevalier Vaughan rode up to the door and dismounted from his showy iron-gray nag;

and the same moment Henry Weston appeared, riding-whip in hand. Mrs. Weston screamed,—a scream which brought Henry Weston to her like a flash and made the Chevalier bound up the stone steps three at a time. Henry Weston ran to his father and spoke to him:

"Father, are you ill? Don't you know us?"

With difficulty Mr. Weston managed to utter,—

"Yes." Then, after a pause, "I'm very ill. I want to say——"

He stopped. Hector and Keziah were on the spot then. "Put Jake on a horse and send him after Dr. Peyton. Take Black Prince," shouted Henry Weston.

Mr. Weston motioned feebly with his hand to the Chevalier Vaughan. Mrs. Weston stood with a white, scared face gazing at her husband. The awful and invincible solemnity of death was upon that commonplace face now.

"I want to say," he continued, with a piteous effort, and stopping between each halting word, "that I have—perfect confidence—in Mrs. Weston. Once, she angered—me—greatly. I saw her in the greenhouse—with the Chev—Chev—Vaughan. I filled in—a deed. I have been trying—to find it—to destroy it—and have a new one made——"

Was his mind wandering? He could say no more, but there was an imploring expression in his eyes.

"Never mind, father," said Henry. "Don't think of those things now."

They got him up to bed. In due time the doctor came. He took one look, and his experienced eye saw that Sandy Weston would never speak or move again. For a day or two he lingered, speechless and motionless, then died. Dr. Peyton, driving along the moonlit road that night of Mr. Weston's death, suddenly remembered the paper the dead man was so anxious to destroy. He remembered that he had induced him to give up the search. It troubled the excellent doctor. "It is one of the most delicate points in a doctor's experience to know how to act in those circumstances," he almost said out aloud. "However, nobody could foresee the end was so near." So he flicked his horse with the whip, and jogged along in his comfortable old-fashioned gig. Angela Weston once more free. This was the sum of the doctor's reflections, and it staggered him.

As for Mrs. Weston, she was at least no hypocrite. She did not pretend to grieve for Sandy Weston as women who love their husbands grieve for them. She was awed, scared, and a little remorseful. Their later married life had been very much more harmonious than the earlier part. When she came to reflect upon those last words faltered out from the fast paralyzing tongue, she understood them, and, understanding them, felt more grateful to Sandy Weston dead than she had ever felt to him living. He had at least done her justice; for she recollected with a flush of shame and anger that more than once her husband and herself had had words about the Chevalier Vaughan. She too understood that half-intelligible reference to the little scene in the greenhouse, which, though trifling and un consequential enough, had yet borne evil fruit. The bitterest quarrel of their lives had followed between Angela Weston and her husband after that.

The funeral was very stately,—it is apt to be when the survivors dread lest they should be charged with neglect if it should be otherwise,—and after that the widow and her children settled down quietly at Hale-Weston to spend the first months of their mourning.

Not so quietly, however, did the county settle down. What was to become of the great Hale-Weston estate, with its five hundred negroes, its vast wheat- and corn-fields?—it was the largest granary of all those lowland Virginia plantations which, before Dakota wheat and Minnesota flour were heard of, supplied the markets of America. The future of Hale-Weston was canvassed not only over Mrs. Thorpe's tea-table, but all the tea-tables round about. One thing, however, was settled. If things were not left as Mrs. Weston desired, she would simply take her dower and live on at Hale-Weston; and if she determined, as everybody knew she would, that Henry Weston should have Hale-Weston, she could very easily manage it. What with her own interest, and Henry's interest, and Toinette's until she was of age, the Hale-Weston house and enough of the land could be secured to Henry Weston to make a very imposing property, even against Algy's opposition, if indeed he should oppose it at all. Mr. Weston had invested the accretions of an originally handsome property in outlying land that easily produced seventeen bushels of wheat to the acre. There was enough land and negroes and valuable stock and money in bank to make the widow and each of the children rich. Of this, all was the result of the ex-overseer's savings and management, except three hundred acres of broom-sedge and wire-grass, with a four-roomed house on it, known as Shabby Hall. This had been the maiden property of Mrs. Weston's mother. When old Colonel Weston had been dealing out mortgages and liens and all sorts of encumbrances on Hale-Weston and everything else he owned in the world, he had actually forgotten Shabby Hall: so that when the crash came, and Levi Cohen, who had never materialized except as a dummy for Sandy Weston, had bought Hale-Weston, the colonel and his wife had retired to Shabby Hall, and ended their days there shortly after. Shabby Hall, therefore, was Mrs. Angela Weston's. It had remained very much as the poor old couple had left it. The furniture was not good enough for Hale-Weston, and was hardly worth selling. It might do for Algy and Maria to begin house-keeping with, if the house were raised a story and added to. Indeed, the threat of Shabby Hall had been held over Maria ever since her marriage.

The death of Mr. Weston made no difference in Anne Brandon's visits. She went, if anything, oftener, as Mrs. Weston frequently sent for her and seemed to take pleasure in Anne's society. There was no pretence of excessive grief about Mrs. Weston, but nobody could say she did not observe the proprieties. The Chevalier Vaughan, of course, only came there formally and unfrequently. She was awed and frightened. She could with truth say that she very much wished she might wake up and find everything in the past year a bad dream. To get back to the old, easy, proud, careless, happy way with her would have been great gain. The Rev. Mr. Steptoe moderated his voice, put on his most clerical-looking coat, and called on the widow, to whom he

administered much conventional Bible lore in the way of consolation. He came away with a much better opinion of Mrs. Weston than he had carried with him. Mrs. Weston was really much more sincerely sorry for her husband's death than he expected to find her. Such was Mr. Steptoe's inward comment.

But, as the months wore on, Mrs. Weston began to feel anxious about the property. Not a word was said by either of her sons. Each had a liberal allowance, and the sale of the wheat-crop supplied them with a fund so considerable that there was no pinching for money. Still, Mrs. Weston felt anxious, as people will when there are hundreds of thousands of dollars in the balance.

When Mr. Weston had been dead some months, Mr. Wickham, the lawyer who had always attended to his affairs, was sent for one day by the widow. The long-delayed search for the will must begin. Mr. Wickham thought it quite right, and then and there, in the presence of Henry and Algernon, the iron safe was opened and the papers sorted out.

Two only were found to involve in any way the different interests of the family,—or rather one, for the other was a parchment deed signed and sealed, and on it was scrawled, in Mr. Weston's ungainly handwriting, "To be opened in the event of my death," and a date nearly twenty years before. The other was the memorandum of a will.

At this Mrs. Weston was cruelly disappointed. She had hoped and believed that Mr. Weston would make a will securing Hale-Weston to Henry, although she knew enough to feel very certain that things could be arranged so that he would be eventually master of the place. But, like many men, Mr. Weston delayed entering upon a business which reminded him of his mortality. The paper, which the lawyer glanced at to see what it was, was carefully written, interlined, and in every way showed considerable thought. It was determined that on the following day the papers should be read, the seal of the first one remaining unbroken until then.

Mr. Wickham asked if they wished any one present except himself. Both Henry and Algy left it absolutely to their mother, who said she would like to have Dr. Peyton,—why, she could not say,—and on the morning of the next day she sent for Anne Brandon.

Anne went without knowing what was to take place. When she arrived and found out, she expressed a wish to remain up-stairs during the formality; but Mrs. Weston asked her, with tears in her eyes, to go down with her.

"I feel so shaken of late," she said. "I am growing cowardly. If there should be anything painful or unexpected in those papers, I want a woman—not Maria—near me. Toinette is too young."

So Anne went, willing and yet unwilling. Down-stairs in the library sat Mr. Wickham and Algy and Maria, with Dr. Peyton. Henry Weston brought his mother in, and Toinette, clutching Anne nervously, walked behind them.

Although Mrs. Weston had said she was ill for the last six months, it was more a sickness of the soul than of the body. She had not been happy, so she fancied she was not well. But her complexion had never

been clearer, nor the charming outlines of her face more noticeable. Her simple but elegant trailing black gown only set off her matured beauty.

After they were all seated, Mr. Wickham cleared his throat and began.

The paper that he held before him, and which, being unsealed and a mere memorandum, he had examined before reading, was a very clear and explicit statement of the late Mr. Weston's testamentary intentions. But yet it was not a will. It was neither signed nor witnessed. It was a complete draught of one; but from the lateness of various alterations in it—some only a few days before Mr. Weston's death—he feared there was no copy duly authenticated in existence. Search had failed to find any. He would say, though, that, except certain specifications and particulars regarding how it was to be carried out, the disposition of the property, such as Mr. Weston had indicated in this memorandum, was precisely what the law would have done. Many people, of whom he was one, and Mr. Weston perhaps another, thought the law usually made the best will. So that, although no will had been found, unless indeed the sealed paper he held should be one,—which he thought not,—by following the directions contained in the memorandum a very just and equitable distribution of the property could be made. So far, all was satisfactory. Then the big red seal of the other paper was broken, and Mr. Wickham began to read it aloud.

Both Mrs. Weston and Henry Weston listened with more of curiosity than interest. It was a deed to Hale-Weston and much besides. The land, buildings, stock, and equipments of the place were described, also the Highlands property which had just been bought,—everything, in short, of which Mr. Weston had been possessed at the date of writing, nearly twenty years before, and apparently all that might accrue from those possessions; and it conveyed to Alexander Weston, from Levi Cohen, a great fortune in detail,—but to Alexander Weston as trustee for Algernon Weston. Mr. Wickham, who had read along in a clear, monotonous voice, suddenly stopped and caught his breath with a gasp. An electric shiver seemed to run through all the little group at this strange mention of Algy's name first, except Mrs. Weston. She looked around impatiently and raised her hand in command.

"Go on," she said.

The lawyer's business-like self-possession was shaken. He hesitated for a moment, and glanced at Henry Weston, who seemed to foresee what was to follow as strangely as his mother seemed to feel no apprehension.

"Will you kindly proceed?" he said, in a cool voice.

Mr. Wickham began again: it was some little time before he brought himself back to the same tone in which he began the reading:

"To Algernon Weston, second son of Alexander Weston, Esquire, and Angela, his wife, of Hale-Weston, in the county of —, for his sole use and advantage, with liberty to buy, sell," etc.—and all the legal verbiage in which this was made sure and fast.

In the dead pause that followed, when everything swam before Algy's eyes, and Henry Weston hardly knew whether he were waking

or dreaming, Mrs. Weston did not take it in, at all. She even had difficulty in placing the name of Levi Cohen, so little familiar was she with it. Nobody spoke for five minutes. Then Mrs. Weston said,—

"But, I understand, nothing can prevent me from having a third of all my husband's property if I choose to claim it?"

"Certainly not," said the lawyer, gently, trying to make her understand. "But, so far as we know now, Mr. Weston owned no property. He was a trustee. This deed enumerates all the property of every kind that we know at present Mr. Weston was supposed to own. This paper is very comprehensive. It gives the usufruct and all the accretions. It seems designed to embrace not only all Mr. Weston was supposed to possess, but all he might at any future time become possessed of."

He could not say, in the house of the dead man, and before his widow and children, that he believed Sandy Weston to have been a thorough-going scoundrel, and that the deed was a fraud in effect though not in act. Dr. Peyton, cut to the heart with remorse, remembering with keenest anguish the conversation he had with Mr. Weston, knew that he had repented,—that could he have had a little more of life this frightful wrong would have been remedied.

Mrs. Weston asking, with pale lips, but still perfectly composed, of Mr. Wickham, "Will you not explain it further to me?" the lawyer said, still with great gentleness,—

"Mr. Weston seems from this to have merely held this property as trustee." Turning the paper over, he examined it carefully. "It was probably—I may say positively, for here is the date—written not many years after the time he acquired—or was supposed to acquire—the property. He seems to have kept it some years, because a space was left for the introduction of a name. On the outside you will see it is endorsed with a later date; and it corresponds with the introduction of the name of Mr. Algernon Weston. Here it is: 'May 24, 181—.'"

Something in the date struck Mrs. Weston forcibly. She remembered the Chevalier Vaughan returned from a trip to Europe that spring. May,—was it not in May the time he kissed her hand?—and the greenhouse! Ah, how plain it was! Was ever any mortal creature so punished for such a fault! And what had not Sandy Weston said to her that day!—what would he not have said to her, had she not cowed him into silence by a wrath that terrified herself as much as it terrified him! His revenge was slow, but it was complete. Then his face, ashy and distorted, rose up, as he looked that last morning on the porch. She saw him before her so plainly she could not see anybody else, and he was so lately dead that her anger could not hold. Again she saw him in his grave-clothes, meek with the terrible meekness of death. Yes, perhaps she was to blame a little. And then the words he had tried to say the day he was stricken— And as she sat, outwardly calm and erect, those who knew not the tempest of her soul thought her self-possession the most wonderful thing they had ever seen in their lives.

Presently she heard Dr. Peyton saying, in a voice that sounded to her far away,—

"I think it my duty to state that the day before Mr. Weston's last attack I found him in this room searching in his safe for a paper which he told me he wished to destroy. He said, 'Great injustice will result if that paper is not destroyed.' I urged him to wait until the next day to find it. He agreed; and I may blame myself that——" Here the poor doctor stopped, choking with emotion. But for him, Mrs. Angela Weston might not now be sitting like a statue before him, ruined, penniless, and humiliated.

"We must find out," said Mr. Wickham, "whether Levi Cohen is alive."

"He is dead," said Mrs. Weston, in a cold, calm voice. "He has been dead for more than twelve years, I now remember."

Next Henry spoke: "Unfortunate as it is for our mother, it would be an undeserved outrage to my brother Algernon to assume that he would fail to provide suitably and liberally for her and my sister."

Algy glanced at Maria, as he usually did before answering.

"Of course," he said.

Mrs. Weston turned and looked at him. Her eyes travelled from his ungainly feet up to his sandy poll. No, Algernon was a hopeless case. Weak without being vicious, an arrant coward, and absolutely dominated by the pretty shrew who had married him, nothing could be hoped from him,—nothing, at least, without Maria's consent,—and Mrs. Weston had too much knowledge of human nature to expect generosity from a fawning subordinate suddenly elevated over the heads of those on whom she has fawned. Too much sitting with her back to the horses, too much eating of the necks and scrags of chickens, too much making over of other people's old finery for herself, had entirely overcome Maria's moral sense.

Mrs. Weston rose.

"My son, will you give me your arm? Come, Toinette: Anne will take you," she said.

As Henry Weston, very tall and straight, although his face was even more deadly pale than his mother's, escorted her out of the room on his arm, Mr. Wickham made the most *malapropos* speech of his life.

"Don't tell me," said he, addressing an audience composed of Maria and Algy,—for the poor doctor had slipped out with Mrs. Weston and Henry,—"that there is no difference between a scrub and a thoroughbred. Scrubs are scrubs; and thoroughbreds are thoroughbreds."

CHAPTER XII.

THE county, which had always depended greatly upon Hale-Weston for its sensations, found the last one the most tragically interesting of all that had occurred since old Colonel Weston had marched out, leaving behind him his only child, Angela, married to his ninth-cousin Sandy Weston. The commotion that was raised after that meeting that took place in the library is hardly to be described. The old whisperings about the Chevalier Vaughan were revived, and a hurricane of talk

raged from one end of the county to the other. The status of the case was of course perfectly well understood. There was no ground for a legal contest. Mr. Weston was simply a trustee for the great fortune he was supposed to own, and the owner thereof, Levi Cohen, had selected Algy Weston to become the future master. Also of course everybody knew—or thought to know—just the circumstances under which the deed was made. Mr. Weston in his early life was somewhat given to shady transactions: the whole transaction regarding Hale-Weston and Levi Cohen and the old colonel was suspicious; but it was within the letter of the law. Afterwards, when Mr. Weston had become—let us hope—a better man, these things were forgotten; but they came back to plague those he left behind. It was also settled in the minds of the county people that, for decency's sake, Algy Weston and his wife would not stint Mrs. Angela during her lifetime, nor Toinette. They were not so sure how Henry Weston would fare; but, anyhow, he had Shabby Hall,—or could have it, as Algy would scarcely make a claim to any share of that inconsiderable property. This very arrangement occurred to Henry Weston, on the day he first knew his fate, as, after leaving his mother in her room, he walked far down into the woods, that he might study this new and awful event. He had fostered the idea so pleasing to him of being eventually Weston of Hale-Weston. His mother's pride and confidence in him had not been without its fruit; and the descent was calculated to appall him. But he perceived in himself no diminution of his own respect. Nor could he bring himself to accept anything from Algy and Maria; for he had not lived in the house with his new sister-in-law six months for nothing. In fact, he had suggested to his mother only a day or two before that it would be better for her own comfort to have the young couple established elsewhere. He had even—grotesquely enough, it seemed to him then—suggested Shabby Hall, generously proposing, however, that the old house should be handsomely and comfortably improved. Now he would be the one to go to Shabby Hall, and he felt quite sure that no improvements would be mentioned by either Algy or Maria. But his mother and Toinette weighed upon him. He felt no false sense of obligation in what Algy might do for them. It was Algy's privilege, as well as his obligation, to provide liberally for his mother and sister out of the great property that ought to have been theirs. But he doubted; he doubted.

He sat down on a log on the edge of a bubbling spring far in the woods, and tried to take in what had happened. He did not very well understand what poverty was, having never made its acquaintance. It seemed to him a mortifying and uncomfortable thing to be living poorly at Shabby Hall, but nothing a man might not bear manfully. Even at that moment he thought, if Anne Brandon were his wife he would have something to make Shabby Hall endurable. But Jeanne! He remembered that when the wheat-crop had been sold his half-yearly allowance had been lodged in bank for him. There was no shame in his using the remainder of that. When that was gone, he did not know how it would be. Then that other pang about the Chevalier Vaughan,—that alone wrung a groan from Henry Weston's breast.

Towards dusk he wended his way homeward. As he entered the Hale-Weston house he met Anne going out. He stopped her.

"Will you not stay for my mother's sake?" he asked.

Anne shook her head. "I can't," she said. "I, too, suffer. I will try to come back in a day or two, but—it is too hard: I cannot stand any more to-day."

And it was for him that this brave creature suffered. He pressed her hand in his.

"Shabby Hall with you would be better than Hale-Weston with any other woman," he said.

Mrs. Weston that evening roused herself from the stupor in which she had lived since the mid-day. She made a careful toilette, and went down to tea, and took her place, stately and composed, at the head of the table. Henry took his usual place since his father's death, at the foot. Algy and Maria, the master and mistress, sat on the side, as did little Toinette. Afterwards, Mrs. Weston sat a little while in the drawing-room, and talked as she generally did, gave a few orders in her usual distinct voice, and went up-stairs presently on Henry's arm.

At her own door he left her, and went to his room. He sent Jake out, who was lying asleep on the rug before the fire, and then seated himself in an arm-chair and fixed his eyes on the cheerful blaze. Presently the door opened softly, and old Keziah entered, and took up her stand next the fireplace.

"Do you want anything of me?" said Henry Weston, rousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"No, honey, I doan' want nuttin' 'tall. But I hed ter come in dis night an' talk to you. Hit meck me think 'bout de time ole marse and ole missis dey went ter Shabby Hall fum Hale-Weston. Hector an' me went wid 'em. When dey died, an' we come back ter dis side o' de crick, you was a leetle black-eyed boy, allus under de hosses' heels an' a-tumblin' in de crick. Marse Algy he set down anywhar' you put him, an' he never move."

"He must have been much the most agreeable youngster," said Henry, with a slight smile.

A look of infinite contempt came into Keziah's honest black face. She continued, carefully avoiding Algy's name:

"I ain't forgot ole marse an' missis, but I ain't thought on 'em like I has dis day sence dey went away. Seems like I c'yarn git 'em out o' my min'. I hear ole marse, he bawl 'Keziah!' twell you could hear him at de ice-house, and little missy—dat's yo' ma,—she lisp when she was a leetle gal,—she say, 'Kethiah!' You looks mighty like ole marse, —'cep' Hector he 'low you got heap mo' sense. Ole marse he were a man, dough, sho' 'nuff. I rek'lec' when he went ter Shabby Hall all de quality-folks in de county dey call fer ter pay dey respec'a."

Henry felt that every word she uttered was an implied reproach to his own parents. Yet he could not but listen. He had never been able to get much about his grandparents out of his father and mother.

"De quality come in de kerridges, an' dey come o' hossback. Hit discomfuse me when I couldn' han' de waiter roun' wid de cake an'

wine 'kase de warn't no cake an' wine, but dey come all de same. 'Twas mighty disqualifyin' ter Hector, too, 'kase he didn' have no stable fer ter put de hosses in when cump'ny come. But dey kep' on comin'."

She paused a little, going back to that dead-and-gone time of poverty and humiliation.

"Arf' missis died, ole marse he teck off he blue coat wid de brass buttons an' he give it ter Hector. Hector he got dat coat now. Ole marse he w'yar a black coat he had. 'Twas mighty shabby and white at de seams. I ink de seams ev'y Sunday fo' he go ter chu'ch. An' all de quality, dey would wait fur ole marse outside de chu'ch do', an' dey shake he han', an' dey say, 'Howdy, colonel? Hopes you is well? May I hev de pledger of yo' cump'ny fur dinner Tuesday—er Wednesday?'—'kase he could 'a' gone visitin' ev'y day; but he didn' go nowhar. Den, 'bout two monts arf' missis die, one day he say to Hector, 'Take me ter bed, boy. I ain't got ter stay here long.' 'Twas snow on de groun', an' yo' ma she was sick an' couldn't git ter Shabby Hall, an' yo' pa——"

Here she paused awkwardly.

"Ole marse was sorter onfrien'ly ter yo' pa. He jes' lay d'yar, an' he warn't in no pain. He jes' was kinder sleepy. An' one night I had done tole Hector if ole marse didn' git no better by mornin' I was gwine ter come over ter Hale-Weston an' tell yo' ma she oughter sen' fur Doc' Peyton. I was settin' by de fire, an' Hector he set by de bed, an' I thought bofe on 'em was 'sleep, when ole marse he set up in de bed, an' call out, 'Hector, has you got de lantern?' Hector he wake up wid a snort. When ole marse went a-fox-huntin' missis allus meck Hector c'yar a lantern, 'kase, comin' home at night, when dey ride ober de bridge down at de head o' de lane ole marse could see. Dat was a mighty dange'ous bridge den, an' ole marse he wouldn't have dat bridge fix'. He say 'tain't nuttin' de matter wid de bridge. An' missis she could see de lantern fum de house when Hector flash hit, an' she know den ole marse was a-comin'. So Hector, when ole marse call out, he look at me, an' bofe knowed what was gwine ter happen. When sick folks 'gins ter talk 'bout lights an' sich, hit's a sho' sign dey's a-gwine ter die. Hector he say, kinder skeered, 'Yes, sir, I done got de lantern.' Den ole marse he pitch an' toss on de piller, an' he say, 'Hit's mighty dark here. Hector, hol' de lantern up.' An' Hector he say, solemn like, 'Marster, de Lord done tooken de lantern now. He gwine make it light fur you.' I hed on a clean white ap'on, an' I took an' wipe he forehead, an' 'twas damp. Pres'n'y ole marse he git fretful, an' say, 'Hit's slow work gittin' home to-night. Yo' mistis 'll blow us both up, hay, boy?' An' Hector he say, de same way, 'Yo' is gittin' home fas', marster, an' ole missis is waitin'. Ain't it gittin' lighter, marster?' An' ole marse he say, 'Yes, boy, hit's a heap lighter.' An' 'fo' mornin' he was dade."

Henry Weston listened without losing a word. All the details he could easily supply,—the poor colonel, aged and broken, the outspoken sympathy on the part of the county people, the old man's lonely death-bed, with only the faithful serving man and woman. Well, it was to

be expected that those who acquired Hale-Weston from the poor colonel should some day lose it. Only, he lost it for Algy to gain it.

Keziah drew up a cricket and seated herself by the fireplace. How long they had sat there in silence Henry Weston knew not. Presently a tap came at the door. Hector stood outside.

"My marster," said he, "I come ter ask ef I couldn't bresh yo' close, er git yo' hot water." Hector, being the major-domo, had never done this for anybody since Henry Weston could remember.

"Certainly not," said he, good-humoredly. "Where is Jake?"

"Heah I is, Marse Henry," replied Jake, running in.

Jake pulled off his master's boots, Keziah fetched his dressing-gown, and Hector carried off his coat in triumph to "bresh." They all knew what had happened. It was their humble way of paying him respect.

Quite naturally, it was understood that the sooner an understanding was reached in regard to the affairs of the Hale-Weston family the better. Algy readily agreed to make his mother a liberal allowance. Mr. Wickham seized the opportunity to put it in binding legal form, and thought it well to instruct Mrs. Weston in advance as to the best means of getting it in case it was not promptly paid. Algy made magnificent but vague offers of assistance to Henry, which were all declined, except the conveyance of any interest he might have in Shabby Hall. Then Hector and Keziah announced that they meant to go over to Shabby Hall with "little marse." Jake had already proclaimed that he "longed ter Marse Henry. De law giv' a gentmun he body-sarvint." This original view of the question was not, in effect, disputed. Neither Algy nor Maria would have had the face, if indeed they had the inclination, to object. Regarding Hector and Keziah, as servants brought up in the family and occupying responsible places during three generations, Hector and Keziah had a certain independence of opinion. Both, to the surprise and disgust of Algy and Maria, packed up bag and baggage and went over to Shabby Hall some days before Henry Weston made his final move. Hector had been butler, factotum, and what not for so many years at Hale-Weston, and Keziah had occupied a like position in the feminine department for an equal length of time, that their loss was a serious inconvenience to the new master and mistress. Henry reasoned with them to induce them to return, but they flatly refused. It would have required force, and would also have involved a scandal, to get them back, for family servants were treated with considerable respect in those days: so, unpleasant as it was for Algy and Maria, they took no steps to get them back. Mrs. Weston laughed quietly when she heard of their hegira. It was the first time she had laughed since that fatal day in the library.

In less than two weeks Henry Weston was ready to go to Shabby Hall. He intended to keep the actual hour of his departure a secret from the servants, but Jake and Hector and Keziah had taken care that they should be informed. His horse was saddled and standing before the door when the field-hands came in at twelve o'clock. Without a word every one of them came quietly—over a hundred men, farm-hands, teamsters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights,—all the laborers among

five hundred negroes—and stood about on the steps and the gravelled walk to tell “little marse” good-by. Then a great crowd of women and children hung on the outskirts. Henry Weston could not help but pass through them. He shook hands silently with every one. Sobs were heard from the women-servants about the house, as they peered out of doors and windows, wiping their eyes on their aprons. The men said, “Good-by, Marse Henry,” “Gord bless you, little marse!” “Doan’ furgit Josh dat useter play de fiddle fur you,” “Doan’ furgit Torm an’ Jim Henry, please, sir,” “Heah’s ole Mose, come fer ter wish you well,”—all the primitive and touching farewells their simple hearts could think of. First it was meant as a tribute of respect to the man they had hoped would own them, and secondly as an implied slight to their present master, whom they did not regard as wholly a gentleman. The taint of “po’ white trash” survived in Algy. There is no such aristocrat living as your full-blooded African.

Mrs. Weston, watching the scene from her chamber window, laughed the quiet mirthless laugh with which she had greeted the news of Hector’s and Keziah’s high-handed doings. And Henry Weston, with his eyes dimmed by the first tears of his manhood, rode slowly out of the magnolia avenue towards the little weather-beaten house a mile away. Hale-Weston was nevermore to be his.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Henry Weston reached Shabby Hall, and Jake had taken his horse at the door, he strode in and looked around. First was the narrow and squalid passage, in contrast to the noble entrance-hall of Hale-Weston. To the right and the left were small rooms. Henry Weston entered the left-hand room at a venture. It had been the dining- and sitting-room of Colonel and Mrs. Weston in their last days. A stained mahogany table, a few rickety chairs, and an old clock over the high wooden mantel comprised the furniture. A square of rag-carpet was on the floor. But in the fireplace a fire of hickory logs was leaping and blazing. It was the only cheerful thing in the room. Henry Weston drew up his grandfather’s arm-chair to the hearth, and, throwing himself in it, looked straight before him. He did not know what he was thinking about. All that he had lost was present to him,—all the shame and humiliation that had befallen him, all that might befall. He knew not how long he had sat there,—only that night was falling.

After a while Jake came in, and, lighting a candle on the table, took from behind the clock a letter.

“Dis heah letter I got out’n de Hale-Weston mail,” he said, and went out,—for Jake knew that his master got but few letters, and those always disturbed him.

Henry Weston recognized the awkward, sprawling hand. Yes, it was Jeanne’s. Only this was wanting to make his misery and downfall complete. Something of the man’s involuntary courage made him break it open at once, without dallying with it.

The letter was short:

"MY FRIEND,—We have been miserable together. For my part, I could not endure the idea of having to live in the country, which is sad at all seasons. I like gayety and life. You will be glad to know that you need send me no more money. When this reaches you I shall be on my way back to Paris. My cousin Adolphe goes with me. You will not be able to kill him, because we have taken precautions that you may not find out who and where we are. I thank you for the diamonds, which I will keep in grateful remembrance. You will never see or hear of me any more.

"JEANNE."

Some hours after that, Jake crept into the room. He had intended to replenish the fire, which had gone out, but when he caught sight of Henry Weston sitting in the same place, with one clinched fist on the table, he hastily shut the door, and vanished.

As for Henry Weston, the rage and despair of those first hours had prevented him from thinking connectedly; but when, later in the night, the first fury had spent itself, the necessity for vengeance appeared; for, according to the code in which he had been schooled, he must kill the man who had taken his worthless wife away from him. He could not else be admitted to the society of honorable men. Of course he must follow them,—they would not be so hard to find as they imagined,—but it could not be done without some forethought; and this planning he found himself unable to do. And then it came to him gradually that the killing of the man who had dishonored his wife would not be enough. Was it not his duty to slay also that other man for what had been brought upon his mother? And so this distracted and infuriated Henry Weston, this once brave, handsome, light-hearted man, sat and revolved murder in his heart.

All that night and the next day this terrible vengeance possessed him. It seemed as if he had known nothing but the falseness and wickedness of men and women all his life. Who, of them all, was not a traitor? Anne Brandon—but he put the thought of her away from him. In the madness to which he had surrendered himself, the thought of her was discordant. But for her, he could have pronounced the whole world bad,—as bad as he knew himself to be at that moment. And had not she, too, injured him? So when she obtruded on his thoughts he drove her image away with curses. But then there was a strange dulness and numbness in all his faculties. He said to himself each hour that he would rouse himself,—that the work appointed for him to do was waiting. Something must be done at once. He vaguely remembered that money would be necessary, and he must see Mr. Wickham. And yet he could get no further than that. The dreadful details of the tracking of this man and this woman escaped him while they weighed upon him, and suddenly the strange and deadly conviction that he had two crimes to avenge flashed fully upon him. He almost laughed at the idea that he should begin a chase of many thousand miles after this curly-headed, greasy little hair-dresser, with the Chevalier Vaughan within five miles of him; and the Chevalier's was the greater crime, he thought. For what had not the bare suspicion brought upon him,

Henry Weston, and his mother! All the slight suspicions he had ever harbored in his life came back to him, startlingly magnified. What had he been thinking of, to let this man go on, happy and popular and rich and contented, with that awful reckoning yet unsettled? In dwelling on this thought, so immediate, of so long standing, he almost forgot the little hair-dresser. He knew not if it were hours or days after the letter had come that he saw Dr. Peyton walking into the dreary little sitting-room. He heard the doctor's voice as if in a mist, far away. He was saying,—

"I called to see how you were getting on. This isn't a bad situation. It's healthy. Never heard of a case of fever and ague in my life here."

Henry Weston replied mechanically, something, he knew not what. The doctor continued, with awkward sympathy,—

"You ought to observe regular hours. A ride to-day would do you good."

"I am going to Berry Hill this evening," replied Henry Weston, quietly.

The doctor stayed half an hour. He had expected to find Henry Weston somewhat altered by the misfortunes that had fallen upon him, but he was totally unprepared for what he saw. Henry Weston's look and manner had so changed, and the change was so terrible, that Dr. Peyton verily believed that Henry Weston was on the verge of some great mental or physical collapse. His manner was singularly composed, and his attention was alert, but he looked gaunt and pallid beyond description. Yet his hand as he clasped the doctor's was burning hot. Dr. Peyton, after riding as far as the lane gate, stopped his horse, and turned half around. He deliberated five or ten minutes. Then he whipped up his horse and rode on, but not into the main road. He struck the disused wagon-road and went to Hale-Weston.

When he reached the house it was nearly dark. He dismounted, and, knocking at the door, was admitted. He went straight towards Mrs. Weston's sitting-room, where he knocked also. Mrs. Weston lay on a sofa, covered up.

The doctor sat down, and talked cheerfully to her for a few moments.

"Have you seen my son?" presently asked Mrs. Weston. Now, more than ever, was Henry Weston "my son."

"Yes," replied the doctor, with elaborate nonchalance. "I stopped at Shabby Hall just now. He looks badly, of course. He has been under a great mental strain. He is going up to Berry Hill to spend the night, I think, and I am going too. I've some patients that will keep me in this neighborhood all day to-morrow."

"Going to Berry Hill?"

Mrs. Weston's voice, always sweet and bell-like, had something mournful in it that touched Dr. Peyton deeply. Angela Weston's sorrows had always touched him.

"Yes. It will do him good," said the doctor, and continued to make talk for an hour more. He had called to see how Mrs. Weston was, and was glad she was improving. He would warn Henry to take

care of himself. "For—for," said the doctor, awkward and trembling, "he is dear to me,—dear to me. I do not know how people feel towards their children, but my heart yearned over him this afternoon as if he had been my own."

Mrs. Weston took his hand between her two soft palms, and looked at him without speaking; but the doctor read volumes in her dark and expressive eyes.

"But Berry Hill?" she said, presently. "I am not superstitious, but—pray go there to-night."

As the doctor, in the fast-coming night, rode out of Hale-Weston with a heavy heart, he stopped and did as if he would turn back, just as he had done at Shabby Hall; but he did not turn back. He put his horse in a sharp canter, and soon covered the five miles to Berry Hill.

As he dismounted for the third time that afternoon, the Chevalier Vaughan appeared upon the porch in the ruddy light from the hall within. The rain had begun to fall, and the Chevalier hurried the doctor inside. Almost immediately the storm increased. The doctor shook off a few rain-drops.

"Hear that," said the Chevalier, as the blast rose. "You were lucky to escape it."

"Very," said the doctor.

Peter, the Chevalier's factotum, was on the spot, and began to pull off the doctor's leggings. Instead of sitting down, Dr. Peyton stood up, supporting himself with his hand against the wall. Suddenly a bell pealed mournfully once or twice, as if above the roof immediately over them.

Dr. Peyton started, and Peter dropped the leg he was tugging at. The negro's face turned ashy. "'Fore Gord," he cried, "dat's de 'alarm-bell! It ain't rung afore sence de fire."

"It is nothing," cried the Chevalier, with something Dr. Peyton thought was nervousness. "It is an alarm-bell,—a useful thing to have on the plantation. The bell-rope I keep knotted up in that corner; but, as you see, it has become untied, and your hand grasped it.—Peter, tie that bell-rope up, sir!"

Peter placed a chair, and began to tie up the rope in many and hard knots.

"De fire warn't de las' time dis bell done ring, sho' 'nuff. When old marse die, dey rung it for de funeral——"

"You rascal, hold your croaking tongue!" cried the Chevalier. "You lazy black devils are as full of superstition—— Come, doctor. Fortunately, the storm will keep the rest of the hands from hearing the bell and bringing every one of them swarming up from the quarters."

The Chevalier led the way into the dining-room, where supper was already on the table. The fire was bright, there was the doctor's favorite roast duck, and the Chevalier brought out a bottle of '15 port, which was like nectar. But yet, to the doctor's simple heart, everything seemed changed. Even the Chevalier's cordiality seemed a little forced. It was impossible that all which had happened at Hale-Weston should not affect the few families in the neighborhood kin to Hale-Weston by long association.

The '15 port was supplemented, later on, in the library, by some choice cigars; but yet the poor doctor smoked sadly. "All is changed," he said, moodily, to the Chevalier. "Here I am a middle-aged man, with my few friends, my friends' houses, where I am welcome,—and see, Hale-Weston is broken up; for I can never make up my mind to go there with Algy Weston and that little upstart jade, his wife, in possession."

"Nor I," added the Chevalier, gravely.

"And there is Mrs. Weston, the handsomest woman in the county, and the most dignified. I always liked strangers to go to Hale-Weston: then they saw what sort of style we had in this county."

The doctor's generalizations did not impose on the Chevalier one whit. He knew exactly how he regarded Mrs. Weston, just as Dr. Peyton knew all about the affair between the Chevalier and Mrs. Weston so long ago.

The doctor, however, was so taken up with the injurious effects of the late changes that he did not notice a strange look on the Chevalier's face.

"And Henry Weston," kept on the doctor, fretfully, taking the cigar out of his mouth. "I don't think there was another such young fellow in the county; and if he isn't a desperate man I never saw one."

The Chevalier started: "Have you seen him lately?"

"Not two hours ago,—at Shabby Hall, in that leaky old sitting-room, with next to no fire,—though wood is plenty. By the way, he said he was coming here to-night; but the storm will keep him at home."

There was a slight pause.

"I have always felt," said the Chevalier, looking at the fire and not at the doctor, "a strong affection for Henry Weston. I think it impossible for one who entertained a high regard for Mrs. Weston not to include him. In fact," he continued, with a slight smile, "I doubt if Mrs. Weston would feel grateful for any regard which did not include him."

Dr. Peyton listened with some surprise. The Chevalier Vaughan and himself had grown up together, had been associated all their lives, had mutually respected and perfectly understood each other ever since the time when Angie Weston, the toast of the county, had snubbed the bashful young doctor for the gay and dashing Chevalier. But there had been no confidences between them,—indeed, but little sympathy. The doctor thought the Chevalier a little too much of a fine gentleman, and the Chevalier thought the doctor not quite enough of a fine gentleman.

The Chevalier glanced at Dr. Peyton. Something in his face inspired confidence. The Chevalier went on after a pause:

"I can hardly say the disposition of the property wholly surprised me. I never thought Mrs. Weston as safe as she fancied she was in securing Hale-Weston for Henry, although of course I did not foresee the strange turn things took. But still—— Did you ever make a will, doctor?"

The doctor smiled: "Well, I hardly thought my old gig, and one nag in it, and another in my stable, and my saddle-bags, worth willing away. My little land and few negroes go to my sister, who has many children and is a widow."

"I have no one, as you know; and all my property, in the event of my death, would go to my second-cousin up in the southwest. But so apprehensive was I of Henry Weston's not being left handsomely provided for, I thought I had contrived a way, in making my will, to give him something. I have an undivided interest in some mountain-land,—not worth much for anything but tobacco, unless the ores are got out of it,—and when I thought Henry Weston and Nancy Brandon bound to make a match I left it to her."

"Left it to George Brandon, you mean," growled the doctor.

"Not if you do your duty. I know George Brandon as well as any man in the world, and I followed our late friend Sandy Weston's example, and left it to a trustee; and you are the man."

The Chevalier smiled at the look of surprise in the doctor's countenance. The doctor shook his finger determinedly in the Chevalier's face:

"You may depend upon it that George Brandon will never get a stiver either in my lifetime or after my death, if he should outlive us both."

The Chevalier went on: "You see, my object was to ultimately benefit Henry Weston. When, however, I found that no match would take place between Anne Brandon and himself, that design was frustrated. I thought about changing things, giving Anne, whom I truly admire, a little trinket as I have given Elizabeth,—one gets fond of young things one has seen grow up around one,—but, on the whole, I concluded to let it stand. If Brandon should die, those girls would be penniless; and this little gift would be something for Anne,—something for them both."

"But," asked the doctor, "why should not Henry Weston and Nancy make a match? It seems to me the most natural thing in the world. I predicted it before they had finished cutting their teeth."

"It is quite impossible," answered the Chevalier, gravely.

The doctor sighed. The Chevalier spoke with conviction. Thus was another one of his pleasant dreams shattered.

As the case is, when one confidence has been given another is apt to follow. The Chevalier, pausing to take his cigar out of his mouth, continued:

"I have conceived another way of benefiting Henry Weston, though. This is a matter of great delicacy, Dr. Peyton."

The doctor threw his cigar in the fire, and pricked up his ears.

"I am well aware that certain things have been said about Mrs. Weston and myself. The terrible position in which she now finds herself is probably due to that unjust suspicion. It is a false one. If there were any truth in it, all that I have would be at her service. I think you know me well enough to be certain that I would do all, and more, that honor required of me. But I feel it would be madness at this time to offer anything in any way to Mrs. Weston, or to her son."

"Decidedly so," replied Dr. Peyton.

"But," said the Chevalier, again smiling, "I may say,—indeed, I may as well make a clean breast of it,—when a suitable time has elapsed I shall offer my hand and absolutely everything I possess to Mrs. Weston. She may ill treat me,—as I think she did twenty-five years ago; for she has changed little since those days,—she was only eighteen then,—but at least she shall have the chance to make me amends for her conduct."

The doctor in his heart doubted whether the Chevalier were not lying, chivalrously and generously, but yet lying, about Angela Weston's treatment of him. He could hardly bring himself to believe that any woman having the choice between Sandy Weston and the Chevalier Vaughan—least of all the pretty, high-spirited Angie—would or could have chosen the ex-overseer. He looked at the Chevalier, his well-knit figure, his handsome iron-gray head, his title as a gentleman written all over him, and could not but think that if Angela had been a little hasty perhaps the Chevalier had been a little slow. Nevertheless he held out his hand and grasped the Chevalier's. In that moment the two understood each other.

Jealousy had no place in Dr. Peyton's composition. The one romance of his life had centred upon Angela Weston. Yet he saw with the eyes of common sense the radical differences, the vast incongruity, between them. Angela Weston a country doctor's wife! Not for worlds would he have doomed her to that. But, being compelled to resign her himself,—a resignation which had been completed for so many years,—he felt no mean regret that another man, more worthy of her, should win the prize. He felt, indeed, a great sense of relief. Ah, how simple it was! In a little while—a year or two—she would regain all she had lost. It would be hers to give to that adored son: the Chevalier had said so.

The Chevalier spoke again:

"Could slander and calumny withstand that? Could any man do more to signify his faith in her? And one thing I am determined on: the whole county shall know when I make my offer. I'll engage you to tell Mrs. Thorpe in confidence. That will secure its being spread broadcast over the land."

The doctor chuckled in his good humor. There was certainly a rift in the cloud, beyond which the heavenly blue could be seen.

As the evening wore on, the storm increased. The two talked of Henry Weston, and the doctor's cheerfulness increased, but about eleven o'clock he found himself yawning involuntarily once or twice, and his host, seeing it, called for Peter and candles and escorted him up to his chamber.

But when the doctor sat down before the bright wood fire blazing away merrily, the sleep departed from his eyes. The wind howled frightfully and rattled the chimney-pots. The branches of the trees were swept against the window-panes, and the rain pattered upon them in fierce gusts. Dr. Peyton concluded he would not go to bed immediately.

Down-stairs, the Chevalier Vaughan also found sitting up more to

his fancy than going to bed. His mind was on Henry Weston, and suddenly in the midst of his reverie he heard—or thought he heard—a step upon the gallery that ran around the house, and saw Henry Weston, with a changed and desperate face, peering in at the window. He sat still, overcome with a kind of horror. He had had strange feelings, almost forebodings, since the doctor had left him. If it was Henry Weston, he was the bearer of ill news from Hale-Weston. Mrs. Weston might be ill, and she might have sent for him. The thought troubled him. He rose and walked up and down, and sat down again in the great chair facing the fire. In ten minutes he saw the window opening on the gallery raised, and Henry Weston, enveloped in a huge riding-cloak, from which the water streamed over the carpet, stepped in and shut the window carefully after him.

The Chevalier was hardly surprised. "Why, my dear fellow—" he began, in his cordial way; but Weston, pushing rudely by his proffered hand, put down upon the table an old-fashioned mahogany pistol-case. Then he advanced to the fire.

The Chevalier, looking at his blazing eyes set in his haggard face, began to fear for him. But Henry Weston, quietly drawing up a chair, threw back his wet cloak, and spread his chilled hands over the blaze.

The Chevalier poured out a glass of wine from the decanter that stood on the table.

"This is some of my father's old port, that Dr. Peyton and myself have been punishing to-night," he said, with an assumed cheerfulness. "It is famous to keep out cold."

Henry Weston took the glass of wine and examined it critically, but did not drink it.

"The night is wild," he said. "When I crossed Fox Mill Creek I had to take to the foot-bridge and swim my horse."

"Ah?" replied the Chevalier, in the tone of asking a question. "The foot-bridge is dangerous walking on a dark night."

Henry Weston had risen by this time and walked over to the table where he had put his mahogany case, and was unfastening it with clumsy fingers. "Is it possible," said the Chevalier, "that your horse is standing all this time?"—for hospitality in those days meant kindness to both man and beast.

Henry Weston, though, apparently had not heard. He lifted one of the pair of duelling-pistols in the case, and was turning it over. The Chevalier had a curious sensation; yet he did not refer Henry Weston's actions in any way to himself. He thought the young man had become involved in trouble with somebody else and had come to consult him. The Chevalier Vaughan was authority on duelling, which had not then gone out of fashion.

If so, Henry Weston made no sign. He examined carefully the pistol he held, and then spoke to the Chevalier without looking at him.

"Chevalier," he said, "I have a duty to perform. I'm not a shirker: at least I *was* not," he corrected himself.

The Chevalier was silent. He could not understand the direction in which Henry Weston's mind was travelling.

"Don't you remember, one day, a long time ago,—it was in the

late spring, because the magnolia-trees were in bloom,—you were in the greenhouse at Hale-Weston, and you kissed my—my mother's hand?"

A deep red dyed the Chevalier's face. Yes, he remembered it only too well; but he did not feel like acknowledging it before this young fellow.

"I don't know," he answered, assuming his old airiness of manner. "Your mother has permitted me occasionally to kiss her honored hand: such respectful freedoms as old friendship——"

Henry Weston, meanwhile, with his pistol cocked, was advancing on the Chevalier. All at once his murderous design was made clear to the man facing him in the chair. The Chevalier threw wide his arms. He saw, if Henry Weston meant to kill him, it was too late for anything like escape.

"You would not murder an unarmed man?" he cried.

At that very instant Henry Weston was almost upon him, with the pistol grasped in his trembling hand. Whether he took deliberate aim or not, a shot rang out, and a bullet whizzed past the Chevalier's head.

The Chevalier sprang up, and rushed at him. Dr. Peyton, sitting up-stairs by his bedroom fire, heard the raising of the window and the murmur of voices, then the sound—muffled, but unmistakable—of the pistol-shot. He jumped from his chair and ran down-stairs.

As he opened the library door he saw the Chevalier Vaughan seize Henry Weston, who was saying, sullenly,—

"I tell you it went off by accident. I will draw the load."

He had picked the pistol up from the floor.

"Give it me," demanded the Chevalier, still holding him.

"Upon that order, Chevalier?" asked Henry Weston, in the same tone,—a tone with a menace in it.

The Chevalier, who was a powerful man, caught Henry Weston's arm. Then, as in a dream, the doctor saw a fierce scuffle, heard the noise of the heavy pistol dropping on the floor, and two sharp reports following. The Chevalier threw Henry Weston off with an effort, walked quite steadily to the arm-chair from which he had risen, and, seating himself, laid his head back, and all at once a torrent of blood gushed from his neck, and he closed his eyes.

In Dr. Peyton's quiet life he had seldom been brought face to face with terrible emergencies. He quite lost the power of motion. Even the doctor's instinct to stanch the blood utterly failed him. He saw Henry Weston calmly wipe the still smoking pistol with his white handkerchief. He heard him say, "Had he asked for it properly, I would have given it. But to struggle for a loaded pistol,—some accident was bound to occur. At all events, he has saved me the trouble of killing him."

At that moment there was a loud commotion at the hall door,—the grinding of wheels upon the gravel, the sound of horses' hoofs, of shrill voices. Dr. Peyton, as in a dream, turned into the hall, and, reaching up, seized the rope of the alarm-bell; but his uncertain grasp only caused the bell to vibrate in two or three long and solemn peals. The clamor for admission from the outside grew louder. He recognized Mrs. Weston's clear, high tones. "For God's sake!" she cried.

Dr. Peyton, with trembling fingers, tugged at the wooden bar that fastened the outer door, but he could not unfasten it. From other doors, though, poured a swarm of negroes, the house-servants, who had been startled by the ominous pealing of the bell. Their faces wore the ashy color a negro turns when overcome with superstitious terror. Peter was the first to go to the doctor's assistance.

"Y-y-y-ou git away, Marse Doctor," said he, stuttering with fright. "I kin ondo it. Whar's marse?"

The simple inquiry, the sound of a human voice, brought the doctor to his senses. Without a word he rushed back into the library, and up to the chair in which the Chevalier lay, and which was deluged with blood. One look told the whole story to his practised eye. No need to feel that pulseless wrist, to tear open the coat to hear that silent heart; yet the doctor did it all. The Chevalier had probably died the instant he fell upon the chair. A bullet, coming upward, had passed through the large veins of the neck and had gone straight to the brain.

The noise of the opening door and the approach of many feet caused Dr. Peyton to raise his head. His eyes fell upon Henry Weston standing quite motionless. He had laid the pistol down. The doctor went up and caught hold of him. Weston stared at him and then shook him angrily off.

"Why do you trouble me?" he said. "Have I not told you for a month past of this terrible pain here?"—he struck his forehead,— "and just now, when you took that pistol away, you caused me to drop it. If you are hurt, you can blame yourself."

"I am not the Chevalier Vaughan. I am Dr. Peyton. Don't you know me?" said the doctor, trembling.

"Ah!" replied Henry Weston, looking embarrassed. "Forgive me. I have been somewhat confused of late. Things are unreal."

He was clearly out of his mind. His eye, bright yet wandering, and his disconnected speech, told it all to Dr. Peyton.

And then there was a loud and desperate cry. The servants had held back for Mrs. Weston to enter, and when they caught sight of the ghastly form in the arm-chair, shrieks burst from them. Mrs. Weston, cloaked and hooded, ran up to the Chevalier Vaughan. She seized his head in her hands, and the horrible stream soaked her hands and her garments. "Doctor! doctor!" she screamed, "come here at once! You are doing nothing to stop this blood."

"It is not worth while," said the doctor, "and, besides, Henry Weston needs me now. There is not a moment to lose. He is in the most violent stage of brain-fever. Look here."

For Henry Weston had rolled up his sleeve and showed his once brawny arm, now a mere framework of bone and muscle. His facial thinness was as nothing compared to this. The expression on his face was appalling.

"Dr. Peyton," said he, "something has eaten all the flesh off my bones. Feel how hot my hands are."

Then he looked up and saw his mother.

"That black rascal Jake," he said, "no doubt went tearing over to Hale-Weston and gave a general alarm because I happened to come

out at rather a late hour to spend the evening with the Chevalier Vaughan. By the way, doctor, where is the Chevalier, anyway?"

The negroes, meanwhile, with wild lamentations, had gathered around their master,—a master kindly and well beloved. Angela Weston stood motionless, still holding the poor head in her arms. The unspeakable thoughts that possessed her made her altogether forgetful of what went on around her. Time, with her, was no more. She had gone back to the days when neither earth nor heaven held anything for her but the dead man.

Dr. Peyton came up to her hurriedly: "I must at once take some blood from Henry. I must get him up-stairs. Then I will return to you. Angela! Angela!"

Mrs. Weston neither saw nor heard him. He had never called her by name before. But, like herself, twenty-five years had become to him as one day. He only saw the Angela Weston of his youth in this poor, agonized creature.

He took Henry Weston by the arm, who was now quite passive, and led him from the room. As he passed the Chevalier's body, he glanced at it indifferently. The weeping negroes shrank away from him. His mother for once forgot to look at or speak to him. As the doctor was leading him up the broad stairs, a noisy fall was heard. Henry Weston had dropped senseless, his tall form hideously bent and doubled up.

"Help, here!" cried the doctor. "Peter! Peter!"

Peter came out, sobbing, and stood at the foot of the stairs without advancing.

"Don't you see?" cried the doctor, impatiently. "I can't carry him up by myself."

"I doan' want ter tech him," said Peter, doggedly. "Ef it hadn't been fur him my marster wouldn't 'a' bin kilt."

A little thin stream of blood began to trickle from under Henry Weston's thick brown hair, upon his temple.

"He is hurt himself," said the doctor. "That's where the second bullet went. They both struggled for the pistol. Come here."

The wound, albeit it was but a scratch, seemed to remove Peter's scruples. Between the two, they got him up-stairs. The look on Henry Weston's livid face, and the fierce fever that consumed him, softened Peter's heart.

"I spec' he gwil' die 'fore we git him up-st'airs," he said. "Marse wuz allus mighty fond o' him, an' he sut'ny wuz a gentmun, Marse Henry wuz."

CHAPTER XIV.

A TRAGEDY in a quiet country neighborhood is every whit a tragedy. People were prepared for something dreadful to happen at Hale-Weston after the startling events there, but what really did occur seemed to unhinge the whole neighborhood. On the day of the Chevalier's funeral, Dr. Peyton was unable to leave Henry Weston for a single moment, and in the pauses of the burial-service could be heard, in spite of

closed doors and windows, the delirious shrieks of the unhappy young man as he battled for his life. Mr. Steptoe, his coarse and jovial face quite blanched and awe-stricken, performed the services. As these ominous sounds came from the sick-room, the people shuddered. Once, when they were louder than usual, Anne Brandon, who sat, closely veiled, near the coffin, rose up suddenly as if to go to him, then sat down again. Mr. Steptoe, in a husky voice, explained that although it was not customary to speak of the dead over whom ceremonies were being performed, or of the circumstances of their death, he would yet say that the sympathies of all should be with the unfortunate young man overhead, who himself missed by a hair's breadth death from the same accident that killed his friend. Dr. Peyton had told him that Henry Weston would in all probability never remember the circumstances, and it would be the greatest of mercies. Dr. Peyton had also said that the very last utterances of their dead friend were in praise and esteem of Henry Weston. People who had thought the Rev. Mr. Steptoe nothing but a cock-fighting parson changed their opinion on that day. His emotion was too plain. In truth, he had greatly admired the Chevalier Vaughan, who had never by covert sneers reminded him of his humble origin, and who in some way served as a model to the coarser-fibred clergyman.

The funeral procession took its slow way to Petsworth Church, where the Vaughans were buried, and as the clergyman threw the first clods on the coffin a wail arose from Peter and the other negroes who had been born and raised under the Chevalier's kindly rule.

"He wuz de bes' o' marsters," wept Peter.

Mrs. Weston had been carried back to Hale-Weston on the night of the Chevalier's death, and had lain in something that looked like a stupor ever since, asking for no one, not even Henry Weston, neither speaking nor opening her eyes voluntarily. Dr. Peyton's heart ached to be with her, but his duty kept him at Henry Weston's side. Mrs. Weston's malady might torture, but it could not kill; while the doctor felt very little hope that Henry Weston would ever rise from that bed on which he groaned and tossed.

Anne Brandon went over to Hale-Weston at once, and stayed for some days. Maria and Algy felt glad to have her; for, although Mrs. Thorpe and the Wickhams—indeed, all who had been linked by long association with the Hale-Weston family—offered their services and came to them with the sympathy of people who have long lived the same lives together, Anne was the only one towards whom Mrs. Weston had ever indicated any especial fondness. She did not even do that now. Anne, sitting remote in the darkened room, heard no sign from Mrs. Weston lying on the bed with eyes closed, or else wide open, fixed, and unseeing. For herself, she sometimes wished that she could change places with Henry Weston's mother, lying half unconscious, almost dulled to the knowledge of his danger and sore distress. Her heart beat so fiercely that it seemed as if it would rend itself. If he lived or if he died, there was only unspeakable wretchedness. The long hours of the night, when she sat and gazed at the embers and occasionally fell off in a troubled sleep in her chair, when dreadful spectres haunted her

sick imagination, were full of a misery so sharp that she said to herself, "I did not think that any one could live, and suffer as I do."

For four weeks Dr. Peyton scarcely left Henry Weston; and then one day he rode over to Hale-Weston. He had been there before, but only to see Mrs. Weston for a few moments and to try and rouse her from her curious state. This time, though, his face wore something like a cheerful look.

He was shown up into Mrs. Weston's sitting-room. She lay on the sofa then, but still silent, still absorbed as in a painful dream. Maria sat on one side of her.

"Mrs. Weston," cried the excellent doctor, taking her nerveless hand in his, "I have the medicine for you at last. Henry is better,—perfectly conscious. He asked after you this morning."

A great change came over Mrs. Weston. She sat up, still looking inexpressibly ill, but a little like herself. She seized the doctor with a sort of fierceness:

"Are you telling me the truth? Ah, yes! I see it in your face."

"And," continued the doctor, "he asked—he asked after the Chevalier. Then he wanted to know how he got to Berry Hill. He remembers nothing after he received a letter one afternoon at Shabby Hall."

Mrs. Weston threw up her hands wildly: "Then he does not remember—he——"

"Does not remember anything," answered Dr. Peyton.

"The blessing! the mercy!" Mrs. Weston suddenly began to weep violently. Dr. Peyton had never seen her shed a tear before.

CHAPTER XV.



THE spring was coming apace. Hale-Weston never looked lovelier. It put on all its beauty to mock the unhappy woman who watched it day by day, and Henry Weston, who, still gaunt and thin, crept back to health at Shabby Hall.

An atmosphere of sorrow and disappointment seemed to brood far and wide in that quiet corner of the world. Even Algy and Maria, as owners of Hale-Weston, could not escape its malign influence. First, Algy, although great at figures and a model book-keeper, was no farmer, and was ill calculated to cope with the army of negroes and the two overseers that his father had managed with success born of his own experience as an overseer,—or "manager," as he had preferred to call it. With ill-judged economy, Algy tried to get on with one overseer instead of two, in the Hale-Weston place and the Highlands estate too. The head man having taken offence and left, the second in command was promoted, and the negroes literally walked over him, becoming, under his indifferent rule, both lazy and insubordinate. Then Maria knew nothing of the vast executive responsibilities of the mistress of such a plantation, and everything in her domain went persistently wrong. She did not even have the satisfaction of ordering the coach-

and-four and taking an airing all by herself. The first time she did it Mrs. Weston turned upon her with so much of her old fire that Maria was perfectly terrified, and hastily countermanded the order, which order she never dared to repeat. Then Mrs. Weston made all at once a demand upon Algy for the yearly sum which had been agreed upon as her allowance, and, by the strange power of a strong mind over a weak one, she forced Algy to produce it promptly. The management so far showed a loss for Hale-Weston, instead of the yearly profit that had been wont, ever since old Colonel Weston gave up the place, to pile up in bank in spite of the most liberal expenditure. There was a great and growing property outside of Hale-Weston, but this last had been the El Dorado, and when Algy found the figures on the debit instead of the credit side, after his first year's ownership, he fell into a cold terror. If this was the way things were going, it was only a question of time when Hale-Weston would swallow up all the other property, as Aaron's rod did all the other rods. Mrs. Weston's determination in drawing her allowance was very plain. She did not spend it. Toinette had been sent away to school, but, to Algy's horror, he found her bills were sent to him with great promptness and regularity. At this he feebly protested; but Mrs. Weston pointed out to him that the iron-clad agreement he made with her contained no mention of Toinette. Her annuity was for her own personal wants and expenses; and if, after receiving all the great property, to the exclusion of his brother and sister, he declined to pay for the latter's education, she—well, the substance of it was, the county would be made too hot to hold him. Algy succumbed. Mrs. Weston still used the horses and carriages and servants and everything else that had once been hers but were now Algy's. She ordered things for the house whenever she felt like it, while Algy, inwardly fuming, dared not protest; and all of this considerable sum in ready money which she received was a fund for Henry Weston. Of this Henry Weston knew nothing, except that Algy paid Toinette's bills,—which seemed to him natural and proper.

The principle of "no surrender" was so much a part of Mrs. Weston's nature that instinctively, after a time, she regained her self-poise. But it was merely outward. When she moved quietly about back and forth, a little haughtier than usual to Algy and Maria, her severe black gown setting off her noble beauty, which now possessed some deeper and more touching significance than ever before, storms raged within her. The magnitude of all she had lost—power, prestige, wealth, her life-long ambition for Henry Weston, the Chevalier Vaughan's unchanging devotion, even Sandy Weston's obedient affection—overcame her. As she sat at the head of the table, she could look over Algy's sandy head, through a window beyond, and far in the distance she could see the one solitary chimney of Shabby Hall, for which Henry Weston had exchanged this fair domain. On Sundays, when she went to church and sat gracefully upright in her corner of the Hale-Weston pew, with her black veil falling about her face, Mr. Steptoe could hardly keep his eyes off her. She mesmerized him with her fixed gaze, and he imagined that his vehement if somewhat illogical sermons were making a deep impression on her. The fact was, Mr. Steptoe had become an out-and-out

champion of Mrs. Weston and her eldest son, and had taken to preaching at Algy and Maria in a way that was both exasperating and embarrassing. He would shake his burly fist at them as they sat in church quite harmless and well-behaved, and promise hell-fire and everlasting torments to undutiful children and possessors of ill-gotten gains. He seemed to hold them directly responsible for the act of Sandy Weston, committed when they were both but little better than infants.

"Plague on it," said Algy to Maria, almost crying, "it's a shame! it's a durned shame! I don't believe I'll go to hear the old ruffian preach any more;" but every Sunday morning, when his mother commanded him to get ready for church, Algy got ready for church, and went, too. As for Mrs. Weston, she kept her eyes on Mr. Steptoe because if she turned them elsewhere she could not but see, through the vine-covered window, the Chevalier Vaughan's grassy grave. It was at the foot of a golden willow, in which the blackbirds built their nests and twittered and swung in the summer air. The church was a good three miles from Hale-Weston, yet she often left her carriage at the road-side, and would enter the graveyard and stand and look down upon the grave of the man who had met his death at the hands of her best-beloved. In the long hours when she turned over in her restless mind all that led up to the tragedy, she arrived somewhere near the truth. Henry Weston had brooded over the imaginary wrong which had changed the face of existence for him until the plan of vengeance had possessed his fevered and unbalanced mind, and he had gone armed to Berry Hill. She knew nothing of the letter which had first roused the devil in Henry Weston's heart. She fancied it was all due to that unsettled account between him and the Chevalier Vaughan. As she traced it back to those early days, it seemed to her as if the hand of fate was upon her. She began to fear that stern and inscrutable justice in which she had but only half believed. Once Mr. Steptoe, coming out of the church on a week-day, saw her standing and looking down at the grave. He was about to make off, pretending he had not seen her, but she raised her soft black eyes and commanded him to come to her. He advanced sheepishly enough, his hands behind his broad back. A look on her face made him attempt some bungling consolation, a trite condolence, beginning and ending nowhere, all about the love of God. Mrs. Weston cut him short.

"I do not love God," she said, "but I fear Him unutterably. Who has more cause?"

Mr. Steptoe went upon his way. Ah, Hale-Weston had been a pleasant place to visit,—those jolly card-parties, with apple toddy galore, and Mrs. Weston so full of life, so pretty in her silk gowns, so ready for a bout with Mr. Brandon; but all was changed,—Algy and Maria trying to do the honors, and Mrs. Weston silent, calm, and robed in black. Mr. Steptoe groaned a loud groan.

From Berry Hill, Henry Weston had been carried straight to Shabby Hall. As Dr. Peyton had predicted, all the events of that fatal night were wiped from his memory. He remembered going to Berry Hill,—that was all. Dr. Peyton told him merely that in handling a pistol the Chevalier had received accidentally the bullet that

killed him. He said nothing of the scratch which Henry Weston himself had received, which was long since healed, nor of the struggle for the pistol. Henry Weston had replied, after a long pause,—

"At one time I had a grudge against the Chevalier. But it passed away in Paris. Dr. Peyton, you can't think how it comforts me to think that it was all over before that night. We seemed to have a good understanding after I came home, and especially about the time of my father's death."

The poor doctor stifled a sigh.

As Henry Weston's body got stronger his mind took up the old thread where his illness had broken it off. According to his lights and teachings, the world was not wide enough for him and the man that had carried off the wife whom he had despised from the first time he found her out. He must kill the dog of a Frenchman. It was a dreadful necessity. It lay heavy upon his soul. At night, and in day, it pursued him. It sat next him, and drew closer when he would sometimes have driven it away. It turned the blessed sunshine into the blackness of night. It made him hate the strong young life that was coming slowly back to him. He reflected sometimes that every moment brought the inevitable hour closer to him, and he trembled, although he knew not fear. For the vengeance that had been forced upon him needed a conjunction of circumstances that it might be carried out. First, he must be strong, that he might travel so far, and not drop on the road. Then he must have money, and a good deal of it, before undertaking the search. Things at Shabby Hall had prospered as extraordinarily as they had gone the other way at Hale-Weston. Jake and Hector, without directions from any one, at the time of Henry Weston's illness had ploughed the ground deep, and had carted innumerable loads of dead-leaf mould upon the sandy soil. The light loam, unfit for wheat or corn, they planted of their own accord in cotton and tobacco, and the growth was something marvellous. Impelled by the slovenly farming that for once in many years prevailed at Hale-Weston, they worked night and day, until the grass was rooted out of the fence-corners at Shabby Hall, and the whole of the little place was as clean of weeds as a flower-garden. Keziah laid the remarkable success they had with their cotton- and tobacco-plants to the direct interposition of the Most High. "Look at dem Hale-Weston craps," she would say. "Gord A'mighty He done taken de place away fum Marse Henry, but hit looks like He warn' gwi' let Marse Algy disenjoy hit." This view, too, was taken by the discontented Hale-Weston negroes, and wonderful tales were told of the revolt of the land against Algy's rule; and when a good part of the chestnut fencing up in the highlands caught fire from lightning and burned up, it was taken as a grewsome warning that the financial arrangements of the late Sandy Weston were not approved by the great court of appeal.

Mrs. Weston supplied all deficiencies in Henry Weston's modest housekeeping, and Keziah felt no delicacy in calling upon Hale-Weston for anything she wanted. Henry Weston knew nothing of this or any other detail of his bachelor establishment. He only knew that in the autumn, if the tobacco and cotton turned out as they promised, he

would have enough money, with that part of his allowance as yet unexpended, to start upon that terrible journey.

Again, the thirst for vengeance would seize upon him. He would rise in the night and walk the floor of his narrow bedroom, chafing and raging that he could not in that hour kill the man who had dishonored him. He would promise himself that the wretched creatures should suffer at his hands all and more than he had endured. Not one spark of tenderness remained for Jeanne; indeed, there had not been, since those first days at Fontainebleau. But it is in the power of the basest wife to disgrace her husband. At those times he could not bear to think on Anne Brandon. She, too, would be included in that universal hatred. Had she but given him a look, a word, before he left for Paris, all this might have been spared him.

It is not to be supposed that he had not, long since, investigated the status of his marriage. It was one of the first things he did when he got back to Virginia,—did it with a kind of hope that filled him with shame and remorse when he thought on it. He found, indeed, the statute of marriage in Virginia peculiarly rigid, and designed to prevent the very looseness and unsafeness of the old common-law marriage. He had made a secret trip to one of the greatest lawyers in the State, to put before him a supposititious case, under the seal of secrecy. Henry Weston found that if that ceremony in Paris had been any sort of a civil instead of a religious ceremony it would have been no marriage at all; but, although the Virginia courts had invariably been ruthless in deciding against the legality of any marriage that did not fulfil the requirements of the statute, an exception was made in favor of those where any sort of a religious rite was used. The old spirit of the Established Church still held sway. A regularly ordained minister of any denomination made good in effect all the other deficiencies that might exist. And the Rev. Charles Weybridge was an Episcopal clergyman. That alone saved the marriage. Otherwise, that statute that seemed made to protect just such men as Henry Weston would have stepped in, and the whole force of established precedent would have been arrayed against the idea of a marriage at common law, which was sternly denied recognition by the courts in Virginia as well as the unshaken and unanimous public opinion.

As for Anne, hers was perhaps the hardest portion. Both Henry Weston and his mother were at least shielded by the dignity of misfortune; but she, whose lot it had always been only to suffer silently, had no such buckler of defence in despair as keen as theirs. She must keep a brave outside to the world. Mr. Brandon, who loved her better than he thought, showed his sympathy by cynical remarks on mankind in general. He never had believed in what people called feelings, and covertly but incessantly he pointed out to Anne, with an unhealed wound in her heart, the folly of all feelings and affections. Miss Pryor offered her a timid sympathy, and Elizabeth's shallow nature took Anne's brave composure as a sign that all was well with her.

It was not long before Mrs. Weston fell back in the old way of depending upon Anne for companionship. It was not like the old way, either, for Anne once broke forth hotly,—

"Do you think yours is the heaviest burden to bear? Look at me! You at least have had something like happiness; but what have I had? I tell you there are times since—since—he came back that my pain has been greater than I well could bear."

Mrs. Weston believed her. Surely it was pain enough for any woman to love Henry Weston, unhappy as that love must be.

Naturally, they soon met after Henry Weston's return to Shabby Hall. That, too, lay near to Sparrow Point; and almost the first day he ventured out of doors he followed the familiar path he and Anne had often trod as boy and girl together. He walked as far as the trees which marked the lines between the places, and then stopped, feeling tired and weak, as convalescents do. And in a moment or two Anne stepped lightly through the woods and laid her hand on his arm.

As at their first meeting upon Henry Weston's return, they each forgot all except the other. A dusky red crept into his pale face, while Anne turned quite white. Some commonplace words passed between them, as the case generally is when strange and powerful emotions choke the fountains of speech. There was no need of many words. They understood each other very well; and, after a little while, Anne, seeing how he was shaken and tremulous, left him, and turned back towards Sparrow Point.

After that, they often met in their walks. Henry Weston, as has been told before, loved an out-door life. He had been used in his boyhood to spend hours lying on his back under the pine-trees, gazing up at the sky through their feathery branches. In all his boyish sorrows he had fled to the woods for solace. The habit remained with him. Nothing could ease his heart of the load it bore; but his griefs and revenges seemed farther off, more impersonal, when he was out of doors. Anne, too, had always spent many hours in loitering about the fields and woods. Now, when all day long she had to maintain composure, to follow household tasks, to make both ends meet, which did not become easier as time went on, her afternoon walk was her one breath of freedom. Henry Weston, who knew much more of the world than she did, sometimes felt a keen reproach at the practice he adopted of way-laying her three and four times a week and having one of those brief meetings so full of joy and pain; but he did not on that account omit them, for he was, after all, very human, as he has no doubt long since revealed himself, and silenced any doubts which arose as to the justness of his conduct by a variety of subterfuges. Besides superior knowledge of the world, he had superior knowledge of Anne Brandon over herself, and his confidence in her integrity and strength was boundless. He reasoned to himself that all that was necessary was to avoid the tongues of gossip. He did not confide much in himself, but he laughed at the idea that there was any danger for Anne,—a mode of reasoning specious, but not sound. As for Anne, she thought but little about it. It seemed the simplest thing in the world that she and her former play-fellow should meet often. It is hard to convey an adequate idea of wrong-doing to an innocent mind. She had loved Henry Weston long before he went away. He returned, and, according to the moralists, she was guilty if her heart still beat upon his approach. But that she

regarded as a misfortune, not a fault. She did not know anything about such cases. He was ill, and had been defrauded of his birth-right, and had fallen into a miserable marriage, and yet every incident of this, and the way he bore it, had been a strong conviction to her of his manliness. Perhaps he ought to have brought the woman to Hale-Weston; perhaps he ought not to let the world remain for an instant in ignorance of his real position; but in all that was positively wrong about him she used the tender sophistry of the woman who loves. She knew that he must not make love to her in words, but yet she eagerly pardoned that one outburst under the magnolia-trees that afternoon of last year, and took the blame to herself. She adopted some of Mrs. Weston's fatalism to fit the case. Had he married fortunately, had he remained master of Hale-Weston, she could have been just with him; but—he was so unfortunate, so unhappy; who ever heard of pity strangling love? So this sensible girl reasoned, innocently, wrongly, foolishly; but yet, from the unassailable power of an immaculate mind, neither rash conduct nor false excuses availed to hurt her.

Fortunately, nobody noticed them, because nobody watched them, and to have overheard their conversation would not have enlightened anybody. Once or twice Henry Weston broke forth, but Anne, with a touch of command that had not forsaken her, speedily silenced him, and, turning, left him alone. One afternoon, it is true, just at sunset, Dr. Peyton saw them as he drove down a little-frequented carriage-road between Shabby Hall and Sparrow Point. Anne sat on the stump of a tree, looking westward. Henry Weston stood behind her, shading his eyes with his hand. They looked forlorn and melancholy: dejection spoke in their attitudes. Dr. Peyton sighed, as he often did in those days, and then pounded his patient horse. The doctor was keen enough to see that something was the matter between these two, and it was another grief to him.

When he got to Sparrow Point, though, Anne was there before him. She gave him her hand up the steps,—the doctor was getting rheumatic,—and placed a chair for him on the porch.

"Papa and Elizabeth are out driving, Miss Pryor is ailing: so there is nobody but me to entertain you," she said.

"It's very fortunate, on this particular occasion," said the doctor. "Anne, I've news for you."

"What is it?" said Anne, standing straight and slim before him, against the pillar of the porch, where the honeysuckle grew profusely.

"Anne, how would you like to be rich?" he asked.

"Tremendously," replied Anne, pulling the honeysuckle-leaves to pieces.

"Do you remember that half of the undivided interest in the upper-country property our dear Chevalier left you?"

"Yes; and I never could think why he gave me that. I could understand his leaving Elizabeth money to buy a bracelet. But land, Dr. Peyton,—see how many acres we have here in Sparrow Point; and papa says it is impossible now to raise more than one-third its value by mortgage,—and papa, you know, has had experience in that line."

"But this of yours is mineral land. First, the Chevalier's share is

more—much more—than he supposed,—so his heirs say. Then, Anne, it is extremely valuable. To-day the Vaughans in the upper country notified me of an offer they have had for it, and the purchaser will not buy their share unless he can buy yours too. I don't know the exact amount, because the land has to be re-surveyed, but it will be more than Sparrow Point is worth. It will make you something of an heirless. What do you think, my little Anne, of that?"

Anne remained silent. A sharp pang of disappointment came along with the first natural feeling of pleasure and elation. Were Henry Weston but free, this money would help to put him back where he once was.

The doctor was annoyed at her silence. He had meant to create a delightful and startling sensation, and it looked as if he were going to be defrauded of it. But in a moment Anne rallied:

"How charming! Oh, doctor, was it not kind and generous of the Chevalier? What did I ever do for him, that he should have remembered me like this?"

The doctor maintained a prudent reserve. He knew well enough the reason, and he had doubts whether the Chevalier knew so little about the quantity and value of the land as his heirs and relations supposed.

"Think what a comfort it will be to pay off what is owed on this place! Every moment of peace on that score which I shall feel I shall gratefully recollect the Chevalier."

"Now, look here, Anne," said Dr. Peyton, positively: "you might as well understand things at once. Your father, who is a most—er—agreeable man, and—er—a delightful companion," which was not exactly true, and Dr. Peyton knew it, "has no business capacity. The Chevalier made me the trustee, and I've got more power even than most trustees. I am not even obliged to pay you the entire income unless I choose. This is not a family legacy for all the Brandons. It is yours. If you were to marry, I would take care that your husband did not make ducks and drakes of it."

Anne's first impulse was to say, "I shall not marry," but the last speech nettled her.

"Then I should say, if you didn't allow me a reasonable voice in the disposal of my own property, you would be a mean and ill-contrived man," she announced, with spirit.

The doctor fidgeted uneasily for a minute. When his feelings were interested, he was apt to blurt out things he did not mean to say. This mystery about Anne and Henry Weston puzzled him. Why in the devil, the doctor had sometimes pettishly said, didn't they get married? The Chevalier had spoken as if it could never be; but perhaps the obstacle might be removed, or might only have existed in his imagination.

"If—if—in fact, the Chevalier told me as much on the night of his death—you should marry—Henry Weston, it would be carrying out the Chevalier's wishes that he should be—liberally treated. I don't say I would permit the absolute control——"

"Don't trouble yourself," said Anne, coldly. "We shall never be married."

Mr. Brandon's felicitations to his daughter were characteristic :

"Behold, we are an heiress. We shall have scores of lovers. Our eyes will be pronounced finer than Elizabeth's. Elizabeth, my poor child, you are no longer the family beauty."

Elizabeth, whose heart was not bad, and who really rejoiced for her sister, besides rejoicing for the share she would undoubtedly have in Anne's good fortune, was yet not insensible to the fact that her position would be considerably altered. She therefore rose with dignity and left the room.

"Papa," said Anne, "how can you? You know Elizabeth is—sensitive——"

"Since when? Come, Anne, don't be a fool."

"Well, then, if Elizabeth is rather silly, that's no reason why she should be teased and worried. Now, *I* don't mind what you say."

"Anne, I believe you."

"Let us be comfortable together. Dr. Peyton pretends he means to be very strict with the money; but the income at least I will manage to get hold of. I shall coax and tease——"

"Alas, poor Peyton!"

"I am not the girl to have money and then not to have the benefit of it."

"That you are not."

"Papa," presently said Anne, in a voice that trembled a little, "you have not *really* congratulated me yet. Are you not glad for me, and grateful for me too?"

Mr. Brandon did a very remarkable thing for him. He drew his daughter to him and kissed her on her forehead:

"My affectionate, dutiful, self-willed child!"

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. WESTON, with a pang very like what Anne had felt, heard the great news. This money, and what she had saved, and Shabby Hall,—all that together would have been something for Henry; and, sighing deeply, she took up the thread again of her sad thoughts.

No such idea occurred to Henry Weston. Anne was not his. She never could be. Yet it was right and just and the happiest thing for her that she was put beyond the curse of poverty.

It was now September,—that most melancholy season in a warm climate. Days of intense heat alternated with days of showers and east winds. The leaves all fell from the trees at once, as it were. They lay dank and yellow in the little garden at Shabby Hall and under the double row of stunted lindens that led up to the weather-beaten little house. For some days the black devil had possessed Henry Weston. He did not go to Hale-Weston, because his mother's keen eyes could read his soul, and he would not let her see the state in which he found himself. Nor would he see Anne. In those hours of revenge and fury he always avoided her. He began to feel now that the time was fast approaching when he should set out on that bloodhound chase. It

filled him with a dreadful kind of pleasure. He would retaliate on that man all the wrongs he fancied he had suffered from mankind. He fell into that condition of mind when the whole world appears black and distorted. Jake, his faithful serving-man, feared to face him, he was so terrible in his wrath over the merest trifles. Keziah and Hector kept out of his sight. Like a wounded tiger in a jungle, he paced up and down his narrow room day and night. He had felt nothing like this since that awful time before his illness.

It was towards evening of the third day that Jake slipped in and silently placed before him a package of newspapers. Henry Weston turned them over gloomily. There were no letters. He returned to his ceaseless walk. The wailing of the wind, the occasional gusts of rain, seemed to madden him. Suddenly the necessity for self-control appeared to him. He reflected that he might be guilty of some desperate act; he might, in one of his strange furies with Jake, do his faithful servant harm. He went to his bookcase, and, taking down a volume, set himself the hard task to turn his mind into a new channel,—to read the printed words,—to follow their meaning. It was trying work, yet he persevered. Between him and the page came Jeanne's silly face. He recalled with painful exactness every solecism of speech and behavior she had ever committed. He saw Adolphe Leroux' scared eyes when he, Henry Weston, should advance upon him and tell him that his hour was come. He got up and threw the book from him, and ground his teeth. Then he forced himself to take it up again.

Towards midnight the tumult in his mind had somewhat abated. He could not sleep, and he dared not think. He saw the pile of newspapers before him. Some were American, some French, some English. He tore off the covers and began to read, leaving his chair for the sofa. His lamp had burned low, and he lighted two candles.

It was near three o'clock, when he uttered a sharp cry, like a woman's hysterical shriek.

He was free! he was free!

Right before him was it. It was in one of those small and dingy sheets which were called newspapers in France fifty years ago:

"The English colony are deeply disturbed in regard to a certain pseudo-clergyman, calling himself the Rev. Charles Weybridge, who has been in Paris for three years past. He even visited at the English Embassy, and was frequently seen there, which, considering his career, shows unexampled boldness. He was an escaped criminal from English prisons. He had never received orders, but the similarity of name with another English clergyman, who, it now turns out, died in a mad-house before the impostor made his appearance, contributed to the success of his scheme. He succeeded in borrowing large sums of money. A member of the police from Scotland Yard took him in charge yesterday, and he is now on his way to England."

For some moments after that cry, Henry Weston found himself absolutely numb and motionless. Then the overpowering desire to find out all of it returned to him. There was much more of it in the paper. It had evidently been a first-class sensation. He seized the English papers of the same date. Yes, there it was also. There was no doubt

of the imposture. The supposed Weybridge had broken down and confessed. He was no clergyman. He had never been a clergyman. Henry Weston went out of doors and walked up and down under the linden-trees until morning.

The wind and rain had ceased, and the full moon was shining brilliantly. A shadowy mist lay over the lowlands, but the tips of the trees were white with the soft radiance. Occasionally, as a light breeze swept through the trees, the drops of rain would roll off in a silvery shower. There was not a sound, not even the note of a night-bird, to vex the unbroken silence.

Henry Weston was not what is called a religious man, but some impulse, as old as humanity, as deep and far-reaching as the human soul itself, cast him upon the ground to return thanks to the Supreme Power,—thanks not so much for what might be given him as for what he had been spared. He heard the voice of the Most High, as Adam did in Paradise. He need not be a murderer. He had been absolved from the law that to him was omnipotent. Pain and grief he could bear as became a man, but guilt and shame had turned him into a fiend.

It seemed but an hour to him when the rosy dawn succeeded the moonlit night. By that time the thought of Anne Brandon had made itself felt. His heart was like to break with joy. And then the happiness he was to carry to that sad woman at Hale-Weston! He turned and faced Hale-Weston, where he could see the stately old house outlined against the opalescent sky. The long lances of light, the advance-guard of the sun, were piercing the horizon. The magnolias reared their imperial heads, still brave in their foliage of dark and polished green. The air was clear and crisp, and a little chilly. Afar off, he could see the blackbirds and the swallows and the larks which his mother loved and protected, wheeling about the tall chimneys. And for the first time he could behold it all without a pang.

The loss of Hale-Weston had cut deeper than anybody suspected. He had imbibed his mother's love and pride regarding it. In all his dreams of the future he had proudly fancied himself Weston of Hale-Weston, a county magnate, the owner of vast acres. He had been amazed, almost ashamed of the keenness of the grief he had felt on losing it. His pride had impelled him to hide it. The world might have thought it was its mere money value he regretted, but to him it was the dignity, the position, the prestige that attached to a great land-owner in those days. But now,—ah, he could afford to lose Hale-Weston! Would he not have Anne Brandon? Would he not once more walk the earth a free man, his life as open as day, with nothing to conceal, nothing to avenge?—for if Jeanne was not his wife, Adolphe was more than welcome to her.

The morning came apace. It was a glorious September day, a day all blue and gold, the final "Hush!" of summer as she stands ready to take flight. Jake and Hector and Keziah saw that something had happened to their young master. Immediately after breakfast he called Jake up and gave him a letter to be conveyed across the fields to Hale-Weston. It was to be given into no hands but Mrs. Weston's. Then, mounting his horse, he rode over to Sparrow Point. Half-way

between the places, in the shaded woodland road, he saw Anne on horseback, coming towards him. She had given her horse the rein, and he cantered along briskly. Something like the premonition of good news had come to her. Her face was flushed, and her eyes shone brightly under her broad black hat. Henry Weston rode straight towards her and laid his hand on her rein. The two horses put their noses together and exchanged confidences.

"Everybody ought to be in the saddle this morning," cried Anne, gayly. "I was going——" And then she stopped. There was something in Henry Weston's face that checked her.

"Anne," he said, gravely, "I was coming to you. In the middle of last night I found out that I was a free man,—free to love, free to marry. Why do you tremble and turn pale?"

Wherever Anne was going, she did not get there that day. An hour afterwards they were walking their horses up and down the narrow lane. Anne's face was quite glorified. Their love-making was rather serious. They had been too near the gulf to be light of speech.

Mrs. Weston, in a fever of impatience, walked up and down the stone porch at Hale-Weston. She had not condescended to tell Algy and Maria that she had that day received good news. Indeed, the evil from which she had been delivered she desired more than ever to conceal.

It was high noon when she saw Henry Weston and Anne Brandon coming briskly down the avenue. They were riding fast, as merry young people do; for at last it had come to them that they had youth and love on their side, and happiness, that had been at first timid, had thrown wide her wings and mounted to the heavens. Algy and Maria could not imagine what had happened,—what was going to happen. They saw Mrs. Weston standing on the top step of the portico, pale, with tears dropping upon her white dress,—for on this day she had for the first time laid aside her sombre black gown. They saw Henry Weston take his mother passionately in his arms, and then Mrs. Weston embraced Anne. After a while the legal master and mistress—although in truth Mrs. Weston monopolized all of the authority of both—came out on the cool stone porch where they sat. Mrs. Weston and Henry and Anne talked very much as usual, but they looked altogether different. Mrs. Weston's eyes glowed strangely.

Anne would not stay to dinner, and after Henry Weston had swung her into her saddle he too mounted, and they rode off, kissing their hands to Mrs. Weston. In a few days it all came out. They were engaged. The only wonder was, as Mrs. Thorpe said, they had not become engaged before.

"And," said that excellent woman, as she handed tea to Mr. Steptoe on one side of her round table and Dr. Peyton on the other, "I don't wish to take too much credit to myself, but I claim a share in making the match. I was always telling Anne what a fine young man Henry Weston was, Hale-Weston or no Hale-Weston; and I said to him, 'Depend upon it, Anne Brandon is the girl for you, though she's nothing like as handsome as Elizabeth.'"

Mr. Steptoe put down his tea fretfully. "Zounds, madam," he

cried, "Elizabeth Brandon is the most consummate simpleton! Handsomer than Nancy!—fudge!"

Dr. Peyton's comment was as follows:

"I only wish, madam, that you had set your mind to it before and carried it out earlier. It would have saved us all a good deal of disappointment and apprehension."

As the first sign that they had left behind them the last two melancholy years, they fell to quarrelling, as they had done all their lives until the dreadful time had come to pass. Anne, with some diffidence, told of what Dr. Peyton had said to her regarding the Chevalier Vaughan's legacy.

"You don't know how happy it makes me," she said, "that you are saved from poverty. I don't think you are fitted to be a poor man."

"I am glad, too," he said, "but not half as glad as I thought I should be."

Those were sweet words for her to hear. He went on:

"We could be quite happy at Shabby Hall as it is. That is, I could."

"But we could be a great deal more comfortable if we had a nice, roomy house, and all the horses and carriages we wanted."

"You always had a much more sordid soul than I. I remember once when I was going away to school you wept profusely until I gave you a bundle of molasses-candy. Then you saw me depart without a tear."

"I controlled my feelings with difficulty."

They joked a great deal about their childish days, but not about those later and darker ones.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. WESTON, when the time rolled around, made her demand upon Algy for her allowance; and, although increasing difficulties made it harder than ever to pay, she got it promptly, if grudgingly. With this she had Shabby Hall transformed into a comfortable country-house, and the farm properly stocked. Fortunately, there were trees in plenty around it, and the lawn was newly turfed. Mrs. Weston felt her natural pride rebel at the idea of Henry Weston's wife, an heiress in a modest way, not being suitably housed and attended; and a great deal could be done with the considerable sum in ready money which she possessed, when judiciously expended. Henry Weston's feelings in the matter she ignored. She considered the money as but a small share of that of which he had been unjustly deprived.

So Henry Weston and Anne Brandon were quietly married in Petworth Church by Mr. Steptoe, and went to their own house—still Shabby Hall in name, though not in condition—and spent their honeymoon. And then the whole county called on them. It filled Maria with envy as from her bedroom window she could see all day long carriage after carriage of the best people in the county rolling up to the door of the

new Shabby Hall, when scarcely a dozen families had called on her at her marriage. Then, after a time, Mrs. Weston each morning would order the coach-and-four and send over after Anne and Henry Weston, who, feeling very guilty on Maria's account, yet had no choice but to come when Mrs. Weston sent for them; and with her they returned the wedding visits in great style. Both Henry Weston and Anne protested; they saw the mortification it caused Maria and Algy, at whose wedding all these things had been conspicuously omitted; but Mrs. Weston only laughed and insisted upon having her own way.

And, to cap the climax, she gave Anne as a wedding gift her great pearl necklace with the ruby pendant which she had bought at Rundell and Bridge's, in London, fifteen years before, and had cherished—as well she might—as the apple of her eye. She had diamonds in plenty, but, as she said sometimes before Maria, who adored diamonds, "Pearls are the luxury of a refined taste. They cost so much, and they show so little."

The young people did not want for company. Mr. Steptoe came often, Dr. Peyton oftener. Mr. Brandon came over occasionally to point out to Anne defects in her new home, which she bore with much good humor and only occasionally retaliated. Elizabeth, who, at twenty-four, began to appreciate having a married sister, did not fail in sisterly attention. Often they spoke of the Chevalier, but, by tacit consent, not before Mrs. Weston.

Meanwhile, with Algy, things were going from bad to worse. Hale-Weston was a place in which economy was hard to practise; and then Mrs. Weston did not leave room for any. When the third annual payment of her allowance became due, Algy for once rebelled against his mother.

"I can't keep on raising this amount every year, with the way the place costs, and the way we fail at everything," he said, with sulky violence.

Then Mrs. Weston made him an offer to which she had been determinedly leading up for some time past.

"Algernon," she said, steadily, "I think you ought to be convinced by this time that you cannot manage the place; and as for Maria!—Everybody knows how much depends on the mistress on one of these plantations. Now, I have a proposition to make to you."

Algy glanced at his mother. He was not a bad fellow, but he was a dreadfully weak one.

"As things are now going," continued Mrs. Weston, in her "business voice," cool and musical and determined, "you are yearly compelled to pay a high price for—for the pleasure of my company."

"Yes, ma'am," said Algy, and groaned in spirit.

"That is a considerable item from the revenue of the place; and the revenue has decreased exactly one-half since your father's death."

"Yes, ma'am," repeated poor Algy again.

"If this keeps up, it will involve the other land, the bank-stock, the entire rest of the estate. Don't you think, if you had a sum in ready money, and the rest secured on the place, with my release from the annuity you pay me, you would part with the house and the home

tract—Hale-Weston proper—and about fifty negroes? You would still have two-thirds of the land left, and the house in the Highlands. Hale-Weston has made or ruined everybody who has owned it. It hasn't made *you*, Algernon."

Algy got up and sat down again. He turned pale. The idea of parting with Hale-Weston had never occurred to him before.

"I'll—I'll—see Maria!" he gasped, and vanished.

Maria, from her soul, hated to leave Hale-Weston. She was always hoping that the day would come when she would indeed be mistress of that great place. But it had not come, and it seemed farther off than ever. But the more the proposition was considered, the more evident it became that it would be well to accept it. The annuity to Mrs. Weston was what swamped them. She had them in the grip of her small white hand, and she made them feel it. The amount must be in ready money, which was scarce everywhere in those times. In vain Algy offered so many hundred bushels of corn quarterly. She would have none of it. Then he changed his offer to so many hundred bushels of wheat. Mrs. Weston was inexorable. Then a share in the crops. Mrs. Weston laughed at him.

She succeeded in thoroughly frightening Algy. She promised to live forever. Then Toinette's expenses would of course increase instead of decreasing. Maria longed to have a town-house in Richmond or Baltimore. Mrs. Weston persuaded her that Algy would make a splendid business-man, and he was certainly no farmer. After all, the annuity was the great weapon. Maria became convinced that she would have but little ready money as long as this annual drain went on under the present system; and when Maria's consent was wrung from her, the battle was won.

Then came the negotiations with Dr. Peyton; for both Henry Weston and his wife were in his power. There was no doubt about it that it was a good bargain under the circumstances. Henry Weston was a natural-born farmer. The first crops at Shabby Hall had been due to Jake and Hector; but Henry Weston, with hired hands, managed to bring forth crops upon the land that showed he understood Nature, the mighty mother. Mrs. Weston reminded Dr. Peyton that the late Mr. Weston had bought Hale-Weston under great encumbrances and had easily paid them off. Algy's failure as a country gentleman was as conspicuous as Henry's success. So she reasoned with eloquent tongue and clear head. As for her annuity, she would gladly compromise on about one-third of what she received from Algy; and she intimated to the good doctor that Henry would never be pressed for that.

"And Toinette?" asked the doctor.

Mrs. Weston blushed slightly. She was apt to forget at times that she had but one child, and that, her eldest son. She would make Algy provide for Toinette, she said, confidently. Dr. Peyton, seeing how she had terrorized Algy, fully believed her. Half of Anne's legacy would make the first payment. Then for the second would be what Shabby Hall would sell for; and it was worth four times as much as ever before: besides an unexpended balance Mrs. Weston would advance, and the profits of the plantation, to provide for the succeeding payments.

Anne, who was not deficient in pride of place and position, was eager for it. Henry Weston said little about it. Dr. Peyton tried to get something from him on the subject, but failed. Then, urged by Anne, Dr. Peyton formally signified his consent. Henry Weston's consent was a mere form. Anne could scarcely make out his feelings on the subject, until one day, in desperation, she came to him.

"I want Hale-Weston," she said to him. "I want it for myself as well as for you. Dr. Peyton wants to buy it. Your mother says it will kill her to be disappointed now. Yet—yet, if you do not want it, my husband, all this shall go for nothing."

What answer could he make? He *did* want it; he wanted it so earnestly that he was ashamed of his coveting what was another man's, and that man his brother. But he was afraid lest this desire was too plain to his wife. But in that moment they understood each other; and that day six months Algy went up to the Highlands estate, and Henry Weston came into possession of Hale-Weston.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN coming to Hale-Weston, Anne had made up her mind that many sacrifices would be required of her, and was prepared to make them. Although it was distinctly understood that Henry Weston became master and his wife mistress, yet Anne hardly thought that Mrs. Weston would keep strictly within the letter of the agreement. She thought Mrs. Weston's luxurious habits, her custom of command, would require both judgment and self-command from her son and daughter-in-law to govern, and perhaps combat. But from the day they entered the house Mrs. Weston resigned her empire with a strange suddenness. She laid down her sceptre absolutely. Anne could not quite understand it.

"You see," said Mrs. Weston, half apologetically, "I don't feel obliged to assert myself. A lady is once more mistress of Hale-Weston. It was that odious Maria I was bound to suppress."

But there was another reason.

A long time before,—nearly a year,—Mrs. Weston had felt a slight—a very slight—pain. Sometimes it was present, again it went away, but it always returned.

She set herself resolutely to forget it; but, although she was a resolute woman, she could not altogether drive it from her mind. She said to herself, about the time the transfer of Hale-Weston was first broached, that she would take care of herself for six months, and at the end of that time the pain, dull and fitful in its comings and goings, would be gone. Yet she did not fully believe this, because, in impressing upon Algy her perfect health and strength and determination to live forever, she thought to herself sometimes, with a grim humor, "I may be deceiving him, after all. I wish to believe that I shall be long-lived, but—"

She had thought after the desire of her heart was accomplished, and Henry Weston was once more master of Hale-Weston, she would

be well. Everything prospered with those dear to her. Good management and economy on the part of both master and mistress, willing negroes, and fortunate seasons, combined to make Hale-Weston more profitable than it had been for many years. The cheerful society of the handsome young pair, the sound of the long-silent piano under Anne's skilful touch, Toinette's dawning beauty on her annual visit home, the universal respect and popularity which Henry Weston enjoyed, ought to have made headway against that slight but persistent pain. But it did not. Henry Weston was, without solicitation on his part, elected one of the magistrates of the county,—a very great honor for a young man in those days. It filled his mother's heart with pride; but in the midst of the congratulations of the neighbors—Mrs. Thorpe coming over in her great lumbering carriage, even Mr. Brandon forgetting to be sarcastic—the pain struck her like the pealing of a death-bell.

She loved life, and she feared and hated to die. In truth, so full of vitality had she been that she had never seriously brought herself to think she would really die. She felt, but for this pain, just as she always did. She examined her face carefully in the glass, and her heart leaped. No woman with her firm, round cheek, her clear and dainty complexion, could be anywhere near death. She combed out her long and abundant tresses. There were not so many gray hairs in them as in Henry Weston's dark locks, and she had been twenty when he was born.

The weather was chilly, and she took a violent cold. It made her very ill,—a strange thing for a mere cold. She kept her old rooms,—her bedroom and sitting-room in the corner of the wing,—and Keziah, who had returned with her young master and mistress to Hale-Weston, was, as of old, her nurse and attendant. Henry Weston and Anne were very attentive to her. They read to her. "Such a comfort," she said, "to live in the house again with people who like books! Algy and Maria, I declare, nearly bored me to death!" But she seemed in no haste to get down-stairs again. Dr. Peyton, who had come as soon as she was taken, was puzzled that she did not get well. One day, sitting by her sofa, she suddenly told him about the pain. All night long it had racked her. As she described it, tersely and graphically as was her habit, she found herself watching Dr. Peyton's face. It was a ruddy, homely, sensible face. Nature had been in a benevolent mood when she made it, but she had worked with a rough chisel. She saw a gradual paleness steal over it. He had loved her well, and he could not bear to lose her. She suddenly sprang up and seized his arm.

"You are frightened!" she gasped. "I thought you would laugh at me. Why don't you laugh at me?"

She fell back, overcome with horror; and he, too, was overcome. He was used to seeing women meet these things bravely; few of them are daunted at such moments; but this woman, whose courage he had thought invincible, was stricken with terror. She recovered herself first.

"I am ashamed of this fear," she said.

"And I," said the doctor, "am ashamed that at my time of life I

should have so little self-control,—that I should frighten where I ought to encourage.”

Then he tried to prove his honest face had lied. Mrs. Weston cut him short contemptuously :

“Other people get well,—some have been known to live twenty years. Nevertheless, I shall not get well, nor yet live twenty years.”

She made him promise he would not let Henry Weston or Anne suspect anything. Yet they both felt a vague uneasiness when Dr. Peyton, without speaking to them, came straight down from Mrs. Weston's rooms, and, with a white and changed face, got in his gig and drove off.

After that Mrs. Weston adopted a semi-invalidism which was very comfortable and not unbecoming. She lay upon her sofa upstairs, or came down on Henry Weston's arm, smiling and lovely, wearing a white *peignoir* and a bewitching little lace cap ; but neither by day nor by night did the pain leave her, nor did her mind cease its active working.

She had always been a thinking woman, and she seized upon any idea presented to her and worked it out to its conclusion. Seeing that life, therefore, was to be with her a matter of but a little time, she began to reflect upon the chaotic and unknown future. She asked herself if she had ever practised or even seen any religion. She was forced to acknowledge she had not. She belonged to a church-going community, but church was simply a place to show off horses and carriages and clothes, and to gossip. She remembered that some of the bitterest quarrels she had ever known had occurred in the grove that surrounded Petsworth Church, where the people assembled every Sunday to exchange greetings. Mr. Steptoe was an honest, well-meaning man ; Mrs. Weston did not think his spiritual ministrations impaired by the fact that he never missed a meeting at Foxtown race-course, where he strode about the quarter stretch with his hands in his pockets, nor by the matches he slyly arranged between his thunder-bolts, as he called his own fighting-cocks, and those of the tavern-keeper in the village. But in all those years she could not recall one single gleam of light that he had thrown upon the mystery called religion. She herself had given great scandal by her practice of playing upon the piano on Sunday ; but the people who denounced her had no scruples about making Sunday the busiest day in the week for their cooks and scullions and hostlers. She tried to divest herself of her belief in the immortality of the soul. She wished, but she could not. Something, like that which inspired the philosophers of old, rose within her to affirm that there was an unquenchable spark in every human soul.

Her condition was truly pitiable. She would ask no counsel of any one, but, lying in her bed at night, or on her sofa by day, with that remorseless pain devouring her, she pondered over her past and her future. Of a Supreme Being and an implacable justice she was well convinced ; and, after thinking over her whole life, she began to fear greatly. She went back to her early years,—to her conduct towards her father and her mother,—towards her husband,—towards the Chevalier Vaughan, even,—towards her children. All these things returned to her like scorpions.

She was an acute but not a just woman. She forgot, in her stern judgment, that she had not been a bad wife, nor even an actively bad mother, because Algy's timorous nature and small brain would have landed him just where he was in any event. She forgot that she had been an indulgent mistress, a generous neighbor: she forgot a good deal that was in her own favor.

After a while the pretty invalidism came to an end. She went upstairs now, and seldom came down. Occasionally Henry Weston would bring her down in his arms and she would take a little airing in the carriage. Once she insisted that no one should accompany her but the faithful old Keziah, who was twenty years older than her mistress, but as hale as ever she was in her life. She had the carriage stopped at Petsworth Church, and, leaning upon Keziah's arm, she crept like a wounded thing to the Chevalier Vaughan's grave. It was quite green now. Yes, she had slain him. But for her, he would have married; he would be now living, with sons and daughters around him. His life, except where she had marred it, had been singularly blameless. She knelt down and repeated, mechanically, some form of prayer, in which she had little belief and less confidence. Keziah almost had to carry her back to the carriage.

She began to count the weeks, the days,—soon the hours,—between her and the eternal brink. An invisible hand beckoned her onward to everlasting darkness, and she followed with unwilling feet. Toinette now had come home. Algy and Maria were there daily. Henry Weston and Anne were unceasing in their attention. Dr. Peyton spent every hour he could spare—many when his conscience called him elsewhere—at the house. Yet she did not wish them about her. Their faces, in spite of their self-control, told her too plainly how near was the end. They sat in the little anteroom, and she lay in her bed in her own large pleasant room, with Keziah sitting by her.

"Keziah, is it day or night?"

"'Tis mos' midnight, mistis."

"Tell them all to go to bed. Leave the door to the sitting-room open, that I can see they go. Anne sat up all last night, although I had expressly forbidden her."

They went out lingeringly.

"Now, Keziah, rub me. I wonder if in heaven there is anything better than the feeling of that hard old hand of yours, going up and down like a machine."

"Hi, mistis! In heaben dey's got a heap o' things better 'n dat,—de harps of gold, an' de golden slippers—"

"They are for the good, Keziah."

"Ain't nobody good where Gord A'mighty is," answered Keziah, with sturdy orthodoxy. "We all has got ter repent."

"But some people have never done any harm. There's Anne,—a good, high-minded, sensible creature ever since she was a child."

"Miss Anne she ain't fitten fur ter wash de feet o' de Lamb; an' she is a good 'ooman."

A long pause.

"Mistis," said Keziah, presently, "why don't you sen' fur Marse

Bev'ly Steptoe? He's a preacher. He kin tell you heap mo' 'bout heaben den I kin."

"Keziah, he doesn't know half as much about heaven as you do. You believe in the golden slippers as truly as I believe that God is mighty and revengeful and merciless."

She clung to Keziah with strange persistence. When Henry Weston would have watched by her, she said, with a ghostly touch of her old spirit,—

"I would rather have Keziah. You see, I've known her much longer than I have you."

The real comfort of Keziah was that to her she could speak freely; nothing startled or shocked her,—not even when Mrs. Weston, with solemn and unbelieving eyes, contradicted all that Keziah preached of the mercy and goodness of "de Lamb."

There was a brief respite from pain, and then the last hand-to-hand conflict began.

It lasted four days. In all that time Dr. Peyton never left her for more than an hour. She was past protesting then. In her paroxysms of pain she would seize Anne's strong young hands. "Oh, my child," she cried, "how good it feels to touch something young and healthy and painless!" Henry Weston wept over her. Keziah was always awake, always on the alert. The pain, great as it was, did not once distract Mrs. Weston's mind from the problem that she laboriously tried to solve. At last, when she had ceased to struggle, when the tide of life was running out fast, she beckoned to Keziah.

"Keziah," she whispered, "I know there is a God. If I could live over my life, it would be altogether different. I feel a strange hope, amid my fear, for the first time. What does it mean? Ask Anne. I have not strength to explain to her—what you know about my thoughts."

"I doan' want ter ask Miss Anne, ner nobody," answered Keziah. "Eben po' ole ign'unt Keziah know what dat means, mistis. Hit means dat Jesus Chris' done tole you Hisself all you has been cipherin' 'bout. He kin wuk mighty quick, mistis——"

But Dr. Peyton, who had held Mrs. Weston's pulse, laid it down quietly, and, turning away, covered his face. It was all over. Angela Weston's soul had gone

Sounding on its dim and perilous way.

THE END.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

THE wind blows over the fields of clover,
The wind blows over the fields of grain :
I hear it sighing, "Sweet Summer's dying.
Ah! how I wish she were young again!"

The flowers tender, on green stalks slender,
To all their neighbors these tidings tell :
"Our heads we're bending for Summer's ending;
We'll mourn the season we love so well!"

The birdies chatter of this grave matter,
Swinging high up in the walnut-tree.
Says one small fellow, with breast of yellow,
"Without dear Summer how dull 'twould be!"

The sun o'erhears them, and, as he hears them,
Says, in his mighty, powerful tone,
"Each season's beauty performs its duty :
So why love Summer, my friends, alone?"

The soft wind, sighing, is heard replying,
"In warmth I frolic, and rest, and play ;
But when it's snowing, then I'll be blowing,
And hard at work through the wintry day."

The timid flowers say, "All our powers,
When Summer's with us, are most complete.
We have good reason to love this season,
For we must perish at her retreat."

The lark and swallow sing, "We shall follow
Dear Summer southward, when she departs ;
For we remember that cold December
Would freeze our bodies and chill our hearts."

Then, all together, they say, "Warm weather,
O Sun, we cherish, and hold most dear.
So now we're grieving for Summer's leaving :
To us she's sweetest of all the year!"

A. W.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"SOME men are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." The most conspicuous example among these last was the late Edgar Allan Poe. It was my good—or bad—fortune to come in contact with this unfortunate gentleman in my twenty-first year. Here I must premise that I had met those who already knew him, and was to meet those who had known him before and after. I was scarcely twenty when Wiley & Putnam published "The Raven, and Other Poems." One of my very early friends after Bayard Taylor was Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, from whom I experienced nothing but personal kindness. I knew him before Poe died; was cognizant of his not unfriendly opinion of Poe; was obliged by him with the present of Poe's sonnet against Tuckerman ("Seldom we find, says Solomon Don Dunce"), and was on terms of boyish intimacy with Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood. Within a day or two after the death of Edgar Allan, I penned a copy of careless verses ("Miserrimus") which had more success than they deserved. I mention these facts to show that at this time I was not devoid of knowledge about the author of "The Raven." But before I go any farther in this direction I must retrace my rambling steps, and relate in as few words as possible my first and last acquaintance with this highly-gifted but ill-balanced man of genius.

A great reader from boyhood, I happened to come across a volume of indifferent verses, written by an English officer, who, if my memory may be trusted, was, or had been, in the service of the East India Company, and who, like others of his class, was tormented with the belief that he was a poet. He was evidently a descendant of the famous Person of Quality who figured among the wits of the time of Charles the Second; who was noted among the beaux of the more polished days of Queen Anne, where he was bantered with mock admiration by Pope and Swift; and who is not entirely unknown now, since he insists on besieging us with rondels, villanelles, and I know not what else in the shape of outworn fripperies. Well, this Major Richardson, true to the tradition that attached to his rank, went and wrote an "Ode to a Grecian Flute." It struck my fancy, ineffective as it was, for I was then under the spell of Keats. Yes, I was a poet also, and, since my master had written an "Ode on a Grecian Urn," I must needs write a companion-piece. Like all early writing, it was crude; but there was promise in it. I worked over it, made a copy of it, and sent it to the editor of the *Broadway Journal*, in which I hoped it might appear. A week or two passed, and, as it did not appear, I went to ascertain its fate. It was a hot afternoon in June, and, with the direction furnished me by the publisher, I sought the residence of Mr. Poe. He received me with the courtesy habitual with him when he was himself, and gave me to understand that my Ode would appear in the next number of his

journal. The next number appeared, but not my Ode. It was mentioned, however, in "Notices to Correspondents," and dismissed with the curt remark that the editor declined to publish it unless he could be assured of its authenticity.

Since penning the above lines, I have spent an hour or so in the spacious rooms of the Historical Society, the curator of which endeavored to help me to what I wanted, but with little effect. What he did find, however, was the following lines, which contain, so far as I remember, the first two mentions of my name by Poe. They appeared in the *Broadway Journal* of July, and are as follows:

"To the Author of the Lines on the *Grecian Flute*. We fear that we have mislaid the poem."

And a week later, this: "We doubt the originality of the *Grecian Flute*, for the reason that it is too good at some points to be so bad at others. Unless the author can reassure us, we decline it."

I was surprised; any one in my situation would have been surprised. Not write that immortal production!—why, I knew that I had composed it! I thought then, I thought afterwards, and I know now, that Poe was no critic. Of course I called within a few days to authenticate my trifle. It was a forenoon, and a very hot one, in July. I plodded down from the east side of the town, southwardly, westwardly, through Lewis Street, Division Street, and Chatham Street, until I reached Clinton Hall, on the southwest corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets. It was then past noon, and of course the potent editor of the *Broadway Journal* had gone out to his luncheon, with Briggs, or English, or some other Bohemian with whom he had not yet fallen out. "Not in, sir," ejaculated the fatuous publisher. I walked away, and cooled myself by wandering in and out of the Park, in that intolerable July afternoon. Returning with my thin blood at fever-heat, I was informed that Poe was in his *sanctum*. He was awakened either by myself or his publisher, and was in a very stormy mood. When summoned back to earth he was slumbering uneasily in a very easy chair. He was irascible, surly, and in his cups.

"Mr. Poe," I ventured to remark, meekly, "I saw you two or three weeks ago, and I read in your paper that you doubted my ability to write——"

"I know," he answered, starting up wildly. "You never wrote the Ode to which I lately referred. You never——" But the reader may imagine the rest of this unfortunate sentence. I was comminated, and threatened with condign personal chastisement. I left quickly, but was not, as I remember, downcast. On the contrary, I was complimented, flattered. The great American Critic had declared that I could not write what I *had* written. The thing was so good and so bad that if he had possessed the least critical insight he would have known that the stripling before him was the penman of the lines.

Do I blame Poe? The gods forbid! With a race of hardy New England sailors behind me, and behind him a stock of hard-drinking Marylanders, his father an inefficient player, and his mother a fairly good English actress and vocalist,—who am I, pray, that I should censure anybody? I remember here two or three thoughts of our

Master. One which Sir Walter liked so much, even in the mouth of Iago:

Tush, man, the wine she drinks is made of grapes.

Another, from "Hamlet:"

There's nothing good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.

And, best of all,

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

But before I go on, I must go back,—very far back. Born in Massachusetts, of good English and Scottish blood, as the name signifies, I always knew how to read; always hated hymns and pitied their writers; and, after many hardships, reached New York in my eleventh year. My first incentive to verse was Robert Burns; my second, the death of a sickly Methodist boy; my third, Keats. But before these came Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron. And the influence of Keats was greater than all in my nonage. I devoured "Endymion," of which I repeat by heart many glorious passages after more than forty years, and which I strove to imitate, as my dead-and-gone Ode will show, if I can ever recover it. This roundabout journey ought to bring me back to Poe, who was only at his best (as it seemed to me) in his smaller verses; who was *not* a critic; and who, like others whom I knew before, and have known since, and expect to know to the end, was constitutionally unveracious. He, and they, perhaps, were unconscious. At any rate, the infirmity was hereditary, and therefore unavoidable.

But to Poe, of whom I probably know all that is discoverable. A mathematician in his stories, which are marvels of ratiocination, he was a dunce respecting the lives of himself and his parents. He claimed to be a Southern writer, but he was ushered into the world, not in Richmond, not in Baltimore, but in Boston. He furnished Griswold with three dates of his birth, all supposititious, and the last impossible, in that his mother must have been dead two years! And so with all the fanciful facts of his too short life. But, to go back for the second or third time, I have known many men and women who knew Poe, casually or closely, and their combined recollections have agreed in the main with my own. He was not of the race of Chaucer, for he was not gracious, and was without honor; nor of the race of Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser. He was of a different, a lower race than Daniel, Drayton, Jonson, and Shakespeare; and was akin to the later dramatists. If the reader of this rambling paper doubts the correctness of this off-hand observation, he should, out of respect to Poe and myself, read, if he can, "Politian," which was absurdly ambitious.

Oblivious of what I may have said, but fully conscious of what I mean to say, Poe was a curious compound of the charlatan and the courtly gentleman; a mixture of Count Cagliostro, of Paracelsus,

who was wisely named Bombastes, and of Cornelius Agrippa,—the three beings intermoulded from the dust of Apollonius of Tyana and Elymas the Sorcerer. His first master in verse was Byron, in prose Charles Brockden Brown, and later Hawthorne. Most men are egoists; he was egotistical. His early poems are exquisite, his later ones are simply melodious madness. The parent of "Annabel Lee" was Mother Goose, who in this instance did *not* drop a golden egg. Always a plagiarist, he was always original. Like Moliere, whom he derided, he took his own wherever he found it. Without dramatic instinct, he persuaded himself (but no one else) that he was a dramatist. The proof of this assertion is his drama of "Politian," which was never ended, and which should never have been begun.

What did he look like? may be asked by the reader of this gossip paper. When I met him for the first time in the front parlor of the third story of the old house in East Broadway, he was dressed in black from head to foot, except of course that his linen was spotlessly white. I did not observe this at the time, though I recall it now, for the most noticeable things about him were his high forehead, dark hair, and sharp black eye. His cousin-wife, always an invalid, was lying on a bed between himself and me. She never stirred, but her mother came out from the back parlor, and was introduced to me by her courtly nephew.

"Your poem will appear, sir, next week."

Breathing a benediction upon the three, I stole down-stairs, and rambled slowly home. I saw Poe once again, and for the last time. It was a rainy afternoon, such as we have in our Novembers, and he stood under an awning waiting for the shower to pass over. My conviction was that I ought to offer him my umbrella and go home with him, but my conviction was a false one. I left him standing there, and there I see him still, and shall always,—poor, penniless, but proud, reliant, dominant. May the gods forgive me! I never can forgive myself.

Poe's constitutional inability to distinguish between veracity and unveracity has produced a plentiful harvest of imitators, who have carried, and still carry, invention into downright falsehood. That most of their falsehoods have been levelled against me, has never pained me, or pained me only for their sake. Mr. James Hannay, a sound-hearted but hot-headed Scot, honored me by comparing me to the curs of Constantinople, which are not admitted to the cemeteries where the followers of the Prophet slumber under the protection of their white turbans. Mr. Ingram and Mr. Rossetti have both, I believe, paid their common disrespects to me. Others among my own countrymen have expressed their ill opinion of me in books, in magazines, in newspapers; some manfully over their signatures, others under *noms de guerre*. These curs roam at large under the alleys of cypress where the shadow of Poe wandered with his more shadowy Psyche.

When Poe had ruined the *Broadway Journal*, as he would have ruined the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and as he at last succeeded in ruining his own life, he began—as we all remember, or ought to—a series of papers on "The Literati" in *Godey's Lady's Book*. Hercules at the feet of Omphale never twirled from her distaff such flimsy threads, as

this needy poet with two sickly women on his lap. He praised everybody whom he liked, and dispraised all who, he fancied, did not like him. He was generous to Bayard Taylor, who deserved all the good words bestowed upon his magnificent verse: he was more than generous to the gentlewomen whom he, his wife, or his aunt loved and admired; notably so to Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Oakes Smith, and others of the tune-ful sisterhood. But he was mean, he was stingy, he was parsimonious in the scanty words which he doled out to Bryant, to Lowell, to Longfellow; while to Hawthorne, his greatest master, he was miserly in the extreme. And he believed himself to be a critic. So, also, did Iago.

Like that of most men of talents, and all men of genius, the earliest work of Poe was his best. This truth was contradicted by the first works of Shakespeare, which were wrought out painfully, but proven by the early sonnets of Milton, which are still unsurpassed, and gloriously so by "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." The balance trembles in this scale in which posterity has weighed most earlier and all later British poets. But with regard to Poe there was no doubt. The lines to "Helen," "Fairy-Land,"—in short, all his first songs,—are perfection; containing and embracing

The glory which was Greece,
And the grandeur which was Rome.

Several years ago I undertook to write an accurate memoir of our most subtle writer of psychological tales, and the most melodious of our lyrista. To fit myself for this task, I consulted the *Southern Literary Messenger*. I read, by the help of Griswold, the juvenilia of Poe, of which I knew a little, but not enough. I found his first story, his first poem, and later on the versicles which he wrote and re-wrote, over and over again, selling them each time as the latest effusions of his pen. His invention was boundless, his execution limited, scanty, and sparse. He repeated himself thrice in his lines "To F. S. O.," and bettered them each time. It was the same with his stories, which he repeated many times, over and under many pen-names. This strange fact was known to his foes, and his friends, who conceded it, his friends being his worst foes, and his worst foes the kindest of his few friends. But I have, or ought to have, noted these before in my casual jottings down for a biography of Poe. Griswold, who was greatly maligned, was the life-long friend of Edgar Allan. He loaned him moneys when he could ill afford to lose them, yet to loan was to lose, with Poe. Another friend was Horace Greeley; others were Chas. F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), Thomas Dunn English (whom Poe bitterly but cleverly maligned), George R. Graham, L. A. Godey, John Sartain, Mrs. Kirkland; all men and women most kindly disposed towards this unkindly person, who loved no one, not even himself, his wife, nor the devoted mother of both; who might have said more truly than Timon,—

I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.

That Griswold was not the enemy of Poe was demonstrated by the fact that he collected and edited his verse and prose for nothing. The

papers, if they are still extant, of the late Mr. J. S. Redfield, prove this, as well as the testimony of Mr. J. C. Derby, Mr. Cornelius Mathews, Mr. John Sartain, and other common friends of all. But about the last days of Poe, and his journey to and from Richmond,—on these points I have many authentic missives, which have been carefully preserved in the identical envelopes wherein their communications reached me. To these memoranda (should I discover any serious blunders) I shall refer when this tortuous scribblement returns to me in type. Let me say here that "The Bells" was sold thrice, and paid for every time; that "Annabel Lee" was sold twice, and was printed by Griswold before it could appear either in *Sartain's Magazine* or in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and when it possessed no literary value whatever. The files of the *Tribune* for October or November, 1845, will show this, as well as my own poor verse, for which I did not receive either a penny or the doubtful compliment of the editor's "thanks." But I had one friend there,—Bayard Taylor.

Thirty years ago I was living in Brooklyn, where I met—not, I think, for the first time—a lady of that city, who wrote what she considered poetry, of which she had published two or three pretentious volumes. She was the heroine of Poe's sonnet "Seldom we find," wherein the initials of her name were cleverly concealed, in a sliding downward scale. This stellar scintillation whose twinkles have been extinguished, had one of her books illustrated by good artists, and her portrait painted by the best-known artist of forty years ago, which portrait faced the title-page of one of her great booklets, with, I imagine, a specimen of her ragged penmanship.

I called by invitation one evening at the domicile of this songstress, who met me and my wife attired in a low-necked dress of flaming crimson tarlatan, and with dishevelled ringlets of the kind that once were called golden. She began her disjointed chat with the remark, "I am but a child," which certainly she was not (if she had ever been!), and introduced her husband, who was playing cards in his dressing-gown, and unslipped. He was a good fellow, as I suppose, but he did not pretend to be a boy, though he was less elderly than his bedizened worser half. Turning from these modern antiques of the Wardour Street pattern, we were introduced to Mrs. Clemm, who for business purposes all round was the guest of this clever couple. She was less elderly than I had expected, and was clad in black bombazine, with the regulation widow's cap and white frills. She began by assuring me that she had often heard her Eddie speak of me (which I doubted); and she also declared solemnly that she had often heard the convenient Eddie speak of the stripling who accompanied me (which was an impossibility). She gravely regretted to the pair of us her inability to supply any more autographs of her darling, but stated that she managed to manufacture them, since she could perfectly imitate his chirography. And all this as though it redounded to her credit! Then she glanced back, and told me of the long winter nights in which he had made her walk up and down on the little porch of their cottage at Fordham, until her teeth chattered and she was nearly frozen. Her dear Eddie was a trifle inconsiderate. But up-stairs, just over where

we listened to the old dame's prattle, was the study of her hostess,—a small room, with a barred wicket, and I have no doubt many passwords. Inside there was a large blackboard, whereon were inscribed in the whitest of chalk the inspirations of this gifted creature, in two or three languages and several dialects. Among those which I happen to recollect were such Orphic utterances as "Sic transit gloria," "Lasciate speranza voi che entrate," "Eurekem tokalos," "Quoth the Raven, Nevermore." It was thus that singers were shapen thirty years ago!

But "Eddie" was more than inconsiderate—he was dishonest—in his treatment of this patroness, who paid him one hundred dollars to review one of her books, and who, on his neglecting to do so, very naturally complained of him. He did not deny her charges, but simply remarked that if he reviewed her rubbish it would kill him. Nevertheless he did review it in the *Southern Literary Messenger* and in *Graham's Magazine*, sending his notes to Bayard Taylor with the request that he would insert as his own production. I had, before I lost it or gave it away, the note in which he made this preposterous request, which was of course complied with, and the tuneful soul of his gushing friend was thus propitiated. So unscrupulous at this period was the needy nature of Edgar Allan Poe. All this came back to me that cool summer night in Brooklyn, when in the shabby back parlor of that ill-conditioned house I hearkened to the mendacious prattle of the forlorn old woman who loved her poor little daughter and the dead child's dead husband so well. Meanwhile the card-playing went on, with the strumming of an untuned piano somewhere, the jangle of a hurdy-gurdy, whiffs of stale tobacco, and last, but this may be fancy, the clangor of fire-bells several squares away. Home under the glimmer of summer stars; and so to bed, and dreams.

That Griswold meant to be just to Poe, and that, telling much about him and his affairs with questionable discretion now and then perhaps, he intended to deal kindly by him, was believed by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Clemm, Miss Lynch, and other gentlewomen who knew both; and was certain to Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Graham, Mr. Willis, Mr. Taylor, and other men who were capable of taking the measure of both. If he intimated too much, he withheld more. Let me pattern after him in this last particular. Wherever Poe went, he was pursued like Actæon by his own hounds. A spoiled child with the Allans in Richmond and England, a gambling student at Charlottesville, a riotous, dram-drinking cadet at West Point, a penniless soldier in Boston, he was the victim of heredity. Griswold was on the right track when he asserted that Poe enlisted as a soldier after his expulsion from West Point, and was later a deserter, but he was at fault in regard to the period of Poe's enlistment, and erroneous in regard to his alleged desertion, which was mythical. It remained for Mr. Woodberry to recover the clue which enables us to traverse this maze nearly sixty years after its construction, and a clever piece of detective work it was, but not original with him,—whatever may have been his belief,—for it had been employed by the relatives of Coleridge in tracing that young poet, who enlisted in a company of horse, under a feigned name in which his

baptismal and family initials were preserved,—a service which was remembered by the boyish author of "Tamerlane." The worst of his trouble began with his discharge, was continued in Baltimore, and terminated for the moment in Richmond; three episodes in his unfortunate career, which have been variously narrated from the time of Griswold down to the present day, but by no one so correctly as Mr. Woodberry. They are so well known that I pass over them without a remark. We are tolerably familiar with Poe's first residence in New York, whither he went for the purpose of publishing "Arthur Gordon Pym," with his subsequent residence in Philadelphia, and his connection there with Burton, Graham, and Griswold, and his return to New York, his squabble with Briggs, Watson, and English, and his flitting thence to Fordham, and thence through Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Richmond, and his fatal journey to his cottage in sight of Long Bridge,—the poor but cosy little home which he was destined to see no more. All this has been told, over and over, with what else happened or was supposed to have happened to Poe during the last days and hours of his wild and disorderly life. I was, I believe, the first to make public the last scene in this strange, eventful history. I received the particulars after the appearance of the paper in *Harper's Magazine* sixteen years ago, and in consequence of that imperfect paper, my chief authority being Mr. Nelson Poe, a surviving cousin of the dead poet, an elderly lady of Richmond who played with him in his boyhood, and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence. At a later date I came into the possession of certain letters of Poe to Mr. F. W. Thomas, a forgotten novelist, and the replies of Mr. Thomas to these letters, which were painful reading.

Many trials have been made in Europe and America to refine and clarify the brilliant qualities of Poe, but none that can be considered entirely successful. Distinguished in verse and prose, he had many masters in the first, and but two, or at most three, in the last. To those who are familiar with the three early versions of "Tamerlane," his first masters were Coleridge, Scott, and Byron, whose style and manner were caught and exhibited throughout these juvenilia. There is no need to insist upon this open secret, which everywhere betrays itself. Poe's prose masters were Brown, whose master was Godwin, and Hawthorne, whose masters were both, to which we should probably add a third in the person of the German Hoffmann, whose sources of inspiration were music and wine. It is not likely he would have admitted his obligation to either, for he preferred above all things to be original; but his indebtedness was too great to be cancelled by his own unsupported testimony. But whoever were his masters is a matter of no consequence, since the pupil sometimes bettered their instruction. There is a parade of erudition in his writing, but one need not be a scholar to perceive that his reading was superficial. He had a few pet citations which he wore threadbare. He insisted upon being regarded as a critic; but in the sense that Arnold and Sainte-Beuve are critics, his pretensions are feeble. He was a sure judge of the Beautiful in verse, but, except at rare intervals, mostly in his early lyrics, he never attained it. The most that he captured was a mild loveliness, a pale melancholy, the

hectic bloom of decay, whose effacing fingers were sweeping away the lines of Beauty.

He was at his worst in lyrics over shadowy women, such as Tennyson sang about in his first book,—Lenores, Annabel Lees, and Ulalumes. His perception of the pathetic was sure, but he failed to distinguish the difference between the terrible and the horrible. "Morella," found early in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, is repulsive, but not so much so as "The Case of M. Valdemar," which is sickening. "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Ligeia" are gloriously imaginative. Most of his tales, which are fairly described by himself as grotesque and arabesque, and nearly all his poems, were the outgrowth of morbid fancies and diseased hallucinations,—apparitions which surrounded him in his hours of despondency,—spectres which haunted him in his seasons of madness,—were-wolves, ghouls, vampires. Begotten in *mania a potu*, they were born in the sobriety and sanity of this singular man.

R. H. Stoddard.

SONG.

SWIFT as an arrow be thy flight, O Song!
Swift as an arrow, as an arrow strong.

Forth from thy covert! Angel of Relief!
Barbed with my fury, feathered with my grief!

Weakness thy goal be, and despair thy food:
The sweat of bondage and the tears of blood.

Strike where thou canst the serpent and his breed,
Fix in his head and fester in his seed.

Sting with defeat; with flames of victory fill
A sullen anger and a vanquished will.

Darkness shall fail, and falsehood from its force
Fall like the fountain weakened at its source.

Speed then, Bright Swiftness!—and when thy master's dead,
The bow that sent thee, and the hand that sped,

Betray no word of him, no thought betray!
If weakness blast, or darkness blind his day.

This, this alone be known,—that Thou art sent
To man, from man, for man's encouragement!

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

LITERARY SOCIETY AS SHE WAS SEEN.

Apologue à la Kriloff.

GENTLE reader, did you ever see a cat in a pawnbroker's window? Old clothes tickle her ears, odd boots frame in her charms, and dilapidated hats form a bulwark for her virtue.

She does not, however, allow herself to be compromised by her surroundings.

Possessed of the *aplomb* peculiar to her race, she gazes upon the passers-by with the air of a feline La Bruyère, a La Rochefoucauld, and a Francis Quarles.

Her innocent yet wide-open golden eyes match the three golden balls over the door, and her secretive frankness of aspect is worthy of the Medici family.

What this cat doesn't know is really not worth knowing, and, although she sticks to the pawnbroking business because there's money in it, she considers that the pawnbroking business was made for her, and not she for the pawnbroking business!

I was born a literary woman! I wrote almost as soon as I could read, which period antedates my memory. At the age of ten I composed tales for the edification of my family and definitely made up my mind to be an old maid and write for the *Atlantic Monthly*. At fourteen I was a paid contributor to *Our Young Folks*. At sixteen I published sketches of European travel in *Appletons' Journal*, being well remunerated for them. At seventeen I wrote an heroic drama in blank verse, having for its subject the many trials of "Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus." At eighteen my first article in *Lippincott's Magazine* was published, and I received forty dollars for it, which made me dance with glee.

My sketches of Venetian life which appeared in *Appletons' Journal* attracted favorable attention on all sides. The editor of the magazine, one of the best literary critics in the country and noted for his benevolence to young writers, said many kind things concerning my work; and it was this which clinched my determination to adopt literature as a profession.

I grew up at Venice, Italy, training myself day by day, week by week, for the profession I had chosen. There was another reason for my close application to literary pursuits. I was a dowerless maiden. My mother gave me fair warning that if the "invisible prince" didn't come along in a very short time I'd have to go to work, and if I worked I'd have to go back to America by myself to do it, because, as she very properly remarked, she did not take kindly to literary spinsters as objects of home-decoration. I knew perfectly well that the "invisible prince" would not come along, for the simple reason that Italian

princes do not marry American girls without dowries. I dare say that, in the course of time, by dint of manœuvring and scheming, I might have managed to marry a poor but virtuous American art-student, or the sort of American young man who has something the matter with his brain or his stomach, or one of the kind that live by their wits as parasites on rich women and call it art and literature, or a choice example of the species whose family has shipped it to Europe to keep it out of state's-prison or the gin-mill!

Marriage, regarded as a means of livelihood for poor young ladies, has never particularly commended itself to my independent soul. The blood which runs in my veins is the same that helped to make the American Declaration of Independence an accepted fact among the nations; and in my case it crops out in Female Emancipation.

The position of young women in Europe, even American girls, is pretty low down. Although I had become somewhat poor-spirited and submissive through the discipline of an aristocratic social system, where everybody kow-towed to everybody else and no woman dared say she had a soul of her own unless some other woman gave her permission, I still had enough native Yankee self-assertiveness left to unite with my acquired Italian subtlety and float me safely down the flood of Venetian "teas" into the haven of New York professional literature.

In order to encourage the young, I shall here state that I had earned my own pocket-money and most of my frocks by my writing from the time I was fourteen years old. I paid my own passage to America with money earned on *Appletons' Journal*. I knew that I would have to begin to foot my own board-bill from the week I landed on my native shores. With the ignorance and insouciance of youth, I did not then appreciate the gravity of the situation.

My mother's parting gift to me was her second-best gold bracelets and her four-hundred-dollar camel's-hair shawl. The first had been sported by me upon state occasions; and when she handed them to me in company with my grandmamma's Geneva watch, she remarked, cynically, "As long as you hold on to these you'll always have something to 'pop'!" Alas! bracelets and watch were long ago stolen from me, and now I have nothing to "pop"! At the last moment I invited my mother to accompany me to America, but she thanked me politely, remarked that she'd had enough of the United States in former years, and said that she claimed the privilege of spending the rest of her life in a decent country, considering the Lido preferable to Greenwood Cemetery as an ultimate place of rest. Her farewell charge to me, after the manner of old Polonius, ran thus:

"You *must* go, because I can't support you any longer. You have had a good European education, which you ought to be able to turn to account in America. You are well fitted for the 'literary career' you've always wanted. Now you've got your 'literary career,' and you ought to be happy. But, for your own sake, you'd better not say much about writing for money or getting your own living, for if you do, you'll certainly be called a PERSON!"

It had already been noised about the snobby Anglo-American society in which I moved at Venice, that I was writing for money,—yes,

actually writing for money! The British nose had begun to go up. There was one nose in particular that went up uncommon high. It was that of an amateur female artist. Retributive justice has, however, now overtaken her. At last accounts, she was supporting her husband by painting portraits. The Glasgow Bank was a humble instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to chasten the British Matron. It takes a good deal to chasten her, but she got it that time.

The first money I received after reaching the land of my birth was the sum of fifty dollars from *Lippincott's Magazine*, for a paper on the *fiesta* of San Antonio at Padua. With this did I pay my board-bill for a month ahead, in a co-operative household of elderly ladies, one of whom was a cousin of my own, to whose care I had been consigned.

By judiciously appealing to the sympathies of this kind-hearted though painfully high-principled old lady, I succeeded in getting her to take dear mamma's camel's-hair off my hands for two hundred dollars. (She had two of her own, and she only bought it out of charity.) I used one hundred dollars to pay the rapidly accumulating board-bill in advance, and, with the reckless generosity of youth, sent back one hundred to my mother. You see, in common with other emigrants, I thought the streets of America were paved with gold, and that I would presently be earning at least five thousand a year by my pen. I have always boasted, in my capacity of a self-made woman, that my mother's camel's-hair shawl was to me what his mouse-trap was to that eminent financier, Mr. Bay Hould.

My ancient chaperon-cousin and myself presently began to disagree in small matters. We were both endowed with the uncompromising New England disposition, and the very fastidious old lady sniffed at the British aristocracy because the female members of it went to church in colored petticoats, while I snubbed the missionaries and theological students who endeavored to make evening calls upon me at her instigation. I also refused to attend either the Presbyterian church or the Dutch Reformed, on the ground that I was not a "Dissenter." My mysterious foreign reserve and elaborate Italian manners nearly drove her wild, and I am sure she felt as though she were nursing a youthful tarantula. On my side, I regarded my venerable relative, in my cold-blooded, literary way, simply as a magnificent American type. Besides, I was too well fed; my Bohemian-Venetian stomach couldn't stand so many square meals. I felt that I was growing sluggish and lazy and required a course of starvation to keep me from becoming a fat American *bourgeoise*, taking an interest in church sociables and young people's prayer-meetings. I informed this dear old lady upon various occasions that I was a Bohemian!

"A Bohemian?" gasped my cousin, as she sat bolt upright on her chair, knitting one of those vile pseudo-Smyrna rugs which belong to the decalomania-ginger-jar period of American artistic development. "A Bohemian! Dog's nose! What's a Bohemian?"

"A Bohemian," I replied, promptly, from the sofa on which I was stretched at full length, complacently contemplating my first pair of really high heels, "is a person who paints or writes, who never has anything to eat and not much to wear."

"Cat's foot!" shrieked my aged relative. "I don't want any of that kind where I am! Don't you bring any of your Bohemians to *this* house, if you please!"

No Irish need apply!

At that period of my existence I modelled my style of conversation and general views of life upon the works of one distinguished Frenchman, named Henri Murger,—of course within strictly moral, feminine limits. I lost no opportunity of flying the Bohemian banner. I considered that I had a mission to rescue the entire American nation from the slough of Philistinism into which it had fallen.

At last the supreme moment approached when I was to make my entrance into New York literary society. I felt that my life had culminated. Since early youth I had yearned to join that glorious band of almost disembodied spirits who kept the sacred fire of the American creative intellect forever burning by their reverent ministrations.

At the mature age of ten I knew my Ralph Waldo Emerson by heart and had wept in secret over the sad fate of the divine Margaret Fuller Ossoli. For years I had carried my baked-bean transcendentalism enshrined in my breast as a protection against the many temptations and frivolities of the court-circles of effete Europe! "Ralph, this is poetry; Margaret, this is religion," was to me but a faint foreshadowing of the mystic, significant, and pregnant utterances which were about to issue in my presence from the pale, ascetic, hallowed lips of the elect of letters.

I made my first appearance in New York intellectual society at one of the best literary houses, introduced and chaperoned by the wife of a well-known author, at an afternoon reception given for herself and her husband. I had formed the acquaintance of these charming people in Europe. They were everything that was kind and delightful, but they were possessed of that delicious, Arcadian, New England, middle-aged innocence which produced Brook Farm, the Concord school of philosophy, and reformed underwear.

With a mingling of awe and satisfaction did I array myself for this auspicious occasion in an Anglo-Venetian costume, such as I would have gone to a tea-party in at the city of the lagunes. It consisted of a black cashmere and velvet skirt and a pale-blue cashmere coat, bordered with white fur, wide Valenciennes lace at throat and wrists, and dear mamma's gold bracelets. I had imitated my coat from one worn by the fascinating author of "Kismet," for whom I had always cherished a sneaking admiration, such as a small dog feels for a large one, because she was so awfully emancipated and actually went out alone in a gondola with a young man! She belonged to the civil war period of American girlhood, when chaperons were unknown. Thus she sometimes required to be "explained," as it were.

At this time I was somewhat conceited. It was not, however, personal conceit. It was simply that I was impressed with the dignity and glory of my calling as a writer for the magazines. I also looked upon all Americans, except such as wrote books or painted pictures, as "scrubs," "Philistines," and "*bourgeois*." I scornfully alluded to the prosperous merchants of New York as "millionaire shopkeepers."

Thus panoplied in youth, verdancy, and self-confidence, behold me about to sally forth to confront the American Dowager!

I think, on the whole, that the American Dowager is a trifle worse than the British Matron. The B. M. is kept down by caste and the existence of an acknowledged standard of class-breeding. She's afraid of the queen, too. The A. D., on the other hand, reminds one of an aggressive cow-buffalo hooking other cow-buffaloes, on the boundless plains of the untrammelled West. She is responsible to no one save her Maker,—who might have done himself a little more credit with his handiwork.

I was one of the young ladies who were to "receive," you know. I may say that I not only received but I was received! The reception had hardly begun, when my chaperon called me up and introduced me to a pompous, disagreeable sort of elderly man, as a young lady who was going in for a literary career. I offered to shake hands with him, after the manner of the Venetian tea-parties, where everybody shook hands with everybody else upon the slightest provocation. He stared superciliously at my offered hand, and looked me over from head to foot, but finally took it.

It so happened that my mother and myself had run across this worthy gentleman and his niece one day in the course of our travels. I asked him if he remembered two ladies whom he had met at a certain place in Germany. He replied grimly that he remembered two PERSONS.

Dear me! I had received my prophesied social accolade! I had been called a PERSON! My only comfort was that dear mamma had been included in the offensive nomenclature. This was what came of copying the style of dress affected by the British aristocracy!

Inexperienced as I was in American social warfare, I had the sense to turn my youthful back upon this unpleasant old party and walk off to a seat. I had scarcely recovered from the shock of being called a PERSON when my chaperon beckoned to me. I responded with meek docility, after the European *jeune fille* manner, and, before I knew what was going on, I found myself at the top of the room and I was again being introduced as a young lady who was going in for a literary career, to a crowd of women who pressed around me.

Such women! Such hard-faced, vicious, malignant women! And such eyes! That battery of eyes still seems to beat full upon me! I instinctively made the sign which in Italy wards off the "evil eye," for I was frightened almost to death. But I heroically smiled the polite smile of European breeding and offered to shake hands with every one. I dare say my smile was like a red rag to a cow! I had not then learned that, in America, it is not swell to smile, and that an amiable manner is regarded as a mark of social inferiority.

A couple of old women opened the ball by peering at me through their eye-glasses, almost touching my face with theirs.

"Middle-class!" ejaculated one, in a loud voice. (I a *bourgeoise*,—just fancy!)

The other nodded assent. "Low!" was her comment.

Then the bombs began to fly!

"Common!" spat one old girl.

"Vulgar!" quoth a somewhat younger dame.

"Underbred!" remarked a third.

"Do you write for money?" catechised a wanton-looking girl.

"Yes, of course I do," I replied, proudly. "That's what I've come to America for. I'm going to earn my own living. And I'm a Bohemian!"

"A Bohemian!" A murmur of horror ran around the changing circle of femininity.

"Adventuress!" was the next complimentary name applied to me. It came from the saintly lips of old age.

"She's going to earn her own living!" said one sweet creature to another. "Then she doesn't belong here. She's out of place. The Young Woman's Christian Association is her sphere."

"Beautiful lace she wears," remarked one impertinent old thing, examining my wristlets as if I had been a milliner's dummy. "Probably she doesn't know the value of it. Wonder where she got it!"

"Stole it!" snapped out her nearest neighbor, glaring at me.

I flushed with indignation. At that moment a girl stepped up to me and deliberately ran her forefinger hard across my cheek from my eyes down to my jawbone, looking me full in the face with an impudent leer. I suppose she wanted to find out whether I was painted or not.

Up to this time, I had kept my feelings under control. I had concealed my grief, horror, and amazement under a mask of smiles. But this last stroke was too much. I fairly quivered with physical disgust. Then I began to cry. The tears ran down my cheeks before I could fish out my pocket-handkerchief.

A grand howl went up from my circle of tormentors. "Insane! She's insane! She ought to be shut up!"

I was still more frightened than before. I began to dread bodily harm as well as verbal insult. I continued to sob and wipe my eyes, but I tried to force a smile, because I thought "society" expected it of me. A little cad who had the "cut" of a medical student was brought up to diagnose my case, and I heard the woman who fetched him ask if he did not consider me insane, to which question he nodded his head affirmatively. Several bold-looking females came up to gaze at the supposed lunatic with the eyes of she-devils, and asked me to call on them. One woman, in particular, informed me that she considered me insane, asked me if I wouldn't like to go into a retreat at her expense, and said if I'd call on her the next day she'd make arrangements for me.

By this time I had recovered my *aplomb*. So I thanked her politely with my sweet Venetian smile and courteous bow, as if she had asked me to dinner. She looked puzzled, as well she might, for I was now only laughing in my sleeve at this naive display of female jealousy.

But had I been the precious little idiot that my desire to see the world and my neurotic temperament made me appear, and had called on these unscrupulous women as they requested me to do, I should probably have met with the fate of Marion in "Aurora Leigh." I

could see that they were just dying to get me in their clutches. And yet this, you know, was one of the best literary houses in New York.

I must here remark that although I seemed and was awfully frightened, on the emotional side of my nature, the literary side of me was absorbed in studying the social conditions into which I had been flung, with an eye to gathering experience and serving it all up in print. I love to practise the doctrine of non-resistance, because it makes people expose their vices for my benefit as a literary person. When I found that those dreadful females were inclined to bully me, I afforded them every opportunity for so doing. You see, they thought I was a poor young foreigner whom they could insult with impunity. They made a slight mistake. They struck a native Yankee and an incipient social reformer.

The crowd swept on and left me, evidently thinking the fun was over. While I stood there alone, looking dreamy and abstracted, a young woman whose face I shall never forget, for she had the eyes of a professional criminal, rose from her seat, smiling at me to throw me off my guard, approached me, and deliberately attempted to steal the lace off my right wrist. Happily, it was securely fastened in, and I was fully aware of the fact. Therefore I could afford to smile at her sweetly, which I did, and she returned to her seat with a baffled look. She probably realized that I was not such a fool as I appeared.

And so this was literary society! These were the beauteous Burne-Jones beings with whom I had dreamt of dwelling in sweet communion! They were skinny enough to be the works of B. J., certainly, but they were on a somewhat lower moral plane.

My illusions vanished forever. I went home and wept,—not so much over the personal abuse I had received as over the shattering of my cherished idols. I, the social “pet” of Venice, who had not been thought unworthy to meet ambassadors, and who had been often taken out by Queen Marguerite’s own maid of honor, to be snubbed and insulted by a lot of miserable New York women because I was too proud to pretend to be anything but what I was,—a girl who meant to use her clever pen to get herself an honest living!

The late Ralph Waldo Emerson always said that a man of the world should call his occupation by its lowest name and thus disarm evil tongues. But the late R. W. E. was an unsophisticated old Yankee. A course of New York social sprouts would have done the philosopher of Concord lots of good.

Thanks awfully, but I don’t visit at literary houses.

Charlotte Adams.

SYMPATHY.

A THROBBING wail of song,
A lorn bird mourned his mate :
I wept and I listened long,—
Something had shared my fate!

Curtis Hall.

THE CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

[The following letter was written by Parke Poindexter, then a lawyer in Philadelphia and a member of a military company at Harper's Ferry, who afterwards rose to be a colonel in the Confederate army and was killed in battle. His sister, Mrs. Eliza C. Perkins, to whom the letter was addressed, still resides in Pulaski City, Virginia.]

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, December 7, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Your kind letters were received, and I would have answered them before this time, but for my absence from the city. I have just returned from Charlestown, having reached this city last Sunday at three o'clock P.M., after an absence of a little more than two weeks.

I suppose you have heard of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. I was there with Company F of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers. The night we started for the Ferry was the regular drill-night of the company, and some sixty or seventy of the men had assembled fully equipped for inspection, as it was the last drill-night before the 19th October, the celebration of Yorktown. They had barely assembled, when an order from Governor Wise arrived that we should immediately repair to Harper's Ferry, and in ten minutes after the order was received we were upon the cars of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad Company. It being dark, several of the men left the ranks as we marched from the drill-room to the dépôt, and when we reached the creek and the roll was called on the boat and the men mustered into service, only sixty-three responded to their names out of eighty-seven. Fourteen came on the next morning with the regiment, which proceeded no farther than Washington City. When we reached Washington City, we heard the most unfavorable news possible,—that the insurgents numbered some eight hundred or one thousand, that they had retaken the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, and that they were then engaged in pulling up the railroad track at different points. We heard also that we would probably have to march some eight or ten miles on foot before reaching the Ferry. We were very much fatigued, having travelled all night, without sleep, and marched through the rain and mud in the night for two and a half miles, from the boat-landing at Washington to the dépôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We found all the volunteers and regular soldiers at Washington on duty patrolling the city, as well as the police-force of some one hundred men, expecting an attack upon the city of Washington.

At Washington we were joined by another company of volunteers, from Alexandria. After getting some refreshments, we started in the train for the Relay House, where we arrived about seven o'clock A.M. I had no appetite, and did not try to eat. It was still raining, and cold. Ammunition was distributed among the men, and we started for the Ferry, upon the Covington and Ohio Railroad, as rapidly as their swift engines could draw us. The people all along the road were

in a great state of excitement. Men, women, and children cheered vociferously, waving their handkerchiefs, as the train bore on our splendid company at almost lightning speed. After travelling for two hours, we began to near the infected country, and the men prepared for an attack. About three hours after we had started, the train suddenly stopped, and it was announced that the insurgents had pulled up the track and that we could progress no farther. The men sprang to their feet ready to leave the train. The alarm turned out to be incorrect, and in this state of excitement we dashed on, meeting at every cross-road excited and alarmed crowds of country-people, until we got within three or four miles of Harper's Ferry, when we met a down-train, which informed us that the insurgents had been captured and the insurrection subdued. The engine-house, in which the insurgents took refuge, had been stormed about three hours before we reached the Ferry. The prisoners, old John Brown and his living confederates, had been secured and placed under a strong guard of the marines; but the dead, dying, and wounded were still lying upon the streets and in the engine-house, where they had been shot down.

The United States troops were drawn up within the government grounds, and the volunteers on the outside. The citizens, not being allowed to interfere with the soldiery, were assembled at a distance in large crowds. Our company, with Governor Wise at their head, were marched into the public grounds in front of the house, where the prisoners were confined. After remaining there for about two hours, we were taken off to dinner, and did no more duty. I went around and saw all of the prisoners, and the dead and the dying, as they lay upon the streets and in the engine-house, where they had been killed and wounded. The most of them whom I saw had been killed. Those of the wounded whom the surgeons supposed to be mortally so were permitted to remain without sympathy or medical relief; the rest were taken into the hospital, where their wounds were dressed.

Late in the evening a wagon was driven around, and the dead insurgents were pitched into it, whites and negroes together, and carried off to be buried. One of old Brown's sons was shot dead, while carrying a flag of truce, at the same time that the prisoner Stephens was so badly wounded. The other was shot while in the engine-house, and died the night after the storming of the engine-house, having been shot as well as run through with the bayonet. He was a tall, handsome man, about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and I could not help feeling sorry for him. He suffered such excruciating pain from his wounds that before he died he seemed to have grown to be an old man.

I returned from Harper's Ferry the 19th of October, and went immediately to Chesterfield Circuit Court. . . .

As I stated in the beginning, I have just returned from Charlestown, Jefferson County, where I have been for upwards of two weeks with the regiment, aiding in guarding old John Brown and the other prisoners confined there. I saw old Brown and the other prisoners several times. There was nothing particularly striking in the appearance of old Brown. He was a man sixty-odd years of age, naturally thin, and considerably shrunk by confinement and his wounds, with a long

face, an equal mixture of gray and sandy hair, and long beard. His face was indicative of calmness, self-possession, selfishness, and indifference both for the opinions and feelings of others. My company, F, was stationed very near the gallows upon the day of Brown's execution, and I witnessed the whole proceeding. Brown mounted the scaffold as calmly and quietly as if he had been going to his dinner: he did not exhibit the slightest excitement or fear; not a muscle moved, nor was there the slightest nervous excitement; he stood erect and calm as if he were upon post. He struggled very little after the trap fell from under him. He hung upon the gallows thirty-seven minutes. There were upon the field of execution about two thousand troops, and the military display was the most beautiful I ever saw.

Charlestown is one of the most beautiful little towns in Virginia, and is the county-seat of one of the most fertile and wealthy counties in the same. The people are refined, educated, and exceedingly hospitable. We had rations delivered to us every day, and excellent cooks from Richmond; but the citizens would come at every meal-time and request that the soldiers in squads of five to fifteen would go with them to their private houses, which they generally did. We were feasted upon the fat of that productive land, fine beef, mutton, poultry, and the delicate parts of the hog. I was taken very sick while in Charlestown, with remittent fever, and became almost delirious. When I awoke from my delirium, I had been taken to a most luxurious chamber in a private house, and found the ladies thereof ministering unto me as ladies only know how to do. I remained under the care of the ladies and the surgeon for five days. The ladies stayed with me constantly, and gave me every palatable thing their kindness could suggest, and did everything calculated to relieve me. For their great kindness I can never forget them.

Your affectionate brother,

P. POINDEXTER.

DIANA.

I LOVE thee all the more that thou dost prove
 So all unmoved by all proffered love;
 For not thy fault but ours it is, when we
 Poor sons of Adam bend the suppliant knee,
 That thou hast ne'er an answer to our sigh.
 E'en in the virginal calmness of thine eye
 (As some great lake which in its quietest sleep
 Mirrors all heaven within its infinite deep)
 I read the sacred passion of great love,
 That might have been did men more worthy prove.
 And I do love thy high-souled purity,
 And I am well content that thou shouldst be
 Too pure, too proud, to stoop to such as we.

Wilson K. Welch.

AT LAST:

SIX DAYS IN THE LIFE OF AN EX-TEACHER.

FOURTH DAY.—A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

THE ice of my reserve having been entirely melted by the shower, there was nothing to prevent little Alice being made entirely at home at my boarding-house the next day, which also was rainy. She entered with a cheery "Here we are again," which I was inclined to criticise as ungrammatical until Mistress Drusilla told me it was a common salutation of the child's father when he reached home Saturday evenings. The uniform failure of my criticisms of anything which had emanated from "my fahver" had warned me to ignore that gentleman's ways whenever they were brought to my notice by his daughter.

Besides, little Alice's voice was not the only one which broke the stillness of my temporary home. There arose to my room, as I prepared to descend, the wail of a cat. I knew my hostesses disliked cats; as for me, I hated them. Many a night had I been roused from slumber by the cries of pussies in city yards, until I wondered how Noah's family got any sleep at all while cruising about in the Ark. The cat whose voice mingled with that of little Alice seemed to be protesting against something, and its notes were high and piercing.

"You know, pet, we never liked cats," I heard Mistress Drusilla say as I entered the old-fashioned sitting-room.

"Never, darling," declared Miss Dorcas.

The child looked hopefully towards me, but in return I gazed icily at a small feline head which rested on little Alice's elbow, as I said,—

"I'd about as lieve have a snake in the house as a cat."

"Well, I never!" said the child, looking curiously at me. "Where *did* you ever get used to snakes so as to like 'em?"

Mistress Drusilla suddenly hurried to a corner window, saying, under her breath, that she believed there was a draught coming from that way somehow; Miss Dorcas found a button loose on the back of the venerable hair-cloth sofa. But the child continued to stare at me, and soon exclaimed,—

"Say,—where did you? Dere's a picture on a fence down in de village, 'bout a big girl dat tamed snakes an' is goin' to play wiff some of 'em in de circus dat's a-comin'; but she don't look like you."

"Miaouw!" exclaimed the cat. For the first time in my life I felt grateful to a member of the feline species.

"Poor kittie!" said the child.

"Miaouw!" repeated the animal.

"It's such a poor little fmg," said Alice, sitting down and arranging the beast—a half-grown kitten—on her lap, handling it in sections, as if it were a thing of pasteboard and joints, such as I had owned when a child. It certainly was "a poor little fmg." It had been thoroughly soaked by the rain, and, apparently, rolled in the mud afterwards. It

seemed as thin as a lizard, as ugly as one of Doré's imps, and as frightened as a child of the slums brought suddenly into decent surroundings. When it cried the two old women put their fingers to their ears. Finally, Mistress Drusilla, with her ears still closed, said, in a very loud voice,—

"Alice, pet, if you like you may take her to the kitchen and put her in the basket where we keep new-hatched chickens until they're a few hours old. Then put the basket in front of the stove."

"I don't fink," said the child, as she carefully smoothed the wretched animal's ears, "dat you'd like it, if you'd got all wet an' knocked in de mud, to be put in a chicken-basket an' set in front of de fire. You'd want somebody to pet you an' comfort you, an' tell you how sorry dey was, an' somebody to listen to you while you told 'em all about how it happened. Folks dat's in trouble likes to be coddled; dey don't like to be stuck off in a basket all alone to coddle 'emselfes: do dey, kittie?"

"Miaouw!" responded the waif.

"You coddle the kitten, then, pet," said Mistress Drusilla, cautiously removing her fingers from her ears, "but let her tell you about her troubles some other time, when she won't have to feel unpleasant at having so many other people around. You wouldn't like a whole lot of folks listening if you were going to tell some of your troubles to a friend, would you? Besides, you wouldn't scream out everything you had to say, like that dreadful kitten."

"Don't you fink so? Well, mebbe not; but if you lived at our house an' had to hear de folks dat come in to tell deir troubles to gran'ma, you'd see,—dat's all."

The child began to look meditative. Miss Dorcas came slowly from the window, stood behind me, and whispered,—

"Now look out for a story. Her grandmother is a dear, sympathetic soul, and people cry all over her and tell her all sorts of things. It's none of my business; I don't want to know anything about other folks' affairs (!): goodness knows it takes me all my time to look after my own. Still, things do get out in the neighborhood once in a while that some folks wouldn't have got out for anything, and, come to find out, that child has heard them when nobody supposed she was paying any attention to what was being said to her grandmother. Of course the child doesn't know what it means to be a tale-bearer; she repeats other people's stories just as she does her father's; but they do make the greatest row in the neighborhood sometimes, because they're always laid to somebody else."

Little Alice still remained in a brown study; the kitten, cuddled in her lap, and pacified by gentle treatment and the warmth of the room, began purring softly. Miss Dorcas moved softly to the other side of the room, so as to attract the attention of her sister; Mistress Drusilla caught her eye, and there was an exchange of expectant glances. The kitten yawned. The child, recalled from contemplation, caressed the animal, and roused herself.

"Now," said Miss Dorcas again, tiptoeing up to me and whispering, "she's thought it out, and she's been so long about it that I'm sure it'll be specially interesting."

"Teacher," said the child, looking earnestly at me, "I do wish you'd tell me how you learned to like snakes as much as kittens. I fink it's de awfulest fink I ever heard tell of."

The two old women seemed to shrink as they sat in their chairs: although I did not look at them, I could not help seeing that Miss Dorcas acted exactly like a school-child caught at some flagrant offence against school discipline. Mistress Drusilla arose hastily, and said,—

"I'm sure that poor kitten needs something to eat, pet, after its dreadful wetting. I'll go get you some milk for it."

"I'll do it, Mistress Drusilla," said Miss Dorcas. Both old people left the room in haste, to my great relief, and they were not more than out of the door when Miss Dorcas shouted,—

"Bring her to the kitchen right away, darling."

"Come along, teacher," said Alice.

"No, no; I mean the kitten, child," came quickly back from the hall.

Bless the old women for their sympathy! I began to feel that they must have come from very good stock. As for little Alice, she started with the waif, but stopped in the door-way, and said,—

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll let you keep Agonies in your room all de time you's here if you'll tell me how you learned to like nasty old snakes as much as——"

A thin, withered hand came silently but swiftly from beside the door, clutched the child's arm, snatched the questioner away, and, from sounds that followed, was apparently applied firmly to a small mouth.

Relieved of my tormentor, my first impulse was to go to my room and remain there. The sky was gloomy, so to look forward to a whole day of reading was not cheering; but anything would be preferable to chance questioning, before witnesses, by an irresponsible being like Miss Alice Hope. Yet I had become so fond of the child that it seemed to me the day would be darker if I were deprived of her companionship. If I could get her to my own room and have her to myself, I could ignore unpleasant speeches and direct conversation to suit myself; but from what I already had learned of other people's affairs through my landladies I could not doubt that as soon as I concluded my brief summer outing all that passed between us in conversation would become known to everybody who might care to listen. I had half a mind to take refuge in water-proof cloak, overshoes, and the outer air; but as I stood at a window and debated the question with myself, the old women and child, without the cat, reappeared in the sitting-room, and little Alice remarked, solemnly,—

"I'm not goin' to talk any more about snakes. Miss Dorcas an' Mistress Drusilla says it ain't polite to talk about what other folks don't like; an', besides, dere's reasons why dey wants you to like me ever so much: so you can go on an' like me just as much as you wants to, dough I don't see what de reasons is dat dey talks about."

Then the old women looked guilty again, and made excuses for disappearing: so I was soon left alone with little Alice. That young woman didn't seem to realize that she had said anything unusual: she took a look at the weather, and for some moments did not seem to see

anything but threatening skies and dishevelled phloxes and petunias; but suddenly she turned and said, with the air of a Pharisee of the Pharisees,—

"Well, I's been a good Smatteran, anyway."

"You've—what?" I asked.

"I's been a good Smatteran,—don't you know? I fought ev'rybody knew all about dat."

"I'm not everybody, dear," said I. "I wish you would tell me what you mean by a 'good Smatteran.'"

"Dear me! I should fink you'd never been to Sunday-school in your life," said the child, with a pitying look. "Don't you know de story about de man dat had all his fings hooked?"

"I've heard of so many affairs of that kind," said I, "that I can't be sure as to which you allude."

"Why, I mean dat man dat went from Jerusalem, where King David used to live, to a town named Jericho. My fahver says dere wasn't any p'licemen in dem days, an' maybe he went after dark, when dere wasn't any 'lectric lamps or uvver lights 'long de road to let 'em see what was in front of 'em. Anyhow, some bad old fiefs come along an' knocked him down an' stole his money an' his clothes, an' left him layin' in de road about half dead; dat's worse dan bein' all dead, my fahver says.

"Well, along come a preacher, an' seen dat man a-layin' dere, but he didn't have noffin' to do wiff him. My fahver says he guesses de preacher fought de hooked man was a tramp, an' preachers ain't got no time to fink about tramps when dey knows lots of uvver preachers needs to be set right. Besides, who wants to look at a man dat's been in a fight an' got all mused up in de dirt? Preachers fink dat p'licemen and constables ought to take care of such folks. So de preacher went across de street, an' walked along where dere wasn't noffin' to look at dat would upset de finks he was finkin' about.

"By an' by come along a Levite,—dat was de kind of man dat knowed all about de law. De law was made for sinners, my fahver says, but I guess de law-man finked de man layin' in de dirt wasn't a sinner, 'cause he went along on de uvver side of de street, too. An' all dis time dat poor man dat had his fings hooked was layin' dere half dead, wivout any doctor to make him well, or any gran'ma to tell him to come home right away an' put some clean clothes on 'fore somebody would come along and fink he didn't have nobody to take care of him.

"Den dere come along a Smatteran. Folks didn't fink much of Smatterans in dem days, 'cause dey oome from a little town in de back-country where folks didn't know much, an' hadn't read no books, nor made no laws, nor preached no sermons, nor read de newspapers, so dey was just as bad as de folks dat lives down on de beach here, dat ain't no good except to work cheap for uvver people. Dat Smatteran was ridin' on a donkey: so I s'pose he must have been de donkey-man at a Sunday-school picnic. Well, he got off of his donkey, an' he looked at de hooked man, an' he put court-plaster on de places where he'd been cut, an' he doctored him wiff wine an' oil,—vaseline, I guess,—an' den he put him on de donkey an' took him along to a hotel, an' gave de

hotel-man a penny, an' told him to take care of de poor man till he come along dat way again. Like enough de penny de Smatteran gave de hotel-man was one de poor good man had been keepin' to buy a stick of candy or a fig or somefin' to carry home to his own little girl, 'cause dat's what fahvers do wiff deir last pennies: so it was all de harder for him to pay it to de hotel-man, 'cause he wouldn't like his little girl to be disappointed when he got home."

"The penny in the story you are telling," said I, "was a great deal more than what we call a penny nowadays. It was fully enough to pay for the care of a man at a country hotel for a day or two."

"Is dat so?" asked the child, with a very sober face: "Den I wish you hadn't told me about it: I's always been sorry for dat Smatteran's little girl."

"But what has all this to do with you, child, that you should think yourself like the good Samaritan?"

"Well, I declare! You don't know? Dear me! you's about as slow to understand anyfin' as folks was when Jesus used to tell stories. Why, de way is, dere was a poor little kittie along de road dat had got all rained on an' muddy, an' I brought it in, an' nobody wanted to be nice to it a bit. Mistress Drusilla an' Miss Dorcas put deir fingers in deir ears when it cried, an' you said you'd as lieve have a snake as a cat. Say,—I wish I knew—oh, no! I forgot; I mustn't say anyfin' about dat again. But I took care of de poor little fmg, an' comforted it all I could, when ev'rybody else was lettin' it alone all dey could. Den I gave it a whole cupful of milk."

"But 'twas milk that Mistress Drusilla supplied," said I, wishing to have justice done to the priest and the Levite.

"But if de kittie hadn't dranked it I could have dranked it myself," said the child, with a sigh. "It's just like de Smatteran's penny: dat's what makes me like de Smatteran. I wish, dough, dat I could have felt like you, 'cause I'd have been all de gooder if I'd liked snakes as much as—oh, pshaw! dere I goes again, after I promised I wouldn't! I do wish I didn't always have to be wonderin' about fings!"

"Come up to my room, dear, and see if we can't find something else to think about. If I can do anything to take your wondering out of you, I'll take pains to do it."

"Oh, will you?" said the child, with a look of ecstatic longing. "Den tell me when you saw de snakes dat——"

I hastily picked up the child, carried her to my room, placed her on my bed, kissed her several times, and finally said,—

"Now let us have a good time. I wish you had all your dolls here; but, as you haven't, I'll do anything else that will make you happy."

"Will you, really?" she asked. "Den s'pose you cut me some paper dolls."

"Paper dolls?"

"Yes,—don't you know? You cut dolls out of paper an' make believe dey's people."

"I don't believe I've ever done that," said I, after rapidly reviewing the amusements of my own juvenile days.

"Haven't you? Well, my fahver says it's never too late to learn. If you'll get some paper and scissors, I'll show you de rest."

I quickly found the material and tools, and the child laboriously carved from a sheet of paper a figure which in outline resembled some of the dreadful idols I had seen exhibited in church missionary-meetings.

"Dere," she exclaimed, as she held the hideous thing up in full view, "dat's a boy doll, if you fink so hard enough."

I wondered if any amount of thought which I could exert would make the scrap of paper seem anything but grotesque. Suddenly, however, I remembered that I had brought a box of water-colors with me. I shall never forget the exclamation of delight which escaped the child as I floated some carmine wash into the top of the "boy doll."

"Oh-h-h!" Alice murmured, as she looked at the bedaubed bit of paper; "he's almost like real folks, ain't he? Now let's make some girl dolls; den you can paint all you want to wivout doin' too much."

The girl that was evolved from the paper appeared so quickly that some essentials were noticeable principally by their absence. But little Alice did not miss them; she was awaiting the touch of the paint-brush; and as I endeavored to bestow a dull-red skirt, a light-green waist, and a citrine sash, the child's breath came quick and fast, and she finally exclaimed,—

"How lovely! Don't de little girls in your school like you to paint deir paper dolls?"

"They don't have paper dolls, dear: I don't suppose one of them ever thought of a paper doll."

"Wha-a-a-a-at? Why, de poor little fings! Don't dey ever fink about dolls at all?"

"I don't know, dear. How should I know what they think about, or what they like?"

"Well," she replied, dropping the scissors and paper, "if you don't know, I'd like to know who does? Doesn't you ever make 'em paper dolls, or paint 'em for 'em?"

"The idea! If any school-teacher were to do such things for her pupils the Board of Education would think she was good for nothing."

"Den who does make your school-children paper dolls? 'Cause I 'member you said most of 'em didn't have fahvers or muvvers dat could do nice fings for 'em."

"Nobody, I suppose," said I, carelessly.

"You don't mean dat dey don't have any paper dolls at all, do you?" asked the child, with wondering eyes.

"That is just what I do mean," I replied; "and you will learn one of these days, my dear, that the children you are talking about don't know the difference, and don't miss paper dolls at all. Probably they never saw paper dolls: so how can they think about them and want them?"

"H'm," said the child, pressing a partly-painted doll to her heart and leaving on the front of her white pinafore a red blotch which might be taken for a pink jockey-cap or a half-ripened strawberry. "I wonder where you was brought up, to fink dat way. Don't you ever fink about fings you never saw, an' want to have 'em?"

The child's question set me to thinking, and I am not sure that I made any reply. I went on coloring dolls, working very slowly, and indulging in all sorts of vagaries of color, contrast, and combination. The longer I thought, the more point there seemed to the child's question. Certainly I had never wasted much time in wishing for pleasures that money could buy; I had been trained to believe that "a man's life (or a woman's) consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he (or she) possesseth." It was a matter of family pride that none of my ancestors, on either side, had ever taken part in the mad race for wealth and luxury. For what had I most longed? I could honestly answer, a contented mind and a useful life, with the love of those about me. If Frank Wayne had only——

"Say,—don't you?" exclaimed the child. The question recalled me from my reverie. I did not want to make a father confessor of a child, but I could not help snatching the little torment into my arms and kissing her repeatedly.

"I fought you did," she replied, as she straightened a paper doll which between us had been crushed out of all semblance of shape. "Well, I should fink you might know dat de dreadful poor little children in your school felt de same way, an' felt it awful much, if dey's got such almost noffin' as you say dey has."

Evidently this child knew nothing of class distinctions and the grovelling tastes of the children of the slums. Probably her father was one of the ranting, enthusiastic fellows who imagine every one to be of like feelings and aspirations with themselves. I remembered Frank Wayne once speaking of a school-room—just such a one as I afterwards controlled—that he had accidentally visited, and how he believed its walls should be covered with pictures and its windows filled with flowers. I remembered, too, that when I told him the pupils would quickly disfigure the pictures and destroy the flowers so as to throw them at one another, he retorted that he had seen more flowers blooming in the windows of one block of tenement-houses than in all the windows on Fifth Avenue. This reply made me indignant. It never is pleasant to have one's cherished theories upset by a lot of facts; in such cases one doesn't know what to say.

"I guess," said Alice Hope, with earnest accent upon the last word, "I guess dis paper doll ain't good for much 'xcept to start a hospital wiff. Don't matter, dough; guess we couldn't be happy if we didn't have nobody to be sorry for. I don't want to spoil any more; but say,—if we do, den dis one will have somebody to keep it company."

For a few moments the work of shaping and decorating semblances of humanity continued; I was busy with my thoughts, and the child, I supposed, was giving her entire mind to scissors and paper. When, however, as I finished a doll and a day-dream at the same time and then impatiently threw the doll upon the floor, the child stooped and picked up the discarded scrap of paper, giving me a childish warning at the same time against wastefulness. Suddenly, however, she looked at the recovered doll intently, burst out laughing, and pressed it to her lips.

"You silly child!" said I, smiling at her.

"I ain't silly," she replied, holding the bit of paper at arm's length, and contemplating it with a face full of smiles, "but I never saw anyfin' so funny in all my life! Does you know what? You's gone an' made dat doll look just like my fahver!" Then she kissed the daub again and again.

I rose hastily and took the scrap of paper from her hand; as I did so it seemed to me that my face was ablaze. I knew that I had sketched on it, in neutral tints, my recollection of Frank Wayne: that was the reason I had thrown it away. The Hopes and the Waynes were not related, or I should have known it during my acquaintance with Frank; but there is a facial resemblance, I suppose, among men who think alike, and by what the child had for several days been saying about her father I had frequently been reminded of my recreant lover's mental peculiarities.

"I didn't know dat you knew my fahver," said the child, standing very close to me as I looked again at the picture I had thrown away.

"I don't know him. I never saw him in my life," said I.

"Den of course you doesn't," said she, looking depressed; "but when I shows him dat paper doll, he'll fink it's awful funny dat somebody else can be just like him."

"Will he?" thought I. "Not unless my right hand has lost its cunning." Then I said to the child, "The picture isn't done, dear, and I threw it away rather than waste time on it; but I suppose I may as well finish it." Seizing my brush, I quickly made the head bald, covered the eyes with large spectacles, and slightly lengthened the ears.

"You's spoiled my fahver!" exclaimed the child.

"'Twasn't meant for your father, dear," said I, kindly: having destroyed the supposed resemblance, I could afford to be consolatory to any extent. "Don't you see? The man I meant to draw was a man who is so smart that he knows everything, or——"

"Den why didn't you leave it like it was?—'cause dat's just de kind of man my fahver is. Can't you make him back again like he was?"

"Perhaps so, when it becomes entirely dry," said I, with a mental reservation that by that time it should be reduced to indistinguishable fragments. That it should not again fall into the youngster's hands, I placed it between the leaves of a sketch-book which I was using on a table. After this the work of making paper dolls continued with industry and interest; to divert the child's thoughts from the unfortunate picture which resembled her father, I devoted myself to brilliant and tasteful coloring, and, remembering that I once had taken lessons in figure-drawing, I outlined men, women, and children with my pencil, and the little fingers guided the scissors over the lines with more or less success until the dinner-bell rang.

"Come on," shouted Miss Alice Hope, as the cheering jingle reached our ears. "I's 'most starved." She slid down the stair-rail, thus gaining some steps on me, and as I approached the dining-room door I heard her exclaim,—

"Say, Mistress Drusilla an' Miss Dorcas, what do you fink? Why, teacher made a paper doll look just exactly like my fahver! Did you ever hear of such a funny fing as dat?"

The old women were exchanging odd smiles as I entered the room, but the exchanges were broken abruptly as I appeared.

"Say,—did you?" the child repeated.

"There's nothing very strange about it, pet, I'm sure," said Mistress Drusilla.

"Nothing at all, darling," said Miss Dorcas.

"There are so many men in the world who look alike," said Mistress Drusilla, "that I sometimes wonder how people can tell men apart. 'Twasn't so in my day."

"No, indeed," said Miss Dorcas. "In our time, when we were young, each man had his own style of face and clothes; but now it does seem as if all the men that go to the city have their clothes cut from the same goods and according to the same pattern, and they all wear moustaches turned up at the ends in just the same way. Why, goodness me, last time I was down to the railroad dépôt in the village, and a lot of the young fellows that were summer boarders got off the train, it made me think of war times, when nearly everybody was in uniforms just exactly alike. For the life of me, I couldn't see how gals could tell whether they kissed their own sweethearts or somebody else's."

"You could," said Mistress Drusilla, with a far-away look, "if you'd ever——"

"To be sure,—of course," said Miss Dorcas, hastily rising and helping her sister to potatoes so that she might have an excuse to give the old woman a sly squeeze.

"Well," said Alice Hope, who during these explanations had been stowing away bread and gravy as industriously as if she had no mind for anything else, "I never saw anybody else dat looked like my fahver; an' if dere is a lot of uvver men dat looks dat way I fink dis world is a good deal nicer place dan I ever heard it was before."

"How is the kitten, little Samaritan?" I asked, in order to change the subject. "I'm afraid you've left her entirely to the hotel-keeper, without even paying a penny for her board."

A spoonful of bread and gravy stopped half-way between plate and mouth, but it soon resumed its journey as the child said,—

"I'll give Mistress Drusilla an' Miss Dorcas lots of kisses after dinner; dey often give me pennies for kisses, so it'll be all right."

"To be sure it will, pet."

"Certainly, darling."

"Dat's all fixed, den," said the child, redoubling for a little while her attentions to her plate; then she said, between mouthfuls, "When you see dat picture you'll fink it's like my fahver, too."

"Oh," exclaimed Mistress Drusilla, "I'll be real glad. I always did say that the picture your grandmother has doesn't do your father justice. There's so much in his face that men don't seem to see: it takes a woman's eye to understand all that's good in a man of that kind."

"Little girls' eyes can do it pretty well, I fink," remarked Alice Hope, as she passed her plate for more dinner.

"So they can, pet," said Mistress Drusilla.

"Indeed yea," assented Miss Dorcas. "You'll show us the picture right after dinner, won't you?"

"The silly child," said I, "found a fancied resemblance to her father in a wretched daub of a paper doll, which I afterwards changed to make it look as I wanted it."

"Yes, but you's goin' to make it back again de way it was, don't you 'member, when it gets dry?"

"If I can, dear," said I, controlling by a violent effort my impulse to speak in my severest class-room tone and refuse entirely to touch that detested daub again. Then I mentally informed myself that if I were not wise enough to make away with that scrap of paper before it could make more trouble I was not worthy of my old self.

The meal proceeded without further disturbing remarks; and as after dinner little Alice was invited to the kitchen to feed the kitten while the hostesses cleared the table, I had time to go to my room, lock the door, and apply a match to the picture which resembled two different men. I even softly crumbled the charred remains into a tiny heap of ashes, and, provokingly enough, dropped a tear upon them. I am sure I did not mean to cry over a lost love,—the memory of a man who had for years been another woman's husband,—yet somehow it happened. Tears are most unreasoning things: they persist in following one another even when they can't help knowing they are not wanted, and the more unconscious one tries to be of their presence the more they persist in reddening the eyes. Fortunately, a child as young as Alice would not notice that I had been crying: so I hastened to wipe my eyes and cool them with a damp handkerchief, and as soon as I heard little footsteps on the floor below I hastened to hum a tune and to begin a water-color sketch of the scene from the window in front of me. It was not difficult work at the start, for a single tone of green answered for the mass of old spruces which shut out everything else but blue sky. As the child bounced into the room and saw what I was doing, she uttered a long-drawn "Oh-h!" and stood motionless, though she broke the silence every two or three moments by softly murmuring, "Dear me!" "Gracious!" "Well, I never!" or some similar expression of wonder. When finally I stopped a moment to contemplate the sketch, she said,—

"Dat's just too lovely for anyfin'. I fink you might let me bring up Mistress Drusilla and Miss Dorcas to look at it. Dey don't have lots to make 'em happy, you know: dey don't have noffin' but me."

"They shall see it, dear, when it is done. You shall give it to them."

"Oh, you dear, good old fink!" the child exclaimed, throwing her arms around me. "But don't you fink 'twould make 'em happier to see it growin'? It's so perfectly wonderful to see a lot of out-doors grow on a piece of paper dat way."

"Very well, dear: you may ask them to come up if you like."

"Goody, goody, goody!" Away went little Alice, and several minutes afterwards the two old sisters came in as softly as if they feared they might break the picture if they made a noise. They were as much pleased as any artist could have hoped: so what I had begun in desperation I began to finish with extreme care. A ring at the door

called them away suddenly, and no sooner had they departed than the child said, timidly,—

"Don't it need to get dry before you finish it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Den let it rest a little while, can't you, an' make my fahver's picture back right again."

"I'm very sorry, dear" (I really was sorry for her sake), "but—I began doing something to it as soon as I came up, and somehow I spoiled it entirely."

"So it can't be fixed, nohow?"

"Nohow, dear."

"Dat's too bad," she said, gravely, as she seated herself on the bed. I was greatly relieved at finding her take the announcement so calmly, and told myself, as I went on with my sketch, that I might have expected as much; children's thoughts are short-lived. Soon, however, a strange sound from the bed made me turn quickly and behold little Alice crying as if her heart would break. Seeing that I noticed her, she sobbed,—

"I ain't seen my fahver in—four whole days, an'—dat picture was 'most as good as seein' him again, an'—I's been finkin' about it ever since you said you could make it over again, an'—an' I can't! Oh, dear, dear!"

"You poor, dear child," said I, hastening to comfort her; "it is too bad; but just think how you'll see your father himself pretty soon, instead of an old piece of paper."

"I know it; but I did—oh, I did want to see dat picture again,—so much!" Then came a fresh flood of tears.

"Alice, dear," I whispered, in desperation, fearing my landladies might return, "if I try to make a picture just like it again, will you promise not to talk about it,—to anybody? I don't like to have my pictures talked about,—by any one."

"I'll promise," she exclaimed, springing up. "I'll promise, certain sure."

I reseated myself quickly, and began to draw. It was not difficult to outline the face I remembered so well, yet I did it with a feeling of savage desperation, wishing heartily that there was no such thing as resemblance in the world. As I dropped my pencil to take a softer one for shading, a little hand stole in front of me, took the paper, and kissed it repeatedly. I attempted to take it back, saying,—

"It isn't finished yet, dear."

"It's finished enough for me," the child replied, still retaining the picture. "Dear old fahver! Don't you fink he's lovely?"

"I think he—the picture—is fine-looking," I admitted.

"Den why don't you kiss it?" she asked. "I don't see how you can help it?"

Then, suiting the action to the thought, she held the picture in front of me, while with one chubby hand she pressed it to my lips.

John Habberton.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

VI.

36. Whence the expression "take the cake"?

A common feature of the dances, or "balls," given by our colored brethren is the *cake-walk*. This is a sort of march, generally at the beginning of the entertainment, at the end of which the couple whose carriage and appearance are adjudged by the umpire to be best—who are, if one may say it, the best steppers—receive as a prize a large cake, and they are said by the others to "take the cake." There can be little doubt, I think, that this is the origin of our slang phrase. And yet that a respectable antiquity might be claimed for the expression is shown by the following stanza from "A Pleasant Grove of New Fancies," 1657:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes, and wine,
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be mine or thine.

From "Gerard's Herball," 1633, we learn that "In the spring-time are made with the leaves hereof newly sprung up, and with eggs, *cakes*, or tansies, which be pleasant in taste, and good for the stomacke;" and another old writer, speaking of the tenets of the Puritans, says, "All games where there is any hazard of loss are strictly forbidden; not so much as a game of stool-ball for a tansy." And Brand quotes Aubanus as saying that at the Easter season there were foot-courses in the meadows in which the victors carried off each a cake, given to be run for by some better sort of person in the neighborhood.—OWEGO.

This expression comes from a ceremony, very popular among the negroes of this country, called a "*cake-walk*," in which a prize consisting of an elaborately frosted cake is presented to the successful competitors. A few years ago I had the pleasure of witnessing one of these performances, and found it diverting in the extreme. A large space having been cleared on the lawn, a circular track was marked out, which was to be traversed by the walkers. In the centre of this circle, on a raised stand which was profusely decorated with greens and festoons of colored tissue-paper, reposed the cake: it resembled a cart-wheel in its dimensions, and was the joint production of several of the participants. The walking was done in couples, and each damsel drew her companion (of the opposite sex) by lot. The cake was to be bestowed upon the pair of pedestrians who, because of their graceful carriage and pleasing attire, should be deemed the most worthy of the reward. Each maid hung coquettishly upon the arm of her fate-elected swain, endeavoring to tread with dignity and grace; not forgetting, meanwhile, to display the splendors of her raiment. As three unhappy umpires took their positions, about a dozen couples started on their excursion around the cake, accompanied by the music of two fiddles and the sound of their own voices lifted in the strains of a familiar negro melody. Round and round they went, until they and their judges were weary; then, at a given signal, the procession halted, and the umpires, removing the cake from its eminence, presented it, with a few remarks, to the successful candidates, who were then publicly acknowledged, by reason of their superior grace and taste, to have won or *taken the cake*.—DAVUS.

37. What is the London Stone?

London Stone is, at present, "a cubic foot of oolite" which is built into a niche in the outside of the wall of the Church of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw, in Cannon Street, London. During most of the year a fruiterer's booth stands in front of it, and the grating which protects it is hung with bunches of

twine, while the stone itself is made the receptacle for a pile of paper bags. The stone is of interest because of its place in history and for the mass of tradition which gathers round it. The pillar, of which there now remains only this fragment, formerly stood in Cannon Street, on what was, before the fire, the highest ground within the walls of London. Stowe describes it as "pitched upright, a great stone fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and so strongly set that if carts do run against it through negligence, the wheels be broken and the stone itself be unshaken."

Down to the middle of the eighteenth century it stood on the south side of the street (according to some, this would have been the middle of the Roman "Watling Street"), when it was removed to the north side, near the curb. After fifty years of wear and tear in this spot, it was condemned as "a nuisance and obstruction," and it was then set against the wall of the church above-mentioned, its top encased in another stone. It is said that it was saved from destruction at this time only by the exertions of a printer of Sherburne, named Th. Maiden. But it was still thought to be an obstruction, and the remaining fragment was finally built into its present position,—an ignominious end for a monument once held in great veneration.

As to where the stone came from, or for what purpose it was set up, history is silent. The earliest mention of it is, perhaps, in the Saxon charters. The manuscript gospel book given to Christ's Church, Canterbury, by Athelstan, refers to it as a well-known landmark. The chroniclers say of the great fire of Stephen's time that it broke out near London Stone; and Fitz-Alwyne, the first mayor of London, was called "the Draper of London Stone."

As to the purpose for which the stone was set, there has been much speculation. Brewer, following some of the old authorities, confidently affirms that it was a Roman milliary, and that from it all the roads of the province were measured; but, even if this be true, there is evidence that the Romans thus made use of a monument that they found already standing. King, in his "Municipalia Antiqua," says that it "was plainly deemed a record of the highest antiquity," and that it evidently "had some more ancient and peculiar designation than that of having been a Roman milliary, even if it ever were used for that purpose afterwards." When Sir Christopher Wren changed the grade of the streets, after the great fire, he found the foundations so extensive that he was convinced that it must have once been enclosed in, or a part of, some large building. There is a tradition that the British kings took their oaths here on their accession; and the truth of it is borne out by the fact that Jack Cade is said to have advanced to it and, striking his sword upon it, said, "Now is Mortimer Lord of the city." The following extracts from "Pasquill and Marforius" (London, 1589) point to the same thing: "*Set up this bill at London Stone. Let it be doone sollemnly with drum and trumpet, and looke you advance my cullours on the top of the steeple right over against it.*" "If it please them these dark winter nights to sticke uppe their papers uppon London Stone."

One tradition says that it was brought from the walls of Troy by Brutus, the grandson of Æneas and founder of the British nation, and laid on the altar of the temple of Diana which stood at this spot.

That the stone was anciently considered the palladium of London is shown by the following old saying:

"So long as the stone of Brutus is safe, so long shall London flourish."—OWEGO.

38. Whence the expression "where the shoe pinches"?

In Plutarch's Life of Paulus Æmilius is the following (Langhorne's translation, 1822): "His first wife was Papiria, the daughter of Papirius Maso, a man of consular dignity. After he had lived with her a long time in wedlock, he divorced her, though she had brought him very fine children; for she was mother to the illustrious Scipio, and to Fabius Maximus. The reason of this separation history does not record; but with respect to divorces in general, the account which a certain Roman, who put away his wife, gave of his own case seems to have been a just one. When his friends remonstrated and asked him, 'Was she not fair? Was she not chaste? Was she not fruitful?' he held out his shoe,

and said, 'Is it not handsome? Is it not new? Yet none knows where it pinches, but he that wears it.'

Langhorne adds in a note, "M. Ricard, with some others, thinks it not improbable that the author of this observation was Paulus Æmilius himself."

The Spanish proverb is,—

"Cada uno sabe adonde lo aprieta el zapato." "The wearer best knows where the shoe wrings him."—*Bohn's "Handbook of Proverbs,"* 1855, reprinted from Ray's "Collection," 1670.

Chaucer says ("Canterbury Tales," 6074),—

"For, God it wot, he sat ful still and song,
When that his scho ful bitterly him wrong."

"I wot weel where my ain shoe binds me."—*Scotch.*

Erskine used to say that when the hour came for all secrets to be revealed, we should know why shoes are always too tight.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

39. Who is said to have been the original of Thackeray's *Blanche Amory*?

Olive Oldschool's answer contains about all that is known authoritatively on this subject. But the extracts from Miss Thackeray's letter, quoted in connection with the answer to our first question, should also be referred to.

A Miss Blanche Stanley [says Olive Oldschool] is supposed to have been the original of this character.

She is alluded to in one of Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield as "Poor little B——! does anybody suppose I should be such an idiot as to write verses to her? I never wrote her a line; I once drew a picture in her music-book, a caricature of a spooney song, in which I laughed at her, as has been my practice, alas!"

Mrs. Carlyle also alludes to this "poor little B——," in a letter addressed to her uncle written later, thus,—

"Have you been reading Thackeray's *Pendennis*? If so, you have made acquaintance with Blanche Amory; and when I tell you that my young lady of last week is the original of that portrait, you will give me joy that she, lady's maid, and infinite baggage are all gone. Not that the poor little —— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented; but the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, and all that sort of thing, are a perfect likeness."

In another letter written by Thackeray, he says,—

"At the train whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory,—amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make *Pendennis* and Blanche play at being in love; such a wicked, false, humbugging London love as two *blast* London people might act, and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest."

This "Miss G——" was another person altogether, but in some ways, evidently, so like "poor little Blanche" that she discovered the resemblance herself.

Most persons agree in saying that Thackeray usually had more than one original for a character, and in this instance he has given Miss G—— one chapter as Blanche Amory. But "poor little Blanche" Stanley is undoubtedly the original of the character.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

40. What is a *Bezant*, and what ceremony is associated with it?

Bezants were gold coins struck at Byzantium by Constantine. They, or the gold circles representing them, were introduced into Europe by the Crusaders, and were current there from the ninth century, and in England until superseded by the gold noble of Edward III. They varied in value from about

fifteen pounds at first, to the worth of an English sovereign or half-sovereign or even less. There were also silver bezants. The offering of gold made by the English king at the altar when he received the sacrament or at festivals—sometimes a wedge valued at thirty pounds—was also called a "bezant" so late as 1762.

But the Bezant of the question, no doubt, concerns the ceremony growing out of the method by which, from time immemorial down to so late a period as 1830, the town of Shaftesbury, in Dorset, England, was compelled to supply itself with water.

This town stands on a high hill, and until a comparatively recent period all the water was brought on horseback from Motcombe Manor, at Enmore Green, a hamlet in the valley. The "bezant" was the tribute or acknowledgment paid for this privilege to the lord of the manor, and the custom reached back far beyond any record of it. The first written authority occurs in 1527, when some detail of its observance is given. The ceremony of its presentation formerly took place in May, on Holy-Cross Day, but in 1662 the time was altered to the Monday in Rogation Week. At one o'clock the villagers assembled on Enmore Green and amused themselves with sports and dancing until two o'clock, the hour for the presentation. Meanwhile, the mayor of Shaftesbury had prepared the "bezant," which was a kind of trophy, somewhat resembling a palm-tree in shape, surmounted by a gold crown, and by the arms of the town and corporation,—the first a lion rampant, pawing a tree with a dove in its top, and the last a cross between two fleurs-de-lis and two leopards' faces. This trophy was gay with ribbons and peacocks' feathers, and to it were fastened rings, medals, plate, jewels, coins, etc., often of great value, that were loaned for the occasion by the gentry of the neighborhood. There was also provided a penny loaf, a gallon of ale, a pair of gloves, and a calf's head, uncooked.

The mayor and aldermen of Shaftesbury formed in procession, attended by music and mace-bearers, and accompanied by a man and woman fantastically dressed, chosen to represent a lord and lady. On their way these last personages danced to the sound of the pipe and the tabor. Thus the bezant and its appurtenances were carried to Enmore Green and there presented to the steward of Motcombe Manor, acting in behalf of his lord, with the request that Shaftesbury might use the wells for another year. The steward accepted the gifts, and, granting the request in his lord's name, returned the bezant, while keeping the other things for his own use. Usually he added a donation of bread and beer for the people, and then the procession returned to the town hall.

Probably this tribute or trophy received its name from the earlier custom of paying (or offering) a gold coin of that name for the water-privilege to the Lord of Motcombe. In 1830 the manor and the town came under the same proprietor, making the tribute unnecessary. Moreover, the town is now well supplied with water from an artesian well, through the liberality of the Marquis of Westminster, its present owner.—McNox.

41. *What event is celebrated in Longfellow's "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns"?*

The consecration of Pulaski's Banner is said in the title to be the occasion of the poem, but the incident present to the imagination of the young collegian and poet was quite different from the real one, and was evoked by a mistake, or slip of the pen.

Reading one day in the *North American Review* the statement that "the standard of Count Casimir Pulaski's legion was formed of a piece of silk embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania," Longfellow saw in poetic vision and reproduced in verse the scene described in the "Hymn."

The word "nuns," however, should have been "sisters," for the Moravians at Bethlehem are Protestants of the simplest faith and plainest religious service; and the real transaction was a very simple affair. Count Pulaski, the brave Polish officer who came to aid our cause in the Revolutionary War, recruited a body of cavalry, called Pulaski's Legion, in the summer of 1778, partly in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, and while there employed some of the good Moravian Sisters, who were in the habit of adding to their frugal income by needle-

work, to make for him a small flag or pennon, to be attached to a lance. With his troop he was ordered the next year to South Carolina, and fell at the siege of Savannah.

The making of the flag was not a matter of sentiment, but of practical need on both sides. There was no choral service, no censor, or altar, or dim, mysterious aisle,—no consecration of the flag at all,—nor was it large enough to drape the bier or be "the martial cloak and shroud" of the warrior fallen in battle.—McNEX.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

By this time it is probable that all election-bets have been settled and the carnival of folly which winds up a Presidential campaign is over. Never before has so large a number of odd and absurd wagers been laid, and never before has the public taken so much interest in them. The citizens of Philadelphia were for two days kept in a state of anxious suspense as to whether a certain supporter of Cleveland would or would not live up to agreement,—shave one-half of his face and appear in public with only one of a beautiful pair of whiskers. There were interviews a column long with himself and his wife, with the victorious better and his wife. Finally it was announced that the victor had generously absolved his friend, and the matter was allowed to drop. In Trenton, New Jersey, on November 27, twenty-five hundred people gathered at Taylor's Opera-House to see "Ben" Walton, a prominent contractor, pay an election-bet. In case of Cleveland's defeat he had agreed to play a hand-organ in the Opéra-House in the dress of an Italian brigand. Tickets were sold, and the proceeds went to charity. "The uproar," says the local report, "was so great that the music could not be heard half the time. It was increased when the crowds in the boxes began to throw nickels and quarters at the organist, and a perfect shower of the pieces descended from the galleries." It is pleasant to note that "Mr. Walton has rendered himself so popular by the manly way in which he paid the election-bet that he can have any office he wants here."

The wagering of money has been a favorite pastime with the English-speaking races from the time of William III., when it suddenly became the rage. It is in full accord with the Anglo-Saxon temperament, stubborn and impatient of contradiction, anxious to cut argument short, and ready to punish the holder of erroneous opinions. The rapid rise of the London clubs which in the reign of George III. had superseded the old coffee-houses was largely due to the fact that they provided the world of fashion with a central office for making wagers and a registry for recording them. The betting-books still in existence at Brooks's club form a volume of unequalled interest. Fifty guineas that Lord Ilchester gives his first vote in opposition and hits eight out of his first ten pheasants; three hundred to fifty from a bachelor nobleman that four persons named are married before he is; a hundred guineas on the Duke of Queensberry's life against Lord Palmerston's. The betting was hottest in war-time and during the trial of some noted criminal. The old yellow leaves are scored thick with bets that one of the Perreaus would be hanged; that neither of them would be hanged; that Dr. Dodd would be executed within two months; that he would

cheat the gallows by suicide; that if he killed himself it would be by pistol and not by poison.

A favorite form of betting was the offering of large odds on some very improbable contingency. Thus, Fitzgerald laid five hundred guineas to ten that none of the cabinet would be beheaded by that day three years. Such bets often involved the passing of ready money to the person who took the odds. Thus, "Lord Clermont has given Mr. Crawford ten guineas upon condition of receiving five hundred from him whenever Mr. Charles Fox shall be worth £100,000, clear of debts." Mr. Charles Fox, himself, gives a guinea to Mr. Croft on condition of receiving fifty "whenever Mr. Croft forgets two by honors in Mr. Fox's presence." During Fox's lifetime no name was so frequent as his both as the subject and the maker of bets. He was especially fond of wagers whose settlement depended upon an antecedent condition. "Mr. E. Foley bets Mr. Charles Fox fifty guineas England is at war with France this day two years, supposing Louis XV. dead." "Lord Ossory bets Mr. Charles Fox one hundred guineas to ten that Dr. North is not Bishop of Durham this day two months, provided the present bishop dies within that time."

There was no event or experience in the whole compass of human existence which was too delicate or sacred for speculation. It was in allusion to quite the most innocent class of such wagers that Lord Mountford, when asked whether his daughter was going to present him with a grandchild, replied, "Upon my word I do not know. I have no bet upon it." But the law, which previous to 1845 recognized the validity of wagers, refused to countenance them if against the principles of morality, public decency, or sound policy. A wager as to the time when the Emperor Napoleon would die was set aside as illegal, on the ground that it gave one of the parties an interest in the speedy death of a man much exposed to hazard. So likewise was a wager between two coach-proprietors whether or not a particular person would go by one of their coaches, because it might expose that person to inconvenience. In Pennsylvania it was laid down as a common-law rule that bets are illegal if they concern the age, height, weight, circumstances, or situation of any person, married or single, native or foreigner, in this country or abroad.

Many odd bets have been made as to the possibility of certain feats. In the early part of the reign of George III. a gentleman wagered that he could jump into water seven feet deep with all his usual clothing on and undress himself completely. He won his wager. A butcher, in the same reign, undertook to cross the Thames in his wooden tray. Using his hands as paddles, he made the passage from Somerset Stairs to the Surrey side. The chroniclers record that seventy boat-loads of spectators were present, and bets to the aggregate amount of more than one thousand guineas depended on the event. A gentleman undertook to stand a whole day on London Bridge with a tray full of sterling sovereigns and fail to find customers for them at a penny apiece. He won the wager, the passers-by believing that he was trying to cheat them with brass imitations. At five o'clock on a June morning in 1811 two Southdown sheep were shorn; the wool was washed, carded, slubbed, roved, spun, and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed; and at half-past six the same evening the wool which had clad the sheep in the morning was worn as a dress-suit at his own dinner-table by Sir John Throckmorton, who must have eaten his dinner with a light heart and a brisk appetite, for he had won a thousand guineas on a wager.

A curious bet, exemplifying the thoroughness and efficiency of our postal service, was recently recorded in the *Boston Courier*. A New York caller told the editor that he had bet he would receive a letter posted in Paris and addressed simply with his name and America. He laid fifty dollars to twenty dollars on this, and twenty dollars to fifty dollars that it would be delivered to him as a first trial on the part of the post-office authorities. His name was not an unusual one, nor was he acquainted with the postal clerks in New York or elsewhere. But the explanation was simple enough: "The European mails naturally come to New York, and the post-office people try the directory before they send a letter to the Dead-Letter Office. My name happens to stand at the head of the list in the directory, and so they tried me first, just as I supposed they would. I took my chances, of course, but I won all the same."

WHAT was the "Thundering Legion"?

A. S. K.

According to a popular legend, the name of Thundering Legion (L., *Legio Fulminata*) was given to the Twelfth Legion of the Roman army under Marcus Aurelius, in a campaign against the Quadi in A.D. 174. The army was shut up in a defile, where it suffered greatly for want of water. In this extremity the Twelfth Legion, composed entirely of Christian soldiers, fell on their knees. Their prayer was followed by a refreshing shower, at the same time that a storm of thunder and lightning fell upon the enemy and dispersed them. In commemoration of the event the Emperor gave those soldiers the name of the "Thundering Legion" and at the same time ceased to persecute the Christians. The story gained wide credence in the earlier part of the third century, chiefly through the writings of Tertullian, who refers to a letter of Marcus Aurelius, as then extant, in which the facts were all given. And indeed it is more than likely that it has a certain basis of truth (see Merivale, vol. vii. p. 467), susceptible, if the reader chooses, of a purely natural explanation; but the story errs in this at least, that the *Legio Fulminata* enjoyed its title long before the reign of Marcus Aurelius, from the days of Nero even.

WHO was Kaiser Heraclius?

A. M. M.

Heraclius, according to a German legend dating back to the twelfth century, was the son of a rich widow who, with his consent, gave away all her goods to the poor, and so reduced them both to penury. Heraclius became a slave in the service of an imperial chamberlain. Now from his birth he possessed the faculty of discerning the hidden worth of stones and of horses, and the secret thoughts of women. He gave proofs of his powers before the emperor Phocas. Selecting what appeared to be the most worthless stone and horse in a number of both, he made them enact marvels. As a bride for the Emperor he chose a low-born damsel named Athenais, passing over all the proud ladies of the court, for well he knew there was no chaste one among them. The Emperor lived happily with his spouse for some years, and was then called off to battle. Contrary to Heraclius's advice, he immured Athenais in a tower, so that she might not be tempted to sin in his absence; but this overcarefulness piqued her pride, and she dishonored her husband through the aid of an old woman named Morphea. Heraclius discovered the truth as soon as he laid eyes on her again, and by his advice the Emperor divorced her and married her to her lover. Phocas soon after died, and Heraclius was made Emperor in his stead, recovering in a great war the Holy Rood which had been carried off by the Persians. This legend is preserved in a poem of the thirteenth century called "Kaiser Heraclius."

BOOK-TALK.

THE Germans make a nice distinction between *Mann* and *Mensch*, the former meaning the male human being and the latter the species, which includes both sexes. In English the one word *man* has to serve a double purpose: it may apply either to the sex or to the race. Were it not for this want of precision in English speech, carping critics would not have rendered necessary the following letter from the author of the noble series of sonnets "To All Women" which were printed in our December number:

"CASTLE HILL, COBHAM, ALBEMARLE CO., VIRGINIA.
"28th of November, 1888.

"MY DEAR MR. WALSH,—

"I have never taken any notice of the assaults upon myself, but the papers have attacked the two last lines in my sonnets 'To All Women,' in a manner which leads me to believe that they consider me to have been deliberately blasphemous for the sake of what they term 'a play upon words.' This I must answer and correct if possible. So anxious am I that no human creature shall think that I used that sacred name lightly, that I desire to change the last two lines to the following form:

'Christ, Thou didst die for women and for men,
Let me but live for women, die for Thee.'

I have never made a concession to carping critics save in this one instance, but I trust that you will do me the great service to correct these lines, as I have suggested, in 'Book-Talk,' and in the next edition of the December number.

"Believe me

"Yours most sincerely,

"AMÉLIE RIVES."

At various times, in this or other departments of the magazine, allusion has been made to the sudden resuscitation of books that had originally dropped still-born from the press and for months or years had apparently been buried from public view. Sometimes this resuscitation has been effected by the fame which the author has happened to win by some succeeding work. Thus, Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" had only a *succès d'estime* and his "Condensed Novels" had been consigned to oblivion, when the "Heathen Chinee" suddenly made his name a magic talisman that awakened the dead books to a new and vigorous existence. Henry James was unknown to the great public long after "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Roderick Hudson," and "The American" had won him the esteem of the literary few, until the popularity of "Daisy Miller" roused the Philistine to the knowledge that a new genius had arisen. Mallock's "New Republic" was not even deemed worthy the compliment of republication in this country until his amusing little skit "The New Paul and Virginia" set all the publishers upon the traces of his past work. Prosper Mérimée's "Colomba," a literary gem, proved a failure until "Mateo Falcone," an unpleasant but rather startling little sketch, caught the fancy of the groundlings.

Other works have failed to attract attention at first on account of the medium in which they were published. In February, 1874, Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane" disappeared in the pages of the *New York Ledger*, and was only brought to light a few months later by Sidney Woollett, the elocutionist, who read it as a "new poem by Longfellow" before a cultivated Boston audience. In 1880 the publishers of *The Century* decided that a serial story which had just run its course through *Peterson's Magazine* was still as good as manuscript, and surprised the public with Mrs. Burnett's "A Fair Barbarian." In some cases, books which at first had a languid circulation have been braced into vigorous life by the tonic influence of criticism. The criticism need not be flattering: bitterness is often as effective in a book-notice as in a medicine. To call a book immoral in these days is often to insure its speedy sale. The public buys a book that is vigorously abused, though it may feel righteously aggrieved when the abuse proves undeserved. But even favorable criticism has been known to help a book, if the criticism comes from some unusual and therefore interesting source. The astounding popularity of "Robert Elsmere" (astounding in view of the fact that the book deserves success and does not attempt the lesser feat of commanding it),—the astounding popularity of "Robert Elsmere" was due more largely to the public notice taken of it by Gladstone than to the fact that it was denounced from the pulpit. Carlyle found his first hearty admirers in America, and it was the echoes of trans-Atlantic praise that, reaching his countrymen's ears, taught them a prophet was living unhonored in his own country. Ruskin and Mallock have also owed part of their English fame to American recognition. On the other hand, Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller were made popular in America by British praise. A curious case in point is furnished by "Democracy." That extremely clever book attracted little attention on its first appearance. It was praised by some critics and damned by others, little read by the American public, and entirely overlooked by the British pirate. Some years after, an English critic, evidently imbued with dislike of the Americans, happened upon the book. He may have been attracted by its savage denunciations of American politics and politicians; he was evidently sensible to its many merits. He expressed his appreciation in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Other British journals took up the chorus of praise. The British pirates rushed in to claim the prize which they had formerly overlooked; a dozen rival editions were placed upon the market by as many publishers. The excitement reached this country; people were eager to see what it was that the British lion was devouring with so much gusto; the book was bought and read and discussed, and the poor critics were forced to refurbish their old opinions.

The temporary failure and the ultimate success of some other famous books are less easily explainable. There is "Ben-Hur," for instance, whose annual sales at present probably exceed those of any books but Shakespeare and the Bible. The first year after publication it sold only about fifteen hundred copies. Then suddenly and without any warning the sales bounded upward, and have continued their upward course ever since. "Lorna Doone" is another example. And still another is "John Inglesant." These books at first were failures, in spite of, it may be because of, their immediate acceptance by the critics. They were both unknown in America for many months after their issue. No Yankee publishers would run the risk of republishing. As with "Ben-Hur," they climbed slowly into popular favor. Then the non-literary world began to talk of them, and, what is

more gratifying to the sordid publisher's soul, to buy them. They were reprinted in this country in many forms, and reached enormous sales. Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat" had to wait thirty years, had to wait until after the author's death, before it received the recognition it deserved. The first edition was welcomed by a few choice spirits, Thackeray among the number, but the public failed to appreciate it, and the larger moiety of the published copies found their way into the junk-shop. In 1883 it was revived in England, was reprinted in Boston, and made Fitzgerald's name known to two continents. It still remains a monumental example of how a translator can improve upon even a great original, for Fitzgerald is preferred by many Oriental scholars to Omar Khayyam himself, and certainly other translations, which profess to be more literal, lose the nameless fragrance, the overwhelming power, of Fitzgerald's verse. That marvellously passionate drama the "Joseph and his Brethren" of Charles Wells dropped dead from the press in 1830, and was revived into immortality by Swinburne in 1883.

Here is "The Story of an African Farm." It was first published in 1883. It was not a failure, for most critics praised it, and the public did not absolutely ignore it. But it is only within the last few months that people have begun to speak of it as a really great book. Perhaps "Robert Elsmere" helped to bring it into prominence,—“Robert Elsmere,” which has also done something for “John Ward, Preacher,” from the fancied resemblance between them. When the query “Have you read ‘Robert Elsmere?’” began to acquire a flavor which the Oriental language of the street Arab would condemn as chestnuty, the query “Have you read ‘The Story of an African Farm?’” still held the mystic charm of esoteric knowledge, of recondite learning, and the questioned felt humbled as before a superior if compelled to answer in the negative.

Not that the two books are at all alike, except that both deal with modern agnosticism. Mrs. Ward's book is a literary work of high rank, written thoughtfully, wisely, carefully,—preserving the aroma of the midnight oil. Miss Schreiner's is essentially non-literary, it is crude, misshapen, inchoate, but it is written with passion, with tears, with a pen that burns the paper. Mrs. Ward will write other books. Miss Schreiner may never do so, or if she does they may be failures. It is a trite saying that every man has it in him to write one book. For every man's life is a romance if properly related, if he could only throw the light of art upon the awful silence which all of us—even the frivolous, the garrulous, the worldly-minded—carry about with us. The theologians say that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and in poet and clown, in saint and sinner, alike that Presence remains, and neither poet nor saint can more than dimly utter what clown and sinner feel with all the poignancy of their being. Genius! quotha! What does the greatest genius know about you or me, or about the world which is the aggregate you and me? No more than you or I know, only he has the gift of expression which you and I lack. But sometimes an inarticulate cry out of the depths is more potent and searching than poet's song. “The Story of an African Farm” is that inarticulate cry.

It is surprising to know that this book was written by a woman, for women rarely unveil themselves as men do. Most of the famous “Confessions” were written by men. If it is true that Miss Schreiner was only eighteen when she

produced it, then the book is not only a wonder, but a phenomenon. And yet, indeed, why should it be a phenomenon? In early youth, when the eye is bright, the senses fresh, the pulse bounding, and the vigorous blood surging and rushing as liquid fire through our veins, we see and feel and sorrow and joy with most acuteness. It is then that we pass through the most terrible crises of our life, through the cataclysms that are to make or mar us. We may not express ourselves so perfectly, for the gift of expression comes with years and reflection. "That which would become immortal in art must first perish out of life." But if we only can cry out, our cry will be louder and more piercing than later.

Mrs. Ward's book describes the passage of a soul from the gladness of faith to the blackness of unfaith; Miss Schreiner's, its passage from the blackness of faith to the blackness of unfaith. All the interest of the book is centred in the struggles of that soul. The scene, to be sure, is laid in South Africa; it might almost as well have been laid in New England. There are other characters, unsuccessful caricatures like Bonaparte Blenkins, loving and tender or purely humorous delineations like the child-like old German overseer, the bovinely patient Em, or the coarse and practical and self-sufficing Boer woman Tant' Sannie. But these would never arrest the attention; they do not make the book great; they are only accessories or foils, or, to run our metaphor perhaps into the ground, they are reverberators to echo and prolong the agonized cry of the struggling soul. That soul is sometimes called Waldo, sometimes Lyndall, sometimes Waldo's Stranger: it is always the soul of the author crying through these transparent masks. And the soul that listens says, "Lo! it is the voice of my soul that I hear."

Another example of buried books, and we have done. Here is an author who has written a number of excellent novels, published ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, and received not without praise, indeed, yet without any general recognition, who is now just coming into her own. The Messrs. Cassell & Company are doing a good work in republishing the novels of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard. "Temple House" and "Two Men" are excellent and readable: they live in the memory after you have read them. The quotation from Lowell which the authoress has prefixed to "Temple House" is singularly adequate. "The sunset is original every evening, though for thousands of years it has built out of the same light and vapor its visionary cities with domes and pinnacles and its delectable mountains which night shall abase and destroy." These books are essentially realistic, they deal with things familiar, with the men and women around us. Everything is as ordinary as a sunset, and as original, and the charm of a poetical imagination suffuses the whole with glory.

W. H. Harrison, Jr., Publishing Co., send us "Practical Orthoëpy and Critique," by E. B. Warman, A.M., which gives a good dictionary of difficult words and their pronunciation, compiled from the best authorities, with a lot of introductory nonsense, including a very poor wood-cut of the author, and "How to get Rich in the South, telling What to do, How to do it, and the Profits to be realized from it," by William H. Harrison, Jr. The author, we notice, is pursuing his fortunes in Chicago.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

JANUARY.

THE ancient Roman year, ascribed to Romulus, is said to have had but ten months, there being sixty-one days left, of whose disposal we are ignorant. Numa Pompilius, the second king, is credited with adding two months, January at the beginning and February at the end of the year, this order being changed and February made the second month in 452 B.C. January was named in honor of Janus, the deity presiding over doors, and hence appropriately giving title to the opening period of the year. In the more ancient calendars the year did not begin in mid-winter, as at present, but at various later dates, the Jewish year beginning on March 25. In Christian communities several New-Year dates were adopted, Christmas, Easter, etc., the English year beginning on Christmas till the accession of William the Conqueror, when its date was changed to January 1. But this was the popular year only. The legal year began on March 25 in most of the nations of Christendom until recently, the change to January 1 having been made in France in 1564, in Scotland in 1600, in Holland, Germany, and Russia in 1700, and in England not until 1752. Before that time dates were so given as to recognize both years, as, for instance, January 10, 1727-8, the popular year being 1728, the legal 1727.

Our Saxon ancestors gave to January in their heathen days the name of *Wolf-monat* (wolf-month), on account of its being the period of greatest danger from wolves, whom hunger then drove down into the settlements. At a later period they called it *Aefter Fule* (After Christmas).

With the coming of January we find ourselves in the very heart of the winter. The occasional charitable mildness of December is at an end; there is no trace as yet of the February presage of spring; frost and snow hold high carnival, and

the streams are bound in crystal fetters which it seems as if all the cunning of the solar rays could never unlock. Out-doors the wanderer envelops himself in a double thickness of clothing, and shivers under all his woollen safeguards as he ploughs his way through knee-deep snows. In-doors the fires are kept at full blaze, and winter is laughed at in those happy homes which have well-filled coal-bins and ample furnaces. This season, indeed, is the paradise of the book-lover. Lounging, book in hand, in a cosy corner of his well-warmed library, the roar of the winter blast is but as distant music to his ear, and the richness of prose and rhythmic charm of poetry flow into his mind with a fulness and depth of meaning which no man can extract from them in the tropic midsummer days.

Nor is out-door January all bleakness and barrenness. The marrow-freezing blast does not forever blow, nor the dull snows forever fall. The sun has his days of lordship, in which his light, though cold, is crystal clear, and the snow-clad earth and steel-blue skies possess a beauty of their own that rivals the summer's more varied charm. Now is the time when with bounding pulse and blooming cheek man and maiden go abroad, their cheery voices and musical laughter full of thanksgiving even for the winter. The ice-bound streams ring with the clear clang of the skater's steel as he cuts the line of beauty with multitudinous repetition into the polished surface. The mellow jingle of bells fills the frosty air as the light sleighs glide rapidly by, their fur-clad occupants laughing with merry defiance in winter's white-bearded face. And the happy children with their sleds, coasting down snow-covered slopes, are so brimful of joyful glee that for their sakes, if not for our own, we cannot but feel that even January has its share of saving grace.

EVENTS.

January 1.

New Year's Day. This has been from a very ancient date a day of social festivities and merrymaking. In England and Scotland the drinking of the wassail-bowl of spiced ale was of old a favorite custom, the word "wassail" arising from the *wass hael* greeting of the ancient Saxon revellers. The practice of New-Year presents, once so prevalent, was common in ancient Rome, and is supposed to have been of a very remote origin. It is yet a favorite custom in Paris, but elsewhere Christmas has largely replaced New Year as the gift-season. In this country New York still keeps up the old system of New-Year greetings, though the Christmas observances elsewhere have prevented this custom from becoming general. In China it is said that New Year's Day is a season for the general paying of debts, no Chinaman wishing to enter the new year with a load on his shoulders or on his memory.

1752. By act of Parliament it was decreed that the new year should hereafter begin on January 1. Previously, in all the British dominions, it had legally begun on March 25. In the previous year (1751) the New Style was adopted in Great Britain, to begin on January 1 of this year. This left eleven days out of the calendar, that number of days having been added to the true year by the imperfection of the Julian Calendar. New Style had been adopted in most European countries between 1582 and 1687. Old Style is still retained in Russia, whose reckoning is at present twelve days behind the true time.

1777. The *Journal de Paris*, said to be the first French daily newspaper, began publication.

1785. The *London Times*, which had been published since January 13, 1785, as the *Daily Universal Register*, adopted its present name, under which it has entered its second century of existence. John Walter was its first publisher, and it still remains in the hands of his descendants.

1808. The importation of slaves into the United States was abolished, in pursuance of an act of Congress passed in 1806.

1833. The *New York Morning Post*, the first of American penny papers, was issued this day. Two cents a copy was at

first charged for it, then one cent. It died in three weeks.

1855. Extremely cold weather in the United States in January and February of this and the succeeding winter. Mercury congealed in certain localities. The cold extended to Europe, the rivers of England being generally frozen up.

1863. West Virginia, which had been separated from the old State of Virginia as a loyal section, was admitted as a State into the American Union.

1863. President Lincoln proclaimed the freedom of the slaves in the seceded States, except in such parts as were held by the Union army.

1876. The Centennial year opened in the United States with great rejoicings. In Philadelphia the demonstrations were particularly enthusiastic, in view of its being the seat of the Declaration of Independence, and of the coming Centennial Exposition.

1881. William Gale, an English pedestrian, had attempted the great feat of walking two thousand five hundred miles in one thousand hours. The time expired on January 1, he having walked but two thousand four hundred and five and one-half miles, and therefore failed.

1883. Gambetta, one of the most prominent of recent French statesmen, died. He had made himself a popular favorite before the war with Germany, and was one of the first to proclaim a republic after the battle of Sedan, becoming a leading spirit in the subsequent resistance to the German army. He continued highly popular, and did much to defeat the royalist intrigues and force MacMahon to resign. His funeral was celebrated on the 6th with great pomp and popular demonstrations.

1885. A severe earthquake in Spain began December 30, and continued, at intervals, throughout January, the districts of Granada and Malaga suffering great injuries. About two thousand lives were lost, the official reports showing that in Granada alone six hundred and ninety-five were killed and one thousand four hundred and eighty injured.

1886. The annexation of Burmah to the British Empire was formally announced. This added a great district to the enormous British possessions in Asia, and one which has so far not been held without difficulty.

1885. A serious fire broke out in Detroit, a large theatre, numerous warehouses, and other buildings being destroyed, with a loss of over one million dollars. One fireman was killed and several were seriously injured.

1887. The eightieth anniversary of the entrance of Emperor William into the army was celebrated in Germany. Eighty years' continuous army service is an event probably without precedent.

January 2.

18. Ovid, a celebrated Roman poet, died. Of his many works he is best known by the "Metamorphoses," or poetical renditions of mythological legends. He offended Augustus, and was banished to Tomi, a bleak region near the mouth of the Danube, where he died.

1788. Georgia ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1844. The steamboat *Shepherdess* struck on a snag in the Mississippi near St. Louis. She filled with such rapidity that the sleeping passengers were drowned in their berths, more than forty lives being lost.

1861. William I. became King of Prussia. He was the son of Frederick William III. Soon after his accession he appointed Bismarck minister of foreign affairs, to whose statesmanship Prussia owes much of its rapid increase in power and territory.

1879. A thirty-eight-ton gun exploded on the *Thunderer*, an English turret-ship, while being practised with, ten men being killed and over thirty injured. A boiler-explosion had taken place on the same vessel in 1876, killing forty-five and wounding fifty.

1883. Disastrous floods occurred in various parts of central Europe. The Rhine swept away its banks in many places, making a lake five miles wide in one locality. Many villages were submerged. The Danube overflowed the lower portions of Vienna, and did great damage elsewhere. In France the Seine, Saône, and Doubs rose to an extraordinary height and did enormous damage.

1884. A collision took place on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada, near Toronto. Twenty-two workmen, on their way to work, were killed, and about thirty seriously injured.

1885. An explosion of dynamite occurred in the tunnel of the Metropolitan underground railway of London. A passing train suffered severely from the explosion, but no important injury was done to the tunnel.

1886. Fox-hunting was discontinued in Limerick county, Ireland, in consequence of the persistent poisoning of

foxes and hounds by unknown persons opposed to the hunt.

January 3.

1777. The battle of Princeton took place. This conflict, in which the Americans were victorious, and which quickly followed the victory at Trenton, aided in restoring the confidence of the colonists in the ultimate success of their cause.

1816. *The Boston Recorder*, the second religious newspaper in the United States, was issued at Boston. The first was *The Recorder*, issued at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1814.

1870. Work began on the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, by the sinking of a huge caisson or coffer-dam at the site of the Brooklyn tower. This great bridge was completed and opened for travel May 24, 1883. It cost sixteen millions of dollars, and is upheld by four huge cables, each of which contains five thousand two hundred and ninety-six steel wires. Twenty persons were killed, in various ways, during its construction.

1883. A singular accident, that threatened disastrous consequences, happened in France, at a point where the Rhone River runs through a narrow gorge. A land-slip hurled a large mass of earth into this gorge, completely blocking up the stream, whose waters rose behind the dam with dangerous rapidity. Fortunately, after a few hours the river burst through the dam, and the peril was averted.

1886. An earthquake, attended with violent atmospheric disturbances, occurred in the Argentine Republic.

1886. Emperor William of Germany celebrated the silver jubilee (the twenty-fifth anniversary) of his accession to the throne of Prussia.

January 4.

1642. Charles I. of England attempted to arrest the five members of Parliament, Hampden, Pym, Hazellrig, Holles, and Strode, who had opposed his arbitrary actions. They escaped, and the king's unwise effort went far to precipitate the revolution that brought him to the scaffold.

1858. Rachel, one of the most famous of modern *tragédiennes*, died near Cannes, France. With a simple and natural manner she combined a power of voice, gesture, and attitude that produced great effects on her audiences and gave her an exalted position as an actress. She visited America in 1855, and performed in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

1875. Political disturbances took place in New Orleans, government troops ejecting several members from the Legislature as not properly elected. Serious political disturbances had taken place in

the same city in January, 1872; and in February, 1873, fighting occurred and a state of civil war for a time prevailed.

1882. J. W. Draper, a distinguished American scientist and historian, died. He was born in Liverpool, but spent most of his life in connection with the University of New York. In addition to his scientific works, he wrote "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," a work which, while it has been severely criticised, is so interesting in style as to have become very popular. He was the author of several other historical works.

1886. Women voted for the first time in the city of Toronto, Canada.

1887. The Housac Tunnel was sold to the Fitchburg Railroad for ten million dollars. This tunnel, four and three-quarter miles long through the mountains of Massachusetts, is the longest in the United States. It cost more than fourteen millions of dollars.

January 5.

1589. Catherine de Médicis died. This woman, who rendered herself infamous by her perfidy and cruelty, was the daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the wife of Henry II. of France. After the death of her husband she was for a while regent of the kingdom. She corrupted the morals of her sons, stirred up civil war among her subjects, and instigated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, one of the most terrible events known in French history.

1857. The Northern Belle, an American vessel, was wrecked near Broadstairs. In recognition of the heroism of the brave boatmen who saved the crew, the United States government sent twenty-one silver medals and thirteen hundred and fifty dollars to be distributed among them.

1884. A convent was burned in Belleville, Illinois, twenty-seven lives being lost.

1886. Destructive floods occurred in the Pennsylvania coal-region, Williamsport, Pottsville, Shenandoah, and other places being overflowed, with heavy loss.

January 6.

813. Twelfth Day, or the feast of the Epiphany, was instituted. It celebrates the appearance of the star which conducted the Magi to the place where the infant Christ was to be found, and received its popular name from its being the twelfth day after Christmas, to which the holiday observances were extended in old times. One of the principal features of the Twelfth-Day merrymakings was the cutting of a large cake in which a bean had been inserted. Whoever got the piece containing the bean became "King of the Bean" and leader in the day's festi-

ties. At one time there was a queen as well as a king of the Twelfth-Day festival.

1786. The Halsewell, an East India-man, was wrecked, three hundred and eighty-six persons being drowned.

1839. A terrible hurricane raged on the west coast of England and Ireland, the coasts and harbors being covered with wrecks. Dublin suffered dreadfully, and more than two hundred houses were blown down in other Irish towns. In Liverpool twenty persons were killed by falling buildings, and one hundred were drowned.

1840. Madame D'Arblay, the earliest of celebrated women novelists, died. Her novel of "Evelina," issued in 1778, made a remarkable sensation, which was increased by her second book, "Cecilia." These books have been highly lauded by critics, but are little read at present.

January 7.

St. Distaff's Day, or the first working day after the Christmas festival season. The maids now returned to the distaff, and the men to the plough, but it was the old custom in rural England for the men to set fire to the flax which the women were preparing to spin, which pleasantry the latter requited by dashing buckets of water over the ploughmen.

1715. Fénelon, the author of "The Adventures of Telemachus," died. He was the preceptor of the grandson of Louis XIV., presumptive heir to the throne, and a prince of violent temper. The work above named was written for the instruction of this prince, whose character changed greatly under Fénelon's teachings. Unfortunately, he died young, and failed to come to the throne.

1883. A collision took place between the Kirby Hall and the Inman line steamer City of Brussels at the mouth of the Mersey. The City of Brussels sank in twenty minutes, with a loss of ten lives.

1885. The government of Guatemala, desiring to build an important railroad from the capital to the port of St. Thomas, on the Caribbean Sea, took the following unusual means to raise the necessary money. Every adult member of the population was made a compulsory shareholder to the extent of at least one share, at a nominal value of forty dollars. In case of proved poverty ten years were given in which to make the payments.

January 8.

1642. Galileo, the celebrated natural philosopher of Italy, died at Florence. His contributions to physical science were many and of great value, among them being the construction of the first tele-

scope, with which he made important discoveries. He was severely treated by the Inquisition for advancing the doctrine that the earth moves round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth as previously held. He appeared to retract this opinion, but quietly whispered to a friend, "It moves, nevertheless," his retraction, as is generally the case with forced opinions, being lip-service only.

1731. The first number of the *South Carolina Gazette*, the pioneer newspaper of South Carolina, was issued at Charleston on this day.

1815. The battle of New Orleans was fought. A treaty of peace had been signed two weeks before, but this was unknown to the combatants, and the British army of twelve thousand men attacked the intrenchments defended by six thousand men under General Jackson. They were defeated with immense slaughter, the Americans scarcely losing a man. General Pakenham, the British commander, was killed, and the army hastened to embark and sail away from that dangerous locality.

1885. The will of George Gardener, of Boston, read this day, contained the odd provision that the trustees of his property should pay his widow annually eleven hundred and sixty-one ounces of pure gold, this being her exact weight (ninety-six and three-quarter pounds) at the time the will was made.

1886. A fire in Philadelphia destroyed cotton-, woollen-, and gingham-mills, with other property, to the value of over one million dollars.

1886. The New York Board of Aldermen were charged with having received bribes to the extent of three hundred thousand dollars for granting the franchise to the Broadway street-railway. The result of the subsequent trial was the sending of several of them to prison and the flight of others, while Jacob Sharp, the briber, was punished with fine and imprisonment.

1887. The German ship *Elizabeth* went ashore near Cape Henry, and became a total wreck, thirty-seven lives being lost, among them five of the life-saving crew.

January 9.

1788. Connecticut ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1854. The Astor Library was opened in New York. This valuable institution was established by John Jacob Astor, who left four hundred thousand dollars by will for the building and endowment of a free library in that city. His son, William B. Astor, subsequently added nearly as much more, so that the institution is very liberally endowed.

1861. The first shot in the American

civil war was fired on this day, at the steamer *Star of the West*, which had been sent to Charleston harbor with provisions for the garrison in Fort Sumter. As she moved up the bay, a cannon-ball was fired into her from Fort Moultrie. The steamer turned and left the harbor, without trying to carry out her errand.

1861. The State of Mississippi followed the example of South Carolina in seceding from the Union. The other Southern States seceded on the following dates: Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26; North Carolina, January 30; Texas, February 1; Virginia, April 17; Arkansas, May 6.

1873. Napoleon III. died. He had lost the empire of France as a consequence of the battle of Sedan, and his misfortunes and the state of exile in which he subsequently lived probably hastened his death.

1878. Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, died. His career was a remarkable one, he having been the first ruler over all Italy since the days of ancient Rome. He began life as King of Sardinia, but by skilful movements, aided by the brilliant diplomacy of Count Cavour and the fact that Italy was now ready for unity of government, he brought the whole peninsula under his control, making Rome the capital of the new kingdom.

1886. A destructive storm raged over all the United States and Canada, many lives being lost by wrecks and otherwise.

1887. The Alcazar Palace at Toledo, Spain, was totally destroyed by fire, causing a loss of one million dollars.

January 10.

1840. The penny post was established in England. Previous to this time letters had been charged for according to distance, penny postage for all distances within the United Kingdom being first proposed by Rowland Hill in 1837. Under the new law, postage was fixed at the rate of one penny for letters of half-ounce weight.

1853. Madame Sontag, the celebrated singer, made her first appearance in this country at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York. She afterwards sang in the principal cities of the country, and went to Mexico, where she was attacked with cholera and died at Vera Cruz in 1864.

1860. A serious disaster happened at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in the fall of the Pemberton Cotton-Mills, one of the largest factory-buildings in the country. While the machinery was in full motion and all the hands at work, the building suddenly collapsed and fell, without warning. Several hundred operatives were

buried in the ruins, and, fire starting from the accidental breaking of a lantern in the hands of one of the searchers, many of the survivors were burned to death. The loss of life was over two hundred, while several hundred others were injured.

1883. The Newhall House, a Milwaukee hotel, took fire and burned to the ground, nearly a hundred persons losing their lives in the conflagration, some being burned, others killed by leaping from the windows.

1886. A destructive fire broke out in Philadelphia, the loss being estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

January 11.

1512. The Great Mogul, the ruler of the Tartar empire in India, authorized the English to establish factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, and other places. This was the entering wedge to the English conquest of that country, in which the Moguls were driven from their throne, which they had gained by a previous invasion.

1783. The United States Congress assembled in New York. The sessions of Congress continued there till 1790, when Philadelphia was made the Federal capital for ten years. In 1800 Congress met in Washington.

1805. Michigan Territory was formed. Previous to this date this region had formed a portion of Indiana.

1820. Half the city of Savannah was destroyed by a conflagration. Four hundred and sixty-three buildings were burned, with a loss of four millions of dollars.

1839. A severe earthquake at Martinique did immense damage to the island. Nearly half of Port Royal was destroyed, and about seven hundred persons were killed.

1866. The steamer London, bound to Melbourne, foundered in the Bay of Biscay. About two hundred and twenty persons perished, among them G. V. Brooke, the popular tragedian, and Dr. Woolley, principal of the University of Sydney. About the same time the steamer Amalia foundered, with a cargo valued at one million dollars.

1883. The foreign control in Egypt was abolished, and that country left to the government of her own rulers. France protested against the withdrawal of the foreign troops, which had held the country since the defeat of Arabi Pacha.

1884. Serious floods took place in Ohio, the flood-height of the river at Cincinnati being higher than in the great flood of 1832. Thousands of dwellings were submerged, and twenty thousand people driven from their homes. The Mississippi

from Cairo to New Orleans rose to a great height.

1886. A terrific storm prevailed along the Atlantic coast of the United States from Cape Hatteras to Labrador. An immense amount of property in shipping, houses, etc., was destroyed, and many lives were lost. The storm was followed by a spell of very cold weather.

January 12.

1582. The Duke of Alba died. This celebrated Spanish general, who had fought in most of the campaigns of Charles V., was sent by Philip II. to subdue the revolt in the Netherlands. Here he displayed great ability as a general; but the cruelty with which he treated the people and the captured cities did much to make the Netherlands resolute in their resistance to Spanish domination. He boasted that in the space of four years he had brought eighteen thousand persons to the scaffold.

1801. Lavater, a celebrated writer on physiognomy, died. He was a Protestant minister at Zurich, and the author of many works, religious and poetic. His work on physiognomy is entitled "Physiognomic Fragments for the Promotion of the Knowledge and Love of Mankind," and contains much interesting material. Lavater was shot by a French soldier at the capture of Zurich in 1799. He suffered more than a year from the wound, and died from it in 1801.

1887. The British emigrant-ship Kapunda was sunk by collision with the bark Ada Melmore off the Brazilian coast. Three hundred persons lost their lives by this disaster.

January 13.

1690. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers as they were called in derision by their opponents, died in London on this day. He was of humble birth, and religiously inclined from youth, though he joined in the drinking-habits of his associates. At nineteen years of age began that change of life, and intense conception of his sinfulness, with which his mission as a religious leader began. In his conception all men were equal before God, and deference or show of respect to those in authority was improper, complimentary forms and ceremonies being opposed to Christian simplicity and rectitude. He opposed also a hireling ministry, holding that no man is called upon to exhort his fellows except in response to spiritual prompting from within. Though much persecuted and often imprisoned, he continued his ministrations, gaining many followers, and giving rise to a religious

society which has exercised an important influence on the moral and political conditions of England and the United States.

1842. The terrible massacre of the English army on its retreat from Cabul took place. This army, which was being withdrawn from the British occupation of Afghanistan, consisted of three thousand eight hundred and forty-nine soldiers and twelve thousand camp-followers, and began its retreat on January 6. It was attacked in the Khyber Pass by a swarm of Afghans, and of the whole army only one Englishman, Dr. Brydone, with a few natives, escaped. The doctor came into Jellalabad on the 13th, clinging in utter exhaustion to the neck of a wretched little pony, as the sole representative of the army.

1886. An explosion occurred in a coal-mine at Evanston, Iowa, thirteen miners being killed.

January 14.

1696. Madame de Sévigné died. She was an admired French beauty of her day, but her celebrity arose from her letters, which for graceful vivacity and charm of style have hardly an equal in the whole range of epistolary literature.

1800. The Queen, an English transport, was wrecked on Trefusis Point, three hundred and sixty-nine lives being lost. On the same day of the year 1871, the T. L. McGill, a steamboat, was burned on the Mississippi River, with a loss of fifty-eight lives.

1843. The city of Cincinnati was lighted with gas for the first time on the evening of this day.

January 15.

1865. Fort Fisher was stormed and taken by the force under General Terry. This closed the last Confederate port, and the fugitives blew up two Confederate cruisers, the Tallahassee and the Chickamauga, which during the preceding year had done much damage to the shipping along the Atlantic coast.

1876. The invention of the telephone was completed, the first public experiments with it being made at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. In February of the next year successful experiments were made with it from Boston to Salem, eighteen miles apart. Telephones of imperfect character had been made fifteen years before, but the Bell telephone was the first to work satisfactorily. This remarkable method of conveying the sound of the voice by electricity has made extraordinary progress within the past ten years, and is now very commonly employed for conversation at a distance in

all our large cities, and between the cities of Philadelphia and New York.

1886. An explosion took place in a colliery at Almy, Wyoming, as a train was entering the shaft of the mine. The trucks, with thirteen men upon them, were blown out in fragments as if from a cannon, and the country desolated for seven hundred yards around the mine-entrance.

January 16.

1599. Edmund Spenser, one of the most illustrious of English poets, died. His great poem is "The Faerie Queene," an extended allegorical epic, containing numerous passages of poetic excellence, though too long and involved to be much read at the present day. He wrote several other poems of great beauty. He had been given an estate in Ireland, but was driven from it during a rebellion, his house being plundered and burned, with, it is said, an infant child in it. Spenser died soon after this calamity, in great destitution.

1707. The Act of Union, which made one kingdom of England and Scotland, was passed by the Scottish Parliament. It was passed by the English Parliament on March 6, and became operative on June 1.

1778. The independence of the United States was recognized by France. A treaty of alliance was entered into on February 6, which declared that if war broke out between England and France it should be made a common cause between the two countries, and that neither should conclude peace without the consent of the other.

1794. Gibbon, the distinguished historian, died. He was of English birth, but spent much of his life abroad, and, as he tells us, during a visit to Rome, "as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to his mind." This work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," occupies a very high rank among English classics. It is the outcome of an extraordinary amount of research, and covers periods and fields of history with which few other writers have dealt, yielding us, within comparatively limited space, a panoramic view of the history of Europe and Asia for more than a thousand years.

1809. Sir John Moore was killed at the battle of Corunna, which took place on this day. He was a British general of renown, who had been sent into Spain to unite with the Spanish forces against the French. The Spaniards were defeated,

and the British forced to make a winter retreat, in which great suffering was experienced. The death of their leader was commemorated by the poet Charles Wolfe in a beautiful elegy, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which was pronounced by Byron the most perfect in the English language.

1873. A general amnesty bill was passed by Congress, which formed the concluding act in the reconstruction of the Union after the war.

January 17.

1781. The battle of the Cowpens was fought in South Carolina, in which General Greene gained an important victory over the British, more than three hundred of whom were killed and wounded, and five hundred taken prisoners. A large quantity of arms and military stores was captured.

1854. The Great Western Railroad of Canada was completed and opened for travel. It ran from Detroit to Niagara Falls.

1863. Horace Vernet, a celebrated French painter of battle-scenes, died. He painted numerous pictures of battles, among the chief of which are the "Siege of Constantine" and the "Battle of Ialy." His pictures are of large dimensions, there being many of them in the Versailles galleries. One of his important pictures is the "Meeting of Raphael with Michael Angelo." At the 1856 Exposition a jury of painters from various nations awarded him a grand medal of honor.

1873. The Modoc Indians defeated the troops sent to expel them from their old possessions, to which they had returned from their reservation. Negotiations for a peaceful settlement were entered into, during which they treacherously massacred the United States commissioners. They retired to the "lava-beds," where they held out for a long time, but were eventually vanquished and their leader hung.

1885. A fire broke out in the insane asylum at Kankakee, Illinois, resulting in the death of seventeen of the inmates.

1885. A severe battle took place near Abou Klea, in the Soudan, between the English force of fifteen hundred men under Sir Herbert Stewart, which was marching to the relief of Khartoum, and about ten thousand Arabs. The conflict was long and desperate, the Arabs breaking the English square. It was reformed, however, and the assailants driven back, with nearly one thousand loss. Colonel Frederick Burnaby, author of "Ride to Khiva" and other books of travel, was killed.

January 18.

1873. Bulwer, one of the most voluminous and versatile of English novelists, died, at sixty-seven years of age. He was made a baronet in 1838, and in 1866 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. Bulwer was an active writer, and left a considerable number of novels, many of them marked by great ability, and of great variety of style and incident. One of the most popular of them is the classic study entitled "The Last Days of Pompeii." In addition to his novels he wrote several extended poems, of no great merit, a liberal political pamphlet called "The Crisis," which had immense success, and two plays whose popularity remains undiminished, "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu."

1879. E. P. Weston started to walk over England, with the design of accomplishing two thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, Sundays excepted. He failed by twenty-two and a half hours.

1881. Extremely cold weather occurred in England, continuing from the 12th to the 18th. On the 14th the temperature in London fell to 10°. At Chester it reached 2° below zero. There was a severe snow-storm on the 17th, with a terrific gale of wind, the roads being snowed up. The cold spell was followed by another heavy snow-fall on the 19th, the severest experienced for years, by which all the railroads leading into London were made impassable.

1884. The steamer City of Columbus was wrecked on the coast of Massachusetts, ninety-seven lives being lost.

1888. The Amu-Daria bridge, on the line of the Trans-Caspian railway between Merv and Bokhara, Asia, was first crossed by a train. This bridge is sixty-eight hundred and four feet long. It is one of the important links in that chain of railway communication which is opening up the long-sealed regions of central Asia to civilization.

January 19.

1812. Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm from the French, during the Peninsular War against Napoleon. The story of this event is told in a most graphic and interesting manner in Lever's "Charles O'Malley."

1848. Gold was discovered in California at some time between this date and the 24th. James W. Marshall, who was erecting a saw-mill for a settler named Sutter, found in the bottom of the mill-race some yellow shining particles which proved to be gold. A feeble effort was made to keep this discovery secret, but it soon got abroad, and within three months

four thousand persons were digging successfully for gold. It was not long before gold-seekers were pouring into California by thousands, it proving one of the most prolific gold-fields ever discovered.

1862. The battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, was fought. General Thomas attacked here the Confederate force under General Zollicoffer, who was killed and his army severely punished.

1884. A terrific cyclone blew over portions of Georgia and Alabama, causing great damage and loss of life. It is estimated that in the line of the storm three hundred persons were killed and five thousand houses wrecked.

1885. A heavy fall of snow on the Alps was followed by the descent of an immense avalanche, which did serious injury. Two townships were completely desolated, and in two districts alone two hundred lives were estimated to be lost.

January 20.

St. Agnes' Eve. This date is observed as a period of divination by maidens who desire to gain knowledge of their future husbands. Various means to attain this desirable end are practised, with what success we are not prepared to say. These divining practices gave occasion to Keats's beautiful poem of "St. Agnes' Eve," which for harmony of versification and beauty of imagery has few equals in the English language.

1779. David Garrick, one of the most eminent of English actors, died. He is said to have had remarkable power of imitating the facial expression of others and of indicating the various emotions. He did much towards driving the licentious drama of earlier years from the stage, and himself wrote numerous comedies, among them "High Life Below-Stairs" and "The Clandestine Marriage."

1783. The first step was taken towards a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain by an agreement for the cessation of hostilities. On the 11th of April Congress proclaimed that all hostile acts should cease, and on the 8d of September following the treaty of peace was signed, thus ending the struggle for the independence of the United States.

1838. This is spoken of as the coldest day that had been known in England during the century, the thermometer registering 4° below zero at sunrise, a degree of cold that would not be considered in any way extraordinary in the Northern States of this country, though very unusual for England.

1852. The East River between New York and Brooklyn was frozen over, and a considerable number of people crossed on the ice. In 1780 New York harbor

was frozen so firmly that teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island. In 1821 it was again frozen over. In 1866 the East River was similarly frozen, and in 1867 was frozen on January 23 so firmly that, as was estimated, five thousand persons crossed on the ice.

1854. The Tayleur, an emigrant-ship, was driven on the rocks off Lambay Island, north of Howth, England, and about three hundred and eighty persons perished in the sea.

1883. A South Pacific Railroad train, from San Francisco to New York, when near the summit of the Sierra Nevada, began to back, and could not be stopped, the brakes failing to hold. The train ran down the track till a great speed was acquired, when it jumped an embankment. The wrecked cars caught fire, and nearly thirty persons were burned to death.

1885. Severe avalanches descended on the province of Cuneo, Italy, devastating several villages, while many lives were lost beneath the snow.

1886. The Mersey Tunnel under the river from Birkenhead to Liverpool was formally opened by the Prince of Wales. This tunnel was excavated through solid rock, many feet below the river-bed. It forms a brick-lined tube, twelve hundred and sixty feet long, twenty-six feet wide, and nineteen feet high.

January 21.

1793. Louis XVI. of France was executed by the guillotine on this day. He had been on the throne since 1774, and, though a man of probity and good intentions, he aided greatly by his weakness and vacillation in bringing on the revolution which so disastrously terminated his reign. He found the finances in great disorder, and they continued so in spite of every effort at reform, so that he was obliged to call a session of the Third Estate for the purpose of providing money to carry on the government. The parliament quickly decided that other things besides the finances needed reforming, took the power in its own hands, and rapidly moved on from reform to revolution. Louis attempted to fly from France, was arrested, imprisoned, tried for treason, and executed, meeting his death with great calmness and fortitude.

1859. Hallam, the historian, died. He was the author of several historical works of great value, comprising "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," "The Constitutional History of England," and "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." All these works show deep research, and are indispensable to students of history.

1874. Parepa-Rosa, a distinguished singer and operatic actress, died. She was born in Edinburgh in 1836, and made her first appearance in opera at Malta, when sixteen years of age. She appeared in London in 1857, and afterwards sang for many years in the United States. Her voice had extraordinary compass and power, and in these respects has perhaps never been excelled.

1886. An explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine at Newburg, West Virginia, caused the death of thirty-nine miners.

January 22.

1720. The famous "South Sea Bubble," which was inaugurated by the formation of the South Sea Company for the purpose of speculative investments in Pacific island lands, received an important impetus by the favorable action of the House of Commons. It attracted a vast quantity of capital, but was unwisely and in the end dishonestly managed, and exploded in September, 1720, ruining thousands of families. The shares, originally one hundred pounds, had been raised to one thousand pounds, and nearly all the wealthy persons in England were interested. The estates of the directors, to the value of two million pounds, were seized and sold.

1873. The Northfleet, a vessel loaded with railroad-iron and railway-workmen for Tasmania, was run into by an unknown steamer off Dungeness and sunk, about three hundred lives being lost. The Murillo, a Spanish steamer which was supposed to have caused the disaster, was afterwards seized and sold, the officers being severely censured.

January 23.

1806. William Pitt, a celebrated English statesman, died. He was the great-grandson of Thomas Pitt, who brought from India the famous Pitt diamond, afterwards esteemed the most precious of the crown jewels of France; and son of the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who played such a leading part in English politics of the eighteenth century. He entered Parliament at the age of twenty-two, became prime minister in 1783, and in 1784, when but twenty-five years old, had become a national favorite and the most powerful subject in Europe. The first eight years of his administration were peaceful and prosperous, but then came the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, in which Pitt gained little credit by his management of the difficult interests committed to his care. He was an orator of fine powers, and almost unequalled in his command of sarcasm.

1856. The Pacific, a steamer of the

Collins line, left Liverpool for New York, and was never afterwards heard of. It is supposed that she struck on an iceberg. There were in all one hundred and eighty-six persons on board.

1886. The poor-house at Jackson, Michigan, was burned down during a very cold night, the temperature being 10° below zero. No water was to be had, in consequence of the cold, and forty of the inmates (five of them being blind, deaf, or insane) were burned. Those that escaped were half dressed, and suffered terribly from the intense cold.

January 24.

1870. The United States corvette Oneida was sunk by collision with the British Peninsular and Oriental steamer Bombay, near Yokohama, Japan, one hundred and twelve lives being lost. The captain of the Bombay was severely censured and suspended for six months for not waiting to give succor.

1884. An explosion of fire-damp in a Colorado mine caused the death of fifty-seven operatives.

1885. A desperate attempt was made to blow up the English House of Parliament and the Tower of London with dynamite. A suspicious package was seen by a constable in the crypt of Westminster Hall, and picked up by him, but dropped before he reached the entrance. It exploded with a terrific report, tearing a hole six feet wide in the pavement and another in the roof of the hall. Another explosion took place a few minutes afterwards, the building being greatly damaged, and the western extremity of the House of Commons badly wrecked. About the same time an explosion occurred in the White Tower of the Tower of London, which injured sixteen persons, but did little damage to the building. This was one of the boldest and best managed of the several efforts (supposed to be due to Irish revolutionists) to injure London by dynamite. The practical failure of all these efforts, and their lack of influence upon political action, speak unfavorably for the value of this destructive substance as a revolutionary agent.

January 25.

1327. Edward II., King of England, was deposed and imprisoned by an uprising of the barons, with the queen at their head. Edward III., a minor, was proclaimed king, with the queen as regent. It is singular that this ruler, one of the weakest of English kings, was the son of one and the father of another of the most vigorous of English monarchs. His reign of twenty years was little

more than a wrangle between his worthless favorites. His only warlike action was his invasion of Scotland, in 1814, with a large army, which was completely routed by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, and the independence of Scotland secured. Edward was murdered in prison, under circumstances of great atrocity, in 1827, the crime being charged on Roger de Mortimer, the queen's favorite.

1791. George Selwyn, one of the most famous of English wits, died. For a record of his life and witty sayings, see "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," by J. H. Jesse, 1843.

1861. The suit of Jerome Bonaparte to establish his legitimate rights as a reversionary claimant to the French throne began. He was the son of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, and Elizabeth Patterson, an American lady, whom he married December 24, 1808. This marriage was annulled, and Jerome afterwards married the princess Catherine of Würtemberg, their children being the prince Napoleon and the princess Mathilde. The effort of the younger Jerome to establish his legitimacy failed, his case being non-suited.

January 26.

1837. Michigan was admitted as a State of the American Union.

1850. Francis, Lord Jeffrey, the distinguished editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, died. This famous review was projected by Sydney Smith, Lord Brougham, Jeffrey, and some others, the first number appearing in October, 1808. After the first three numbers, which were edited by Smith, Jeffrey became editor, and held the editorship for twenty-six years, and by his many caustic, though often unjust, criticisms brought the *Review* into great celebrity. Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Moore were among the distinguished authors who felt the sting of his severe pen. He was also a lawyer of great ability, and in fluent eloquence had no equal at the Scottish bar.

1852. The Forrest divorce case (Catherine N. Forrest against Edwin Forrest) was concluded, Mrs. Forrest gaining divorce and alimony. Forrest's celebrity as an actor, and the scandals exposed in the conduct of the case, excited great public attention, and entitle it to rank with famous American trials.

1859. Daniel E. Sickles, a New York lawyer and member of Congress, killed Philip Barton Key for criminal intercourse with his wife. He was tried for murder and acquitted, with the approval of public sentiment. He became a major-general in the civil war, and lost a

leg at Gettysburg. In 1869 he was appointed American minister to Spain.

1871. George Ticknor, author of "History of Spanish Literature," died. This work has been very highly eulogized, and takes rank among the ablest of histories of literature.

1885. General Gordon, who had acquired the pseudonym of "Chinese Gordon" for his brilliant services in suppressing the Taeping rebellion in China, was killed at Khartoum. He had previously gained great influence over the native tribes of the Soudan, and in 1884 went alone to Khartoum and took command of the Egyptian forces there. Here he was besieged by the Mahdi, an Arabian religious fanatic. The siege was continued for ten months, the English government making strenuous efforts to relieve Gordon from his dangerous situation, which attempts the difficulty of leading an army across the desert rendered unavailing. A military expedition came within a mile of the city on January 27, but only to find it in the hands of the Arabs. On the previous day a gate had been opened by a traitor within the city, and the Arabs swarmed in, killing all before them. The circumstances of Gordon's death were never clearly known, and many believed he had escaped, but there is no reason to accept any such theory.

January 27.

1549. One of the most famous trials on record, that of Charles I. of England, ended on this day in his condemnation. The royal army had been defeated at Marston Moor in 1644 and at Naseby in 1645, and in 1646 the king gave himself up to the Scottish army, which surrendered him to the English Parliament in 1647. The trial for treason began on January 20, 1649, and was concluded in a week. The execution immediately followed, Charles being beheaded on January 30. He was a man by no means destitute of good qualities, but his determined effort to subject England to absolute rule led to the revolt of his subjects, and the fall of the axe that beheaded him dealt a fatal blow to all hopes of absolute monarchy in England.

1822. The independence of Greece was proclaimed. The war for independence began in 1821, but was strongly and brutally contested by Turkey, and final success was not accomplished till 1830, when the Porte acknowledged Grecian independence.

1851. A fatal accident occurred on the Ohio River. The steamer John Adams struck on a snag and sunk immediately, carrying down one hundred and twenty-

three persons. On the same day of January, 1871, the steamer H. R. Arthur exploded her boilers on the Mississippi, above Memphis. The boat caught fire, eighty-seven lives being lost in the double disaster.

1831. Audubon, the most famous of American ornithologists, died in New York. He was a native of Louisiana, having been born there of French parents in 1780. His passion for observing the habits of birds was early displayed, and about 1810 he began a series of solitary excursions through the primeval forests, which he continued for many years. The colored drawings of birds, which were the result of his explorations, formed the basis of a great work on ornithology, "The Birds of America," whose publication began in London in 1826, the price being fixed at one thousand dollars a copy. He afterwards published "The Quadrupeds of North America." The descriptive passages of these works are excellently written, and they rank among the greatest of monuments to science.

January 28.

814. Charlemagne, the greatest monarch of the "dark ages" of European history, died at Aix-la-Chapelle, the capital of the great kingdom he had formed. His life was one continued series of conflicts with the semi-barbarous surrounding peoples, which ended in his extending his rule over Germany and northern Italy and in repressing the invasive proclivities of the Saracens of Spain. His empire was of enormous extent, and was governed throughout with a vigorous hand, he being as great in statesmanship as in war, and in every respect one of the most remarkable characters of history.

1547. Henry VIII., one of the most famous kings of England, died. The events of his reign were calculated to give him an unusual prominence in history, in particular his divorce of his queen, Catherine of Aragon, and the summary manner in which he disposed of all who interfered with his purposes or his pleasures. The opposition of the Pope to this divorce was the main instigation to Henry's cutting loose from Catholicism and establishing the Church of England. Of his six wives, two were divorced, two beheaded, one died a natural death, and the sixth outlived him. Henry, in his religious revolution, was as bitter against those who went too far as against those who did not go far enough, and many Protestants who refused to conform to his proposed dogmas fell victims to his wrath.

1807. Pall Mall, London, was lighted with gas, being the first street in any city

to be so illuminated. The slow progress which gas made in public estimation and the strong opposition which it encountered are in singular contrast with the rapidity with which any great public improvement now makes its way throughout Christendom.

1840. A disastrous fire broke out in South Street, New York, destroying public storehouses with twenty thousand chests of tea. The loss was estimated at one and a half millions of dollars.

1859. William H. Prescott, a favorite American historian, died. Though nearly blind, he by undaunted perseverance made the necessary studies and wrote several histories of great literary merit and historical value, including the "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and "History of the Reign of Philip II. of Spain," which latter he did not live to complete. There is no instance on record of greater success in contending against depressing circumstances than in the story of his life.

1868. A destructive fire broke out in Chicago, burning up an entire block, and parts of others, with a loss of three million dollars. It was the severest fire the city had experienced up to that time.

1871. The city of Paris capitulated to the German army, thus ending the hopeless resistance which had been carried on in a desultory manner since the battle of Sedan.

January 29.

1696. The Royal Sovereign, a hundred-gun ship, and a giant of the British navy at that period, took fire in the Medway and was totally destroyed.

1853. The marriage of Louis Napoleon to Eugénie Marie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, took place. Eugénie was of Spanish birth, and celebrated for her grace and beauty, and for many years ruled the world of fashion as imperiously as her husband did the realm of France. On the downfall of the empire she retired to England and took up her residence at Chiselhurst.

January 30.

1816. The Seahorse, a British transport, was wrecked near Tramore Bay, three hundred and sixty-five persons, mostly soldiers of the 69th regiment, being drowned. On the same day of January in 1881, the Lady Sherbrooke, from Londonderry to Quebec, was wrecked near Cape Race, only thirty-two being saved of three hundred and five persons on board.

1836. The trial of Fieschi for attempting the life of Louis Philippe began. This assassin had arranged what

has been called an infernal machine in a room overlooking the Boulevard du Temple, where the king and his sons were to review the imperial guard. It consisted of twenty-five musket-barrels, heavily loaded, and arranged so as to sweep the street. They were fired simultaneously by a train of gunpowder as the king and his train rode past. Louis escaped with scarcely a scratch, but Marshal Mortier and other officers were shot dead, there being more than forty persons killed or injured. Fieschi was proved guilty and executed.

1861. Kansas was admitted as a State of the American Union, with a Constitution which prohibited slavery within its limits. The struggle between settlers and in the halls of Congress as to whether this territory should be admitted as a slave or a free State had disturbed the country for several years, and civil war existed within its borders before it broke out in the country at large.

1866. The steamer Miami exploded her boilers and sank in the Mississippi River, one hundred and fifty lives being lost by the disaster.

1877. The Electoral Tribunal to settle the disputed Presidential election of Hayes and Tilden was chosen in Congress. There was a controversy as to the electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana, and to one from Oregon, these being claimed by both parties, while difference of opinion existed as to the vote of South Carolina. Congress, finding itself unable to decide the dispute, appointed a commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Judges of the Supreme Court. The Commission decided by a majority of one that Congress was bound to accept the official returns as final, and in consequence Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate, was declared President.

1885. An Australian railroad bridge, near the city of Sydney, New South Wales, gave way under a passing train, precipitating it into the ravine, with a loss of forty lives.

January 31.

1655. Cromwell dissolved Parliament, and resolved to govern by himself. He had dissolved the "Long Parliament" two years before, but called another which met in September, 1654. This body at once began business by questioning the validity of the power which had called it together, and occupied itself in interposing as many checks to Cromwell's influence as it could. Its arbitrary dissolution left him dictator of the kingdom. He called another Parliament, which met January 20, 1658, but with the same result, and this body was dissolved on February 4. Cromwell's sole rule, however, did not last long, as he died in the following September.

1788. Charles Edward Stuart, "the Young Pretender," died. He was a grandson of James II., whose son James Francis Edward, the first Pretender, had inherited a claim to the throne of England from his father. Failing in his efforts to obtain it through the aid of Scottish partisans, he resigned his claim to his son Charles, who entered Scotland with a few attendants in July, 1745. An army of Highlanders was raised, which invaded England, but was totally defeated at the battle of Culloden in April, 1746. After many adventures, Charles escaped to France. The latter part of his life was spent at Rome, where he became very intemperate. His widow, the celebrated Countess of Albany, afterwards married the Italian tragic poet Alfieri.

1878. The steamer Metropolis, bound from Philadelphia to Brazil with a cargo of railroad-material, went ashore on the coast of North Carolina in a violent gale and was totally wrecked. Nearly one hundred lives were lost by this disaster.

1885. An explosion of natural gas took place near Pittsburg, many persons being injured by the disaster. The inodorous character of this gas renders it peculiarly liable to such explosions, there being no warning by odor of its escape as in the case of ordinary illuminating gas.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE hero of the popular song of "Robin Adair," which is attributed to Lady Caroline Keppel, was Robert Adair, a surgeon (1710?-1790), well known in the London fashionable circles of the eighteenth century as the "Fortunate Irishman." His detection in an early amour drove him from Dublin to London. On his way he fell in with a lady of fashion who had been slightly hurt in a runaway accident. He travelled with her in her carriage to London as surgical attendant, and on their arrival was presented with a fee of one hundred guineas and a general invitation to her house. There he met Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, who, forgetting her high lineage, fell desperately in love with the Irish surgeon at first sight. The Albemarle family, dismayed at the prospect of such a *mésalliance*, took Lady Caroline from London to Bath, and tried every means to make her forget her lover, but in vain. At last their opposition was withdrawn, and the couple were united. It was at Bath that Lady Caroline is said to have composed the words of "Robin Adair," setting them to the plaintive Irish tune of "Eileen Aroon," which she had heard her lover sing.

The original song of "Eileen Aroon" is attributed to one Carol O'Daly, an early Irish bard who flourished apparently before the tenth century. A Munster poet of the seventeenth century rewrote the words, and in this form it was translated by John Anster and paraphrased by Gerald Griffin. It is in Griffin's paraphrase that the song is known to this generation.

The Celtic greeting "Cead Mille Failthe" occurs for the first time in literature in the concluding stanza of O'Daly's poem.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR PRIZE STORIES.—The *Detroit Free Press* offers cash prizes of \$1600, \$900, and \$500 for the *three best serial stories* of sixty thousand words each, the largest prizes ever offered.

In addition to its famous humorous and original features the *Free Press* will hereafter publish each week **THREE SERIAL STORIES** written expressly for its columns by the best authors.

"Marooned," a remarkable sea-story by W. Clark Russell, will begin the middle of November.

The *Free Press* is a wonderful family paper. The price is \$1.00 a year; the address Detroit, Michigan.

POND'S EXTRACT is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen. Members of the army and the navy, the bar and the bench, the pulpit and the press,—all ranks and classes of people,—have sent their personal experience and thanks for the last forty years, until their letters have filled volumes, testifying to the wonderful cures of all kinds of pain and inflammation effected by POND'S EXTRACT. *Avoid imitations.*

"As round as Giotto's O" is a common proverb in Italy even to this day. Giotto's reputation spread rapidly soon after he began to study with Cimabue, who had discovered him, a poor shepherd-lad, scratching drawings of his charges upon a flat stone, and had taken him home to instruct him. Pope Boniface VIII. invited young Giotto to Florence. The pope's messenger, in order to make sure that he had found the right person, demanded some evidence of the artist's skill. With one stroke Giotto drew a perfect circle, which satisfied the messenger that this was the great Giotto. "Rounder than the O of Giotto" is a favorite hyperbole to indicate impossible perfection.

THE name Turnsole or Girasole (in Greek, *Heliotropion*; in Latin, *Solsequium*) has been given to the sunflower, the marigold, and other plants whose flowers are compound and yellow and shaped like the sun, from a popular superstition that during the whole day they turn their flowers towards the solar orb,—viz., to the east in the morning, to the south at noon, and to the west towards evening. Shakespeare tells us of

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping;

and in old dictionaries this flower is called a heliotrope. It was its attribute of opening and shutting at the sun's bidding which made it a favorite with the old writers on religious emblems, who used it as the emblem of constancy in affection and sympathy in joy and sorrow, but also of the fawning courtier, who can only shine when everything is bright. As the emblem of constancy it was eventually superseded by the sunflower. Thus, Moore says,—

The sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

In Persia also and other Oriental lands the sunflower is the emblem of constancy, and Eastern poetry is full of allusions to the flower that always turns its face towards the sun. Among Christians it was dedicated to St. Bartholomew, St. Louis, and St. Antradias. In Peru, where the worship of the sun lingered till the Spaniards reached its shores, the consecrated virgins who officiated in the Temple of the Sun were crowned with sunflowers made of pure gold, carried them in their hands, and fastened their robes with them. In England, the first mention we have of the flower is from Gerard, in 1596, who tells us he had one in his garden. During the so-called æsthetic craze in London, the sunflower was a favorite with Oscar Wilde and his disciples, and took possession of the homes, the gardens, and the dress of the "cultured."

"ACCORDING to Cocker," and "according to Gunter," are slang expressions current in England and to a less extent in America, meaning "according to the best authority or highest standard." Edward Cocker, who died about 1675, had a great fame as a mathematician; but the celebrated "Cocker's Arithmetic" was a forgery. It has been proved that Cocker had nothing whatever to do with this once vastly popular text-book which was published in his name. Edmund Gunter (1581-1626) was also a noted English mathematician. He invented Gunter's chain, still used for measuring land; Gunter's scale (called by mariners "the Gunter"), much used in navigation; Gunter's line, a sort of mechanical logarithmic table, a quadrant, etc.

Competent Judges,

Who try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, pronounce it to be the best blood-purifier ever made. Its success is as complete as was that of its manufacturers in their recent controversy with the Dominion Customs authorities. It wins its way to popularity on the ground of merit.



Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the standard specific for all diseases caused by impurity of the blood. It is compounded from the most powerful vegetable alteratives; is highly concentrated and therefore economical to use; and is especially beneficial for the debilitated and feeble of both sexes.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it."—L. M. ROBINSON, *Pharmacist, Sabina, Ohio.*

"I was sick twelve years with kidney disease and general debility, and treated by several physicians without relief, but having taken seven bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla am now better in every respect, and think I am nearly well."—M. LUDWIGSON, *Albert Lea, Miss.*

"I was troubled with rheumatism so as to be confined to the house, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure."—A. E. REMO, *South Boston, Mass.*

"Over twelve years ago a sore came on the shin-bone of one my legs. I applied simple remedies, at first, but the sore enlarged, and started in new places, until it reached from ankle to knee. Our best doctors, after several years' experimenting, failed to benefit. Last fall it became much worse, giving me no rest day or night. I was persuaded to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had used the fourth bottle my leg was entirely healed and is now as well as ever it was."—SYDNEY DEGOLYER, *Justice of the Peace, West Fort Ana, N. Y.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

"Like Magic," the effect produced by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Colds, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat are, in most cases, immediately relieved by the use of this wonderful remedy. It strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation, and prevents the incursions of Consumption; in every stage of that dread disease, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

GETTING INTO A SCRAPE.—This phrase probably comes down to us from the days when England was still full of forests, and the deer running wild in the woods cut sharp gullies between the trees, called "deer-scrapes," which it was easier to fall into than to climb out of. Another suggested derivation takes the phrase from the driving of a ball at the game of golf into a rabbit-burrow or "scrape."

THE late John C. Lucas was not only a man of discernment and ability in the matter of new buildings, as witness that splendid monument to his artistic taste and judgment, the new Keystone National Bank, but his alert intelligence and keen business qualifications made him an excellent judge in all business transactions.

He knew how to select a good insurance company, when he had decided to place an insurance on his life, and exemplified the truth of this statement by taking out a policy in the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, which a short time ago paid to his family, as a death-loss, the sum of Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars.

THE GARDEN.—For the management of vegetable-gardens and practical instructions concerning the culture of flowers, for hints and information concerning all kinds of seeds, planting and cultivating all vegetables and flowers, D. M. Ferry & Co.'s Seed Annual for 1889 will be found as complete as any work of a similar character ever issued. The variety and extraordinary range of the information given render their Annual worthy the special attention of every one interested in having luscious vegetables or beautiful flowers. The Annual can be had for the asking. Address D. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Michigan.

ABOUT the commencement of the new year the buildings Nos. 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street will be numbered with the things that were, and their site will be occupied by the new and substantial edifice to be erected by the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

The proposed improvement will cover a frontage of eighty feet and extend in depth as far back as Chant Street. Not alone in dimensions but in architectural importance it will be an imposing structure, creditable alike to the city of Philadelphia and to the only purely mutual insurance company chartered by the State of Pennsylvania.

WINGS AND STINGS.—This is the airy, stinging title of another sprightly, amusing book by Palmer Cox. It is one of the *Queer People Series*, and similar to its companion "Paws and Claws," recently published. This is one of the funniest and brightest books for youngsters we have ever seen. The illustrations are splendid, and will make the boys and girls roar with laughter. The *Boston Budget* says, "*As a holiday book nothing could be more appropriate, since nothing could confer greater pleasure upon the little ones.*" The *National Republican* says, "*Every page is a picture, and all the text music, a fountain of fun, never ceasing. It will make young eyes blaze.*" It will certainly be wonderfully popular. It is published by Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City, to whom persons desiring a copy or an agency should apply.

MOTHERS, if your baby does not thrive, never change its food, but add five or more drops at each feeding of Murdock's Liquid Food, and its lost or needed vitality will be restored in less than thirty days.

It is invaluable when you are weaning the baby or when it is teething. If you will take one teaspoonful to a tablespoonful yourself before each meal and on retiring, you will receive as much benefit as the baby.

To infants who are not regular, one of our Suppositories daily will give relief. They can be sent by mail, if not kept by your druggist. 35 cents a dozen.

Adult Suppositories, \$1.20 a dozen.

Liquid Food and express paid, 12-ounce, \$1.00.

Liquid Food is the only raw-food preparation known, and is so recognized by the British Medical Association and the American Medical Association, before which essays were read and discussed by members, and is the only raw-food preparation on which essays were ever read before any national or State societies.

Send for essays.

It is made from the best of beeves, sheep, and fruits, free from insoluble matter, drugs, minerals, salts, and acids. Liquid Food and also our Suppositories are in daily use in our Free Surgical Hospital for Women, 114 beds, which is the largest one in the United States. We illustrate its value by the fact that during the three or four summer months all surgical hospitals for women in the United States are closed, as it is not safe to operate, owing to the high rate of mortality. But Murdock's Free Surgical Hospital for Women operated every day in the year for the last three years, and during the four summer months of this year operated on between 200 and 300 patients, with only one death, and for the year, 1278, with 17 deaths, showing that Liquid Food will cleanse and heal the system when burdened with disease so badly that operations have to be made to save the patient's life. One lady gained, in sixteen weeks after her operations, 45 pounds; another in six weeks 25 pounds, and another, with five operations, in thirty-one weeks 35 pounds, etc.

To restore or improve the health of those suffering from any disease, free of liability of loss or cost, the Murdock Liquid Food Company will refund the money to any person who receives no benefit from one twelve-ounce bottle of Liquid Food, if he will bring the empty bottle with bill of the druggist.

This bold offer was never before made by any manufacturer in the world, and is now made to show that we have no desire to take money from those suffering from disease, unless we can benefit them.

\$5000 REWARD.

The above reward will be paid to any person who can prove that *Murdock's Liquid Food contains, or is made, or ever did contain or was made, from Hogs' Blood and Fish Albumen.*

MURDOCK LIQUID FOOD CO., BOSTON.

IN obedience to the demands of a rapidly-increasing business and the progressive spirit of the times, the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company will vacate, about January 1, its present offices, removing temporarily to 1008 and 1010 Walnut Street, until the completion of the new building which it is about to erect on the site of its present location.

How time flies! About thirty years ago the building located at 921 Chestnut Street was purchased and occupied for the business of its Home Office by the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company. Each succeeding year since its occupation has borne testimony to the healthy development and progress of the company under wise and prudent management, until it stands to-day as one of the leading financial institutions of its kind in America.

QUININE, so called from the native name *quina*, which the Peruvian aborigines gave both to the tree and its bark, has had a curious history. In the year 1638, when the Count of Chinchon was Spanish Viceroy in Peru, his wife was cured of an attack of fever by the use of a tree-bark. It is said the medicine was recommended by the corregidor of Loxa, who had experienced its virtues eight years earlier. On her return to France in 1640 the lady took a lot of the bark with her, for the purpose of distributing it among the sick in her neighborhood. Hence tree and medicine have received the scientific name of Chinchona (now usually spelled Cinchona), which still clings to the thirty-one species of the tree, though the medicine is now more usually called quinine. For many years the bark-powder was also known to European druggists as the Countess's Powder (*Pulvis Comitessæ*) and as Jesuit's bark. The Jesuits appear to have disseminated a knowledge of the virtues of the bark throughout Europe. But there is also a rival story that these virtues were first discovered by a Jesuit missionary in Peru, who, when prostrate with fever, was cured by the administration of the bark by a South American Indian.

Little or nothing was scientifically known of the tree until 1739. La Condamine and Jussieu, then on an exploring expedition in South America, after not a little trial obtained plants for the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, but the whole collection perished in a storm at sea near the mouth of the Amazon. Another century passed before anything was done to introduce or naturalize the tree in Europe or in the Eastern dependencies of Britain, whence supplies might be assured; and this notwithstanding the fact that the French chemists Pelletier and Caventou had in 1820 developed true quinine from the bark. The first cinchona-trees raised in Europe were some calisaya-plants in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, from seeds collected by Dr. Weddell in his first journey to Bolivia in 1846. In 1849 an unsuccessful attempt was made to rear the plant in Algeria. In 1854 the Dutch government introduced it into the island of Java, where, after many vicissitudes, the cultivation of cinchona plantations is now quite prosperous. In 1860, after some unsuccessful private efforts, the East India Company fitted out an expedition to obtain young trees from South America, and as a result the government plantations in India now contain several millions.

IN modern usage, especially newspaper usage, the phrase *amende honorable* signifies a manly apology and acknowledgment of a fault, accompanied by such reparation as may be needed. But historically the *amende honorable* was a very different affair. It was in fact a disgraceful punishment, inflicted for the most part on offenders against public decency. The offender was stripped to his shirt, when the hangman put a rope about his neck and a taper in his hand, and then led him to the court, where the culprit asked pardon of God, of the king, and of the court.

"PARADOXES OF A PHILISTINE" is the title of a new book of essays by William S. Walsh, published by J. B. Lippincott Company.